

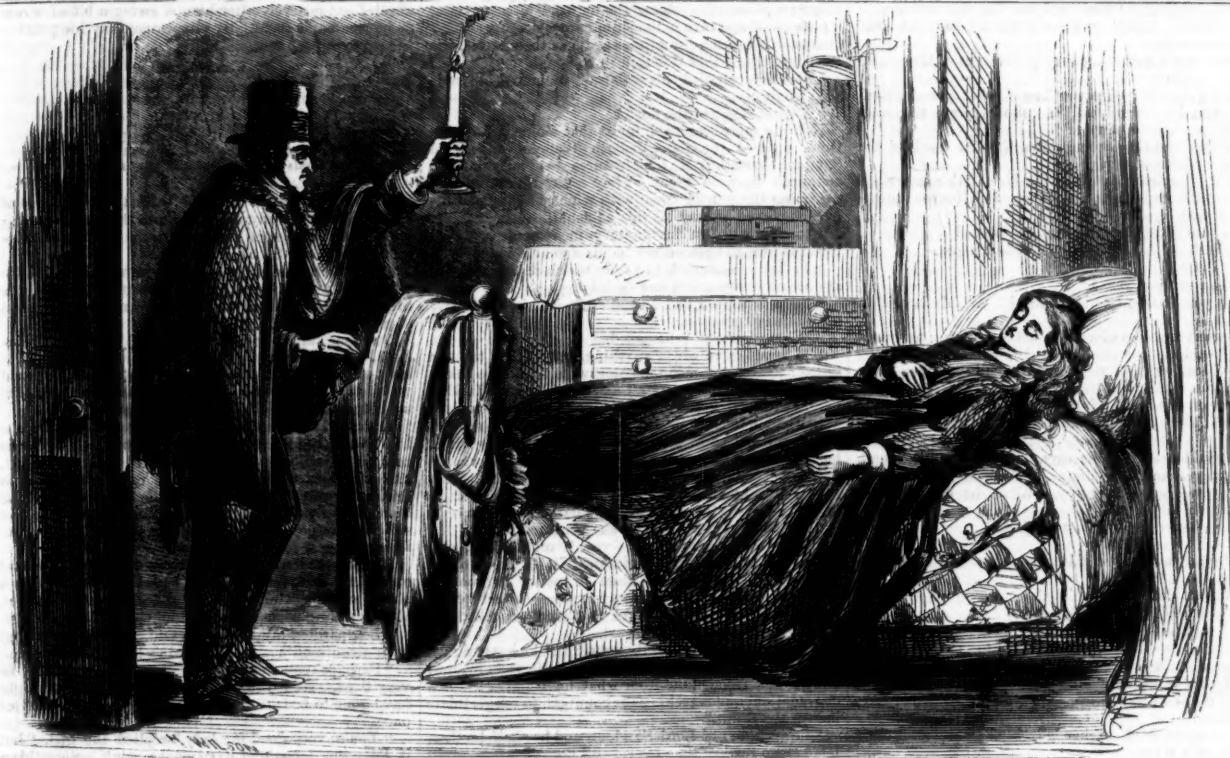
# THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

No. 9.—VOL. I.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 11, 1863.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[DANIEL KINGSTON GAZING ON HIS DAUGHTER.]

## MAN AND HIS IDOL.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE EARL'S VISITOR.

*Thou hast betrayed me to a worthless lord.*

*Ben Jonson.*

THE sensation caused by the name announced by Lord St. Omer's servant in a tone little above a whisper, lasted for some seconds. His lordship was evidently greatly perturbed at the visit of an unwelcome guest, and still more at perceiving the effect produced upon Lady Blanche, who strove in vain to conceal her emotion. Lord Sandoun too, it was evident, was not unmoved at what he had heard, but his perturbation was naturally attributed to his anxiety for Blanche.

Fortunately, Lady St. Omer came up at the critical moment; she had been seeking the earl through the crowded rooms.

"Some one is asking for you, my dear," she said, addressing the earl, "Hughes has shown them into the library? Dear me, what has happened?" she added, as she caught sight of her daughter's white face.

"Blanche is not very well. The heat of the room—" His lordship was proceeding to coin some excuse, when Blanche interposed.

"It is nothing," she said, "I shall be better soon. Will you not go to—to your visitor?"

She knew that she was speaking; but she could not hear her words for the tumultuous beating of her heart.

Taking advantage of the suggestion, the earl muttered something in the way of apology, and hastened from the room. He could not comprehend what had just passed, and for the simplest of all reasons. He was well acquainted with the romance which had given its tone to his daughter's life. He knew of Kingston Meredith's passion, his proposal, his rejection, and with the fact that the secret correspondence between him and the Lady Blanche had been detected, as he supposed by Lady St. Omer. But in the history of these transactions it was Mr. Meredith of whom he had always heard, and he was totally unacquainted with the fact that the Christian name of his daughter's suitor was Kingston. Had that fact ever come to his ears, it must,

for certain reasons, have arrested his attention, and he would have had a clue to the Lady Blanche's emotion which was now lacking.

On the other hand, Lord Sandoun, though aware of this fact, was equally at fault, since he supposed Kingston to be the young barrister's surname, and after the revelation of the girl Lotty that morning, he was not in the least surprised at the emotion which both the earl and his daughter had displayed.

As soon as the latter had somewhat recovered, Lady St. Omer advised a temporary retirement to her room, and Lord Sandoun took advantage of the opportunity to go in search of Captain Allardyce.

He found him in the billiard-room, which had been built in the rear of the house chiefly for his amusement. At the moment of his lordship's entrance he was in the act of making a difficult cannon.

"Ten to five you don't do it," a young guardsman drawled out.

"Done!" cried Mark.

His cue rested upon his thumb, and he had drawn it back to strike the ball nearest him.

"Mark!" exclaimed Lord Sandoun, too absorbed to notice what was passing.

The exclamation was fatal. It spoiled the stroke. Mark missed the cannon by a hair's-breadth, and threw down the cue in disgust.

"Hang it, man!" he burst out fiercely, "you might have a little consideration for a fellow's play."

And with an angry scowl, he took a handful of sovereigns from his pocket, and counting out five, threw them impetuously on the green cloth. The guardsman picked them up with avidity. He was endeavouring to solve the problem how to spend six thousand a year out of an income of two thousand, and ready cash was not to be despised.

"I'm deuced sorry, old fellow!" exclaimed his lordship. "But I didn't know you'd a bet on. I say," he added in a whisper, "he's here."

"He! Who?"

"Kingston."

"Here?"

"Yes."

Mark rapped out a great oath. It was the only way in which he could express his intense surprise.

"What! you don't mean that after what's passed, the puppy has had the impudence to show his face in this house?" he said.

"Fact. I heard him announced. He's with the earl, in the library."

The face of the young man flushed with anger as he heard this.

"Does Blanche know it?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Then they must have met, or corresponded in some way, and arranged this. He wouldn't dare to do it without her permission. But how, how can they have managed it?"

"What matters?" said the young lord, who had from the moment of entering the billiard-room unconsciously dropped his foppish tone, and did not even twirl the points of his moustache, "you have the fact. He is here. More than that, I have grounds for knowing that his coming is the wisest step he could have taken."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mark fiercely.

"Well, I can't explain further; but unless I'm greatly mistaken, the earl has his own reasons for doing the civil to this fellow. And take my word for it, unless you keep a sharp look-out, he will get Blanche after all."

"Never!" cried the other.

Yet, in spite of his exclamation, it was evident that he was ill at ease. Only once before had he ever known Sandoun thus in earnest, and that was on a memorable night when they had settled their bargain about Blanche's hand. He did not like this returning earnestness.

"Well, it may be prevented," suggested his lordship, meaningly.

"May! It must," was the reply.

"It isn't easy; except in one way," said the other.

"And that is?"

"I have suggested it once to-night. You must fight him."

"I don't like the plan," replied Mark; "there must be other and safer means of getting rid of a man for four months. By that time you will be all right; we shall have touched the money and —"

"No, Mark!" said the young lord. "That will not

make us all right. I know more than you do of this matter. Chance has put me in possession of this man's secret; for it is by means of one that he has made way with the earl; and I tell you he is dangerous to us. Not dangerous for the present only, but for the time to come. In a word—if what I have learned is true, and this night's incident confirms it—I must decline to fulfil my engagement with Lady Blanche unless this man is got rid of."

Mark Allardye started in sheer amazement. "You—decline—to marry—my—sister?" he exclaimed, pausing between each word of the sentence. "I decline—except on the condition I have named," was the answer.

There was a gathering fury in the eyes of the young man as he answered:

"Are you mad? Do you know what you decline? Have you forgotten that, in spite of your title and family, you are—a pauper?"

The face and the parting down the flat head of the young lord crimsoned.

"Why!" cried Captain Allardye, "this marriage saves you from beggary, outlawry, and Heaven knows what beside."

The face of his lordship suddenly paled.

"Will it do this?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Will it!"

"Yes; are you sure?"

"Do you want me to take odds?" said Mark, with a sneer.

"I want you to understand without taking my word for it," said his companion, rapidly; "that neither the earl's titles, nor the estates are safe while this man lives, and if the earldom is insecure, what becomes of the chances of our income from it?"

Mark Allardye was thunder-struck at this communication.

He could not credit his ears. He stood with round, staring eyes, and open mouth. For a moment he seemed to have no power to reply. When he did speak his first words were:

"And does the earl know of this?"

"Yes!" was the answer.

Still more astounded, the man staggered back a pace or two.

"Impossible!" he ejaculated.

"Yet true!" was the rejoinder.

The captain did not answer for a second or two; but his small, over-hung eyes contracted to mere points of light. Then he burst forth in a low, harsh tone:

"If this is so, Sandoun," he said, "this man must be got rid of at any price. Do you understand? At any price!"

"Let us go back to her ladyship," was Lord Sandoun's only reply.

But the eyes of the two men met as he spoke, and their right hands meeting also, coiled one into the other with a clammy pressure.

They understood.

On returning to the drawing-room they found the Lady Blanche in the centre of an admiring circle. She had, by a wonderful effort, recovered her self-possession, but she was very pale and her eyes wandered continually in the direction of the door by which the earl had quitted the room.

Lord Sandoun lazily sauntered up. He had recovered his calm, cool, indifferent manner. The white hand which had with its soft pressure just doomed a fellow-man to death, was playing with his moustache-points, the diamond on the little finger glittering like a dew-drop. And beyond his moustache, his hair-parting, and his eye-glass, the duke's son appeared not to have a thought in the world.

As he reached them, the group around the Lady Blanche were discussing the absorbing question of cosmetics and their effects upon the skin. Not, as all the ladies protested, that they individually used them, but it was interesting to know the real tendency of such things.

"I have heard," said a ruddled old lady of sixty, "that it is extremely injurious to stop up the pores of the skin."

"So injurious," replied a calm, deliberate-speaking man, bald, but only in the prime of life, "that the custom which formerly obtained in Rome, of gilding a living child on some one festival of the Catholic Church had to be discontinued, since it proved fatal to the infant so treated."

"Dear me! Is it possible?" cried the old lady, feeling anything but comfortable under her false cheeks.

"Have cosmetics ever proved fatal?" asked Blanche.

"Undoubtedly," replied the person interrogated, who was an eminent chemist, "though as the process is necessarily slow, the result has seldom been traced to its cause. People die, and it would often puzzle a physician to say what they die of."

"And," drawled Lord Sandoun, "poisons do not always result in death, do they, doctor? I mean they may effect the loss of faculties—of judgment, memory, reason,—yet stop short of destroying life. Is it not so?"

"It is very possible," replied the doctor. "We are in fact, comparatively ignorant of the poisonous pro-

perties of substances in nature. What we call poisons are those things which produce violent prejudicial effects on the system, such as heat in the throat, burning of the inside, convulsions, delirium and so forth. But, as his lordship has suggested, there are obscure poisons, or those which produce effects seldom referred to poison as the cause. Indeed, the subject is so wide that one is induced to credit much of what has been regarded as mere fable in reference to poisons. The effects of the celebrated *agua toffina* may not have been exaggerated. The Otomac Indians may really possess a poison, the juice of the ourari, which, touching a pin's point aperture in the skin, causes death, and that famous drug which the gipsies claim as their secret, the *drei*, may be all that it is said to be."

"You have studied this subject," remarked his lordship languidly.

"A little," replied the doctor.

Nothing more was said, for at that moment Lord St. Omer entered the room. Both Blanche and Lord Sandoun scrutinized his features ardently as he advanced towards them. They noticed that he was pale; but the courtly smile with which he ever met his friends played around his lips as usual.

Blanche, with an involuntary movement, hastened towards him and placed her hands upon his shoulder.

"Father?" she cried, in a tone which made the word at once an exclamation and an inquiry.

The earl stopped and looked down into her face with a troubled expression.

"What, darling?" he asked.

She would have given anything, everything to have known the nature of the meeting which had just taken place. Had her father, indeed, seen Kingston? Had he pleaded his love, or coolly resigned his claims? What had been the tone of the interview, and upon what terms had they parted? These were questions which her heart was aching to have answered, and yet she dared not put them. Since one terrible scene, which she well remembered, it had been forbidden her to mention Meredith's name, and she dared not do it.

"Is—he gone?" was all she ventured to ask.

"He? My visitor? Oh, yes," replied the earl gaily. "Did you begin to miss me?"

She answered, "Yes," then dropping her hands, turned away with a smile upon her face—the set "company-smile" which she had tortured herself into assuming—and a breaking heart.

"He has seen him," she thought, "and he has resigned me. I can read it in my father's face. He feels for me; but he has rescued me from what he believes to be a degradation, and is seeking the countess, to congratulate her on the result."

The approach of Lord Sandoun and her half-brother, left her no further time for painful reflection.

Allardye, by the way, had only just re-entered the rooms. He had taken prompt action upon what had passed in the billiard-room.

Leaving that, he had gone into the hall where, as the hour was late, a number of liveried servants, belonging to the distinguished guests present, were assembled, ready to summon the carriages of their masters when needed. Among them, as he expected, Mark found his own groom, the lad who had already served him in the matter of the letters. The lifting of a finger brought him to his master.

"Joe," said the latter, "go into the corridor and keep your eye on the library-door. Wait till some one—a stranger—comes out. Look at him well without appearing to notice him, and follow him out of the house."

"Where to, sir?" inquired Joe.

"Wherever he goes. Don't lose sight of him till you've run him to earth, if it takes you a week to do it. Here, you may have to take a cab, or to pay a railway fare; no matter, so long as you bring me intelligence as to who he is and where he goes."

He slipped some gold into the man's hand as he spoke, and after loitering about a little, in the hope that he might himself catch a glimpse of the man who had suddenly become so important to him, returned, as we have seen, to the drawing-room.

Ten minutes after, the library-door opened.

Joe, on the alert, was already standing with the door of the waiting-room opening into the corridor, in his hand; and he at once slipped into the room which was dark, and closed the door behind him to within an inch. Through that inch he could distinctly see the person who left the library, and to whom the earl said "good-night."

He was a man about fifty years of age, tall and stooping, and awkward in his gait. Tall as he was, his legs seemed too long for him, and his arms hung loosely at his side, his hands having dropped several inches below the end of his coat-sleeves. The face of the man was long and thin, and the cheeks had fallen into deep rutts, forming straight lines from his eyes to his mouth. Though cleanly shaven, the sallowness of his skin prevented his looking clean; and a certain unwholesome effect about the face was increased from the man's black hair having turned, at the points, yellow, rather than white. This unprepossessing personage was dressed in black, and over his clothes wore a short cloak, with a

fitch-fur collar. This cloak did not hide the tails of the man's dress-coat, which hung down in a curious fashion beneath it; nor was the fur collar ample enough to conceal the fact that he wore a crumpled white necktie.

On leaving the library, the earl's visitor walked in a nervous, twitching, spasmodic manner into the hall; his shoes scarcely making a sound as he went—and it was evident that he was ill at ease as he passed through the body of servants assembled there.

Before he had reached the door, Joe had quitted his hiding-place; and remembering his instructions, strolled out leisurely after him, chewing a bit of straw as he went, and apparently intent upon anything rather than playing the spy.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PHANTOM.

Darkness itself  
Has objects for mine eyes to gaze upon,  
And sends me terror when I pray for sleep.

James Haynes.

NIGHT had passed its noon, and the grey light of morning was already stealing from the east, mingling with the shadows of London, before the last carriage rolled from Lord St. Omer's door.

Then the lights died out of the principal rooms, one window after another darkened as it yielded up its life, until within and without the mansion appeared silent and deserted.

But long after peace and rest had returned, a faint light, burning in an upper window, showed that at least one of the inmates of the noble house waked and watched. The room which thus retained signs of life was the one appropriated to Lady Blanche.

It was with an indescribable feeling of relief that she had quitted the brilliant assembly of which her charms had made her the envid centre. Wearied, exhausted, sick at heart, she escaped at the earliest moment to this, her own room, craving for the indulgence of an hour's free thought, an hour's relief from that smile of simulated happiness which she had schooled herself to wear.

Manton, her own maid, was waiting for her, seated on the sofa at the foot of the bed, and nodding over a novel, one page of which she had read fifty times, always falling asleep in the middle of it.

"Beg pardon, my lady," she said, starting and rising with a confused manner, "I didn't hear you come up."

"Perhaps you were asleep, Manton? You may be very tired. Had you reminded me of it, you might have gone to bed; I could have done my own hair for once."

"You're very good my lady," replied the girl, "but if I'd gone, I couldn't have slept a wink. Something has happened, my lady, that makes me very unhappy."

"Something happened!" exclaimed Blanche.

"Yes, my lady, I had occasion to go to the little dressing-case to-night—it's the one you seldom use; but I wanted the garnets from it to match the dress you've chosen for the opera to-morrow—the garnets were left there when you were down at Redruth House, my lady—and what do you think? To my horror I found that the lock had been tampered with, and it had been broken open."

The flush which came into the pale face of Lady Blanche betrayed her emotion at this announcement.

"That is very strange!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, my lady, I hope and trust you won't suspect that I've had any hand in it," began Manton, "I do assure you—"

Blanche interrupted her protestations.

"Were the garnets there?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady."

"Was anything gone from the case?"

"Nothing that I could see."

"Bring it to me."

The girl hastily fetched the dressing-case from the wardrobe in which it was kept, and raised the lid. A heap of jewels, which Blanche recollected not having returned to her jewel-case after a party at Redruth House, glittered in the light of the wax-taper which Manton held.

With a visible tremor, Blanche thrust her white hand into the case and touched a secret spring. A little drawer lined with white-velvet sprang out. It was empty.

The Lady Blanche started with a cry, as at a sudden pain.

"Gone!" she cried, "his portrait gone! What does this mean? Oh, Manton! I am justly punished. For three days I have not looked at it, and now, it is gone! it is gone!"

"Then you have lost something, my lady?" said the girl.

Blanche turned a distracted look upon the questioner. "Manton!" she said, "you know something of this?"

"I, my lady!"

"Yes, you do; you must. Oh, do not deceive me. Tell me the truth, the simple truth: I will forgive you. I will not scold you, or discharge you. I will believe



that you have acted under orders, and do not know the misery you have caused. But, tell me, only tell me—have you done this?"

The simple Manton began to cry.

"Oh, my lady, how can you think it of me?" she said, "to think that I could go to rob you and deceive you after all your goodness to me and mine! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And her tears flowed afresh.

Lady Blanche put her hand upon the girl's shoulders. "Dry your tears," she said; "I did not believe you had robbed me! I only thought you might have done this for—for another. I am satisfied. Leave me now?"

"Oh, you will let me do your hair, my lady?" cried the girl. "If you won't, I shall know that I've offended you, and—and I shan't sleep a wink?"

The gentle girl seated herself upon the couch, and without a word, submitted her head to the nimble fingers of her attendant. It was a simple act; but Manton little knew what it cost her. The discovery just made—the fact that it was done unknown to this her faithful attendant—brought home the conviction to her mind that she had been made the victim of a treacherous plot, and that her correspondence with Kingston Meredith had been interrupted not of his own will; but by sinister influences brought to bear upon him.

Then her mind reverted to the interview which had taken place in the library that night, and her heart sank within her as she thought came upon her that it might be too late to retrace the past! That her last chance of happiness had been destroyed for ever!

It seemed a weary, weary time that during which Manton bent over her, and drew the ropes of pearls from her tresses, and releasing them, let them fall like rippling gold over her white shoulders. But it was done at last, and the girl had taken her light, had bidden her mistress "good night," and was gone.

Then the fair girl rose with an expression of relief that was like a cry, and interlacing her fingers across the back of that bright head, paced up and down, up and down, incessantly.

In that way only could she think.

In that incessant movement alone could the fierce, burning, impetuous impulses which tormented her find relief.

"Oh, I shall go mad! I shall go mad!" she cried at length, driven by very anguish into speech. "They have deceived him. They have given him back his portrait, and he believes me false. Proud and false! Proud in my wealth, disdainful of his poverty. And all this time I have doubted him! I have thought that he had grown weary of me. But this incident opens my eyes. I see it all when it is too late—too late!"

She ceased. Yet her thoughts went over the same ground, over the same tormenting ground. At length a sudden resolution caused her to stop in her incessant pacing up the room, and to utter an exclamation.

"I will see him," she said, "at all risks. I will search out his chambers and see him, speak to him. I will ask him—"

But her sensitive mind shrank from the idea before it found utterance. How could she go to one who had ceased to correspond with her, and ask him the reason?

It was impossible.

Her true womanly nature told her it was so, and she was driven to cast about for an expedient. In doing so her mind reverted to what had passed between Mark Allardyce and herself only two nights before. She had promised him her confidence, and he, on his part, had pledged himself to act with her. For this man she had neither respect nor love; she feared him too much for affection, and yet he was her brother; he had always treated her with respect, and now, in her sore need, he might, she felt, serve her as no stranger could.

She would speak to him. She would tell him all, and appeal to him to restore her lover, and to save her from a life of misery in the alliance to which she was destined.

Having formed this resolve she was calmer and more hopeful. She only longed for the morrow—that morrow which was about to dawn, but which might, nevertheless, be too late.

"Too late! too late!" The bitterest cry of the despairing heart burst from her lips; but only as she conjured up the phantom of what might be. She would not permit herself to believe that the coming day could bring no ray of hope for her.

That thought was too horrible.

We have said that day was dawning. Already the white light stole in through the curtains.

Lady Blanche felt that sleep was impossible to her, and extinguishing the wax-tapers which burned in silver branches on either side her dressing-glass, she moved to one of the windows, and sat down to think and wait.

It was a ghostly hour, that at which night and morning meet. In the dim, grey, uncertain light, objects assume unreal, unfamiliar forms. And when, after long thought, the exhausted girl looked up, she was startled, and her flesh crept at the aspect of her room. It was unlike itself. The long straight curtains of the bed were like winding-sheets. Shadows lurked like phantoms in the

distant corners. Once she half-believed that the coverlet of the bed rose and fell. And then the silence was so intense that she feared to move, yet so terrible that she dared not sit there thinking of it.

No, she dared not. She felt that, and with a sudden desperate jerk she drew the curtain, and looked out into the square.

The instant she had done so her lips parted, an inarticulate sound escaped them, and she reeled back as from a blow.

But for an effort she would have swooned.

Nor was it without cause; for in the one glance which she had cast into the square she had beheld, mingling with the shadows of a tree beneath which it appeared to stand, the form of—Kingston Meredith! She saw his face whiter than the face of a corpse. She even caught the expression of those large, dark, melancholy eyes as they seemed upturned reproachfully towards her; and in her terror she saw no more.

Was it a delusion? Was it real?

These questions flashed through her brain, and she resolved to satisfy herself.

Falling forward, rather than leaning towards the window, she again looked out.

The phantom had vanished!

"It was he! It was he!" she cried, starting up impressed with the reality of the impression on her brain; "I must go to him. I must speak to him!"

Without a moment's hesitation she opened the door of the room and stole out, gliding along the corridor like a spirit. The grand staircase was soon reached, and she had descended two flights of carpeted stairs, when, to her extreme terror, the door of the house abruptly opened, and the figure of a man was visible against the grey light thus admitted.

"Kingston!" cried the Lady Blanche, believing in her terror that she again beheld the phantom of her lover, and in the act of rushing forward she dropped insensible to the ground.

It was Mark Allardyce who, coming in at his usual hour, heard the cry, and saw the prostrate form of his half-sister. Muddled with drink, he nevertheless understood sufficient to think it possible that her ladyship's lover was, indeed, in the neighbourhood. But when he looked into the square it was silent and deserted.

He waited for a moment, then closed the door, and raising Lady Blanche from the ground, bore her like a child to her chamber. There, to his utter astonishment, he was joined in a few seconds by Lady St. Omer.

"What, mother! Are you up and dressed?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, dear," she replied.

She did not tell her recalcitrant son, nor did he suspect, that she had sat up that night, as she sat up every night, watching his coming home.

## CHAPTER IX.

### EMMY KINGSTON.

Life it is not, but the thrill  
Of sad hearts already cold—  
Cold to pleasure's wooing thrill,  
Only longing to be still,  
Underneath the grassy mould.

WHEN Captain Allardyce's groom, Joe Leech, stole out of the mansion, the man whom he had been instructed to follow was at the end of that side of the square, and in a few seconds more he would have disappeared. But the groom's eyes were sharp as needles, and they instantly fastened on their prey and never lost sight of it.

Passing out of Belgrave Square, the man took an easterly direction, striking as soon as he could into Piccadilly, the whole length of which he traversed, sometimes walking slowly, sometimes darting onward at a great pace, like a weak man under the influence of strong excitement.

Joe Leech noticed this, but to him it mattered little how the man went or where he went. Only once the groom stopped, and that was to light up a cigar which he had succeeded in filching from the captain's case. Having mounted this, he muttered, half-aloud, "Now, old boy, go-a-head!" and steadily settled down to his task.

An invaluable servant was Joe Leech to a man like Mark Allardyce. The captain had picked him up, an orphan, hanging about a racing stable, and entertaining a vague ambition of becoming a jockey. His sharp face, his keen blue eyes, his cunning, and the smart activity of his movements attracted the captain's attention. He wanted a servant who, while holding the nominal position of groom, should be personally attached to him, and available in all kinds of emergencies, and he believed that in this lad he saw the making of such an attendant. So many things were in his favour. He had not a relation in the world. He had roughed it from his cradle. He had the nerve of a lion, could lie without a blush, and practice a deception with an angelic innocence of look and manner. His knowledge of horses was intuitive, as might be supposed in a lad who had been, as he expressed it, "foaled in a stable, and never slept out o' one." The only question with

Mark was whether it would be possible to attach such a being to himself by ties of personal regard. If it was, and he believed it was, that once accomplished, he had no fear for the rest.

By a sort of instinct, Joe Leech "took" to the captain from the first. It was not unnatural that he should, for there were a good many qualities in common between them, and when it was proposed that he should, as he said, "go into training" for a groom, the lad then fifteen, embraced that at once as the chance of his life. The jockey dream passed away. He would be a groom—a model groom—one of the smartest, nattiest, cleverest, and sauciest grooms, in London, and he set himself at once sedulously to work to realize that idea. It was a slight drawback to Captain Allardyce's service that his horses were, so to speak, intermittent. They came and went much, as it appeared to Joe, at the will of the Sheriff of Middlesex. Sometimes the stable was full, and the captain would rejoice in thorough-breds and all kinds of equine luxuries; then they all suddenly disappeared, and Joe's attendance would be confined to one miserable screw that never went because nobody was ever found rash enough to offer a five-pound note for it. But amid all the fluctuations of the stable, Joe remained the same—smart, active and invaluable, nominally the captain's groom, but in reality his body-servant, confidential man, and general adviser.

Such was the individual who now strolled up Piccadilly, following the dark shadow that flitted between the lamps in the distance, scarcely visible, yet never lost sight of. On reaching the top of the Haymarket, the shadow hovered, for a moment in uncertainty, then kept on its way up Coventry Street, near the end of which it made a sudden dive and disappeared.

Joe was hardly prepared for this, but taking to his heels he set off and soon reached the alley which had tempted the man he was in pursuit of, plunged into it, nearly upsetting a workman carrying two pails of water, and at length, after threading a perfect network of courts and lanes, he came out into a street running at right angles to St. Martin's Lane, and there, to his satisfaction, caught sight of the man as he stood rapping with his knuckles at a shop-door.

Over that door was written the name, "Stott," and two apertures beneath the shutters apprized the public that it was a post-office.

Joe Leech noticed this as he crept slowly up on the opposite of the way, striving both to recover his breath and to look unconcerned.

As he arrived opposite the shop, the door was opened by Mrs. Stott herself, the stout woman in the flagrantly false front whom we have before seen—and whose countenance was, to say the least of it, fiery.

"Well, I'm sure!" she exclaimed, holding a candle in the face of the old man. "Tis you, Mr. Kingston, is it? Which I'm sure I never expected to set eyes on you again. And every step and every cab bringing my heart into my mouth for fear you'd gone and been run over, and nothing more likely at your age, and with that dreadful cough, and at this time o'night! Oh, dear, dear!"

"I've been detained, Mrs. Stott," pleaded the old man in a tremulous tone and throwing up his long arms deprecatingly.

"Detained, indeed!" burst out the loquacious woman evidently hesitating between anger and pity. "And never a thought for me and my feelings. Which lodgers they are all alike, first-floor fronts or third-floor backs, no difference, and I on my feet all day among their blessed letters, with deliveries every hour, early and late; if I don't get my night's rest how am I to go through with it? I ask you that. Not that I—"

"I assure you," interrupted the poor lodger, "that I wouldn't have stayed a minute for Emmy's sake, if I could have helped it. But I owed you three weeks, and I was obliged to have money."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Kingston, business is business," cried Mrs. Stott, in a very altered tone—and then the lodger was admitted, and the door shut.

"All right," said Joe to himself, as he turned to retrace his steps, "he's been gettin' money out o' the earl. That's the game, eh! Well, where he's left to-night, he'll be found to-morrow, that's a sure thing."

And he re-lit his cigar with the utmost complacency, bending his steps once more towards Piccadilly.

Meanwhile the old man had been led into Mrs. Stott's back parlour—a sort of rabbit-hutch, six feet square—and there completely mollified that irate, but good-hearted woman, by the settlement of her account out of a five-pound note, which he drew with great mystery from an inner waistcoat-pocket. As he took the change, and counted it over, there was a nervous trepidation in his manner which Mrs. Stott did not like. It was evident to her that he had something on his mind, and she was trying to weigh the probabilities between his having obtained the money by forgery or gambling, when he said, meekly:

"Emmy's not strong, Mrs. Stott?"

It was a very simple question; but it came so unexpectedly that the good lady stared.

"No, she's not," she replied, recovering herself, "nor never will be, Mr. Kingston, while she's that stewed-up

and hard-worked as I never see the like of it. That Berlin wool is a killing of her by inches. Oh, I don't mince matters, sir, I don't; it's a fact, and more's the shame. For as I says, Berlin wools, and all they fancy knick-knacks is luxuries; you can't eat 'em; you can't drink 'em; and they as want 'em ought to pay for 'em. But to think of that dear child blinding her eyes and workin' her fingers to the bone over such things, and earning not enough to keep that little body and soul together—and which my canary eats more a week—it's a shame and a sin in a Christian land."

The man leant his thin face upon his hands, his elbow resting on the table, and tears oozed out of his half-closed eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

"And waltering getting worse and worse," he said, reflectively.

"I dessey!" cried Mrs. Stott.

"People are that mean," he went on, "that they begrudge a penny where they used to throw down six-pences and think nothing of it. As I said to our proprietor, when we had our last tiff, 'You ought to pay your waiters, sir, for the public won't; and how are we to live?' 'Dan!' he says, 'if all the waiters that have asked for your place were stood in a line, they'd reach from here to York, and there'd be a few over!'"

"More's the pity!" cried Mrs. Stott. "What things is a comin' to, goodness knows!"

"But Emmy?" interposed the man, "you think her work is—is hurting her?"

"Killing her's the word, sir!" said Mrs. Stott.

"No, no—not so bad as that. She's young—"

"But not strong."

"Not very; but a little change—a little fresh air—I—I—Do you think, ma'am, she could bear a sea-voyage?"

"Bear a what, sir?" cried Mrs. Stott, her mind instantly catching at the notion that she might be losing a lodger; "not she. I wouldn't answer for what a penny boat might do to her. A sea-voyage! Bless your heart, Mr. Kingston, what are you thinking of?"

He answered evasively, but she could see that he had some settled purpose in his mind; and as he bade her good-night, she shook her head ominously, and then lifted up her hands in a manner which implied that her lodger was, in her judgment, taking leave of his senses, and becoming utterly hopeless and intractable.

Unconscious of this, he pursued his way up the crazy, uncarpeted staircase to the very top of the house, and then very cautiously entered a large garret with leaning walls, so poorly, so miserably furnished that his heart ached as he glanced round it. The only object which relieved the general poverty of the room, and offered a strong contrast to it, was an embroidery frame, on which, partly concealed by a piece of tissue-paper, was a canvas worked with rich flowers and fruit in a gorgeous arabesque device.

That was Emmy's work.

And Emmy, Daniel Kingston's only child—where was she?

Beyond this the general living room, and on the floor in one corner of which was a bed for Daniel, there was a door opening into a small, close, ill-ventilated sleeping apartment. Toward this door, Daniel advanced, and opening it without a sound, peeped in.

Upon a small bed, covered with a patchwork quilt, lay a young girl, who at the first glance was so like the earl's daughter Blanche, that they might have been sisters. But beyond the likeness, how different they were! The face of Emmy Kingston was not simply white, it was wasted, and the bones seemed cutting their way through her white skin. Round the eyes, large, dark, purple rings had formed, and the general aspect was that of one slowly wasting into the grave. But what redeemed even this look, was the glory of the golden hair, like Blanche's hair, tint for tint, which, escaping from a net in which it had been confined, flowed over the pillow in unrestrained profusion. The girl was dressed, having evidently fallen over-wearied into an unconscious sleep. Her dress was poor but neat—the material cheap, the colour dark, the style unassuming.

Daniel Kingston peering in at the half-opened door, gazed long and silently at the wasted face, on which the candle held above him threw a faint light. And as he gazed the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks.

Presently he withdrew the light, and softly closed the door; then passing his hand across his brow he muttered:

"Heaven help me! I have done it for the best. I have sold the rank and station of which she never dreamed, for the means to give her health and life. Have I done right? she would have graced a coronet as well as even St. Omer's daughter will; but then the weary work to fight for it, to hunger for it, and may be lose it, after all. 'Tis best as it is—best as it is! And yet—oh, merciful Father, if she should ever curse me for this night's work!"

The man buried his face in his hands and sat down weeping like a child.

(To be continued.)

THE decorations for the Wolsey Chapel, Windsor Castle, will consist of mosaics,—filling the vaulting between the groinings of the roof, which is elaborately covered with fan-tracery, representing angels, about a hundred in number, emerging from clouds. These are at the springing of the tracery from the shafts. At the intersections of the ribs are to be placed heraldic emblems—the *rose en soleil*; the whole to be treated in a conventional, and therefore strictly decorative, unpictorial manner. The windows of the chapel are to be filled with rich glass, designed on the same legitimate decorative principle. The walls are to be covered with splendid decorations and pictures in fresco.

#### SEEKING.

Higher minds seek for progression,  
Lowlier ones but for possession;  
These to have, and those to be,  
While some boast their pedigree;  
Thus it is the wide world through,  
Some to have, and some to do.

Surely no man notes events  
With a cool indifference;  
There are some who strive to hide  
All emotion 'neath their pride;  
But the smallest drop of rain  
Falls at no man's feet in vain.

Many feel, but few confess,  
How a trivial thing may bless;  
Some who've long been seeking joy,  
At length, like the ragged boy,  
Ope their hearts and let content  
Enter with the next event.

It is well if but a trifle  
Pleases; yet not well to stifle  
Yearnings for the good supernatural—  
Cravings born in the eternal  
Mind, that ne'er can find its rest  
Till it is supremely blest.

C. C.

### ELSIE OF HADDON.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

But ever still  
As a sweet tone delighteth her, the smile  
Goes melting into sadness, and the lash  
Droops gently to her eye, as if she knew  
Affection was too deep a thing for mirth.

"THE first time that you ever successfully opposed me, madam; and, by Heaven, you have made a signal beginning!" commented General Garnet, no longer speaking in a furious voice, but in the dry, hard, stern tone, and fixed, inflexible brow with which he had, in the beginning of their interview, heard and replied to her gentle words. The burst of violent passion had passed away and left him—the hard, scornful, sarcastic—yet cool, calculating, dissembling, most dangerous man that he was before.

Alice gazed up at his face, seeking to read the changed expression there; but it passed her skill, and she murmured, slowly:

"Perhaps I was wrong; I know that under other circumstances it would have been very wrong; yet I dare not say that I regret what I did, for under the same circumstances, I should do it again. Not to obtain your forgiveness would I deceive you, though to obtain it would make me comparatively happy; but I deeply regret that anything I had a hand in should give you pain. And I say, do as you please, I shall not complain, I cannot. From the one revolt of my whole life, I return to a full and unconditional allegiance; there is nothing further to disturb it; nothing to draw me aside. My love for my child only did it; that cannot move me again."

"Ha! can it not?" he asked, scornfully.

"No! no, indeed it cannot!"

"Never?"

"Never! How can my love for Elsie ever again draw me aside from you? Elsie is married and gone; now I have only you; my duty is undivided—and oh! if you would let me, I would try to make you so happy!"

"Would you?" he asked, doubtfully, scornfully.

"Yes, I would," she said, suddenly rising, leaning her hand upon his arm, and her head upon his shoulder, with the confidence of perfect love and faith. "Oh, you have not been yourself for a few days past. Yet I do not love you the less on that account; indeed I do not. Oh, I can excuse your violence more than you can excuse yourself, I know; for I have been used to it in others. My father was violent, sometimes. And I know that anger is a brief intoxication—a short madne's—in which people do and say what they never intended. Come, you are not angry now; you are smiling; and I—I can only repeat what I said in the beginning, 'Let us forgive each other, and live better and happier all our future lives.'"

At last she said:

"Have you been happy—have you had any great life purpose? Oh, often, when I have watched you in your daily life, as you walked, or rode, or drove; as you sat at table, or at your writing-desk, or settled business with your agents; or jested or told anecdotes among your friends; when you have seemed to live lightly on the outside of things, I have longed to ask you, 'Is this reality—and is this all of your life—and are you contented with it—are you happy?' And when I have seen you sit, or stand, or walk apart, silent, moody, abstracted, retired into yourself, I have longed to knock at your heart's door, to be let in, too—to be let into your confidence, and to give you my sympathy, but I dared never do so. It has taken the grief and passion of this hour to enable me to do so now. But this shall never be so again—shall it? We shall never be such strangers to each other again? Come, tell me now, how is it with you? Are you happy?"

"Quite happy, just this hour, Alice."

"And do you truly love me—a little? Oh, love me—only love me!"

"Love you!—that is not so difficult, Alice. You are still a very lovely woman."

"Will you let me deliver Elsie's last message to you?"

He quickly averted his face to hide the dark cloud that overswept it, while he answered, "I will hear it."

"Elsie's parting words to me were, 'Oh, mother, you love my father very dearly, do you not?' I answered, 'Yes.' She replied, 'Oh, if you love him, mother, win my pardon from him! Look on me. Father, forgive your child, for loving her husband as much as her mother loves you.'"

"Alice," he said, drawing her to his bosom, "this seals your full pardon; be content; for the rest, give me time."

"Oh, if I could persuade you to forgive poor Elsie—who only needs her father's pardon and blessing to be perfectly happy in her humble state."

"Alice, if Elsie were before me, as you are, in all your beauty, perhaps I could not choose but be reconciled with her as with you, my lovely Alice."

Alice was so unused to praise from him, that these words and caresses were beginning to embarrass her. Blushing like a very girl, she withdrew herself from his arms, and sat down. Then, as fearing to have offended, she said:

"Do you think me ungrateful? Test my sincerity in any way you please."

"In any way, Alice?" he asked, significantly.

"Yes. Try me—test me."

"Pause—think—in any way?"

"In anything and everything will I obey you, that does not transgress the laws of God, I mean, of course."

"Ah, that to begin with, is one very broad and comprehensive exception—especially if you design to give it a very liberal and latitudinarian interpretation. And it implies, besides, a suspicion and a guard against my giving you any command which, to obey, would be to transgress the laws of God. Do you really suppose that I am capable of doing such a thing, Alice?"

"No—oh, no. Only you pressed me for an exception, you know, and I gave you the only one I thought of."

"I am satisfied with your exception, Alice. But is that really the only exception to your vow of compliance?"

"Yes, indeed, the only one."

"Reflect—you may find another."

"No, indeed, no."

"No?—what is the dearest wish of your heart, now, Alice?"

"For peace—for perfect family peace and perfect Christian love."

"Thanks, Alice. 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' But is there no secret, darling thought that hovers around Magnus and Elsie?"

Alice suddenly turned very pale. Her hands flew up pleadingly, and involuntarily she cried, in a voice of anguish—

"Oh, do not require me to renounce Elsie!"

"If I did, would you do so, Alice?"

She was silent, with her head bowed upon her clasped hands.

He looked at her and smiled sardonically, saying, "I knew it—another exception! How many would follow this, I wonder? But I do not require you to renounce your daughter, far be that from me. Hold her as closely to your heart as you wish. Have I not said that even I might be brought to forgive Elsie? Pahaw, dear Alice, I only wished to prove to you how really vain were all your promises."

"No, they are not!" exclaimed Alice, earnestly, energetically. "You have reconciled yourself to me when I least hoped and expected it, and I will do anything to prove how glad I am—anything except renounce Elsie, or fail in my higher duty to Heaven. Oh, do not close your half-opened heart to me again. Try me."



"Good! I will put your sincerity to one more test. And woe to both if that third test should prove you faithless."

"It shall not—it shall not!" said Alice, solemnly. "All our future confidence and peace depend on it, and it shall not fail, so help me Heaven. What is it?"

"You shall soon see, Alice," replied General Garnet, rising, and preparing to leave the room. "Where are they now?—I mean Dr. Hardcastle and his wife."

"I believe they are at the hotel at Haddon, where they expect to remain for a few days—if you do not bring them back here. Oh, General Garnet, if you would pardon them—if you would bring them back here to live with us—how happy we should all be—oh, how happy we should all be the long future years! No more partings—no more tears. Our children and grandchildren would be with us all through life. Magnus could practise his profession, and be of such inestimable value besides, in your political plans, and such company for you at home. And Elsie would be such a comfort to me. We should all be so happy! Come, bring them back with you. Ah, do. Let us have them with us, all reconciled, around the table to-night—and it will be the happiest family gathering that ever was held. Oh, I see you smile, and I know you will bring them back—will you not?" said Alice, suddenly seizing his hand, and gazing eloquently, beseechingly into his face.

"We shall see, Alice—I will tell you more about that when I return," he said, with one of his charming smiles, and shaking her hand cheerfully, opened the door and went out.

"Oh, yes—I do believe he will bring them back with him. Ah, no father can harden his heart against his child. Yes, yes, I am sure he will bring them back!" she repeated, seeking to still the anxiety that was torturing her breast.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

I know not, I ask not if gulls' in that heart,  
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Moore.

THE sun was going down, when a servant entered the chamber, and announced that Judge Wylie was below stairs, and begged to see Mrs. Garnet alone upon important business.

Telling the man to show Judge Wylie into the library, Alice threw a shawl around her, and, full of vague and painful misgivings, descended the stairs.

What could be the important business upon which Judge Wylie came? What business, trifling or important, could he have with her? Had any accident happened to Elsie? The thought gripped her heart like a vice. Had anything happened to Magnus or General Garnet?

Trembling and pale, and almost overwhelmed by the trials of the day, she opened the library door, and tottered in.

Judge Wylie was standing there awaiting her, his usually jubilant face was now overcast and troubled as he advanced to meet Alice, took her hand, led her to a seat, and seated himself beside her, and said, gravely and gently:

"My dear Mrs. Garnet, you will pardon the liberty about to be taken by your oldest friend."

"For Heaven's sake—what has ——— happened, she was about to ask, but the words died on her pale lips.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear Mrs. Garnet. Nothing has occurred since the marriage—you perceive that I know all about it. But it is to warn you—to put you upon your guard against something about to occur, that I come to you this evening."

"For God's sake—what? what?"

"Nothing that you have not in your full power to avert, by a little firmness."

"For Heaven's sake explain yourself, Judge Wylie."

"You know something, I presume, of the laws of property, of inheritance, and of marriage?"

"No—no—I know nothing about it."

"At least you know that when a girl marries, all the personal property she may be possessed of at the time of her marriage, or may afterwards inherit, becomes the property of her husband?"

"Yes, of course I know that."

"Therefore, all the personal property you became possessed of at the death of your father, is the property of General Garnet."

"Certainly. Who disputes it? Well?"

"But! And now listen! All the landed property, consisting of six thousand acres, is yours, your own, and at your death it is your daughter's, if she survive you, and unless you choose to will it to some one else, General Garnet can make no disposition of it either during your life or at your death."

"It seems to me, Judge Wylie, that this conversation is a very singular one," said Alice, coldly.

"Not so singular or so impertinent—that is what you mean—as it appears to be. Hear me out. I speak for your good, and your child's good. Your daughter Elsie has, by her marriage, grievously offended her father.

He may or may not pardon her. He may discard her. Do not put it in his power to disinherit her."

Alice turned very pale.

"Why do you say that to me?" she asked, falteringly.

"Because," he answered, "it is said that women can always be kissed or kicked out of any right of property they may happen to possess. Now don't you, my Alice, be kissed out of your six thousand acres of finely cultivated, and heavily timbered land, with all its land and water privileges. Don't you be kissed out of it, Alice, for it makes you independent and of great importance. Don't you be kissed out of it, Alice, for you can leave it to your beloved daughter, who will need it. Don't you be kissed out of it, Mrs. Garnet, and as for the other alternative, my courteous friend, General Garnet, is far too much of a gentleman to resort to it, either literally or metaphorically."

"Judge Wylie! Why do you talk to me in this way? You are my oldest friend—you have a certain privilege. I beseech you, forbear to abuse it," said Alice, divided between mortification and anxiety. The latter at last prevailed, and she asked: "Why did you open up this subject just now, Judge Wylie? You came to tell me why, I suppose. Tell me now at once."

"Well, then, only this, Alice. That about an hour ago, I happened to call in at Squire Fox's office, where General Garnet was superintending the drawing up of a deed. An involuntary—a providential—glance, now I think it was, over the clerk's shoulder, revealed to me the fact that he was drawing up a deed of assignment, by which you were to convey all your right, title, and interest in the landed property of Mount Calm, to General Garnet. General Garnet then turned to me, and requested me to meet him here to-night, to witness your signature. I asked, with surprise, if you had consented to give it. He looked offended, and expressed astonishment at my question. By which I knew that he intended to come upon you by a *coup de main*, and I came off here to put you on your guard."

"Oh! is that all?" asked Alice, with a sigh of great relief. "Well, Judge Wylie, if any one else in the wide world had talked to me as you have been talking for the last ten minutes, I should have said that they took a most unwarrantable and most offensive liberty in presuming to interfere in a matter that concerns only General Garnet and myself. Of you, my old friend, I only say that your doubts and fears are totally groundless. General Garnet, perhaps, wishes to test the strength of my confidence in him, or he may have some other and still better reason for what he is about to do. At all events, when he lays that deed before me for signature, most willingly, most cheerfully will I prove my love and respect, and confidence in him, by signing it at once. Judge Wylie, I am not well this evening. The events of the day have shaken me very much. With many thanks for your kind intentions, permit me to wish you good evening!" And Alice held out her hand.

Judge Wylie arose, saying:

"Ah! I knew it. I might have known it before I came. She will not be saved when she might be. She is like all her sex; none of them ever will be saved unless it's those who ain't worth saving. Well, good evening, Mrs. Garnet! God be with you! It is said that children and—pardon me—fools enjoy the privilege of an especial Providence. May such a protection be yours! Good evening, madam."

And pressing her hand, he took his hat and stick, and was about to leave the room, when the front door was heard to open, steps to hurry up the hall, and the library door was thrown open, and General Garnet entered, ushering in a lawyer, who held some documents, tied with red tape, in his hands.

"Ah, my friend, Wylie, I am glad to find you already here! Gentlemen, be seated. Alice, my love, I preferred to bring these gentlemen here for the purpose of transacting a little law business in which you are concerned, rather than risk your health by taking you out in this severe weather. Judge Wylie, resume your seat—gentlemen, pray be seated. Alice, my dear, come hither; I had expected to find the library empty, and you in your chamber, where I left you. I wish to have a word with you apart." And putting one arm affectionately over the shoulder of Alice, he took her hand, and led her away to a distant part of the room, where, with his most angelic smile, he said: "Alice, I am the nominal master of Mount Calm only; but, Alice, I am at this moment a poor man—prove your affection and confidence now, as your heart dictates."

"I know what you mean. Come, I am ready to do so at once. But, oh! have you seen Elsie?"

"I will tell you all about that after this little business is over, dear Alice. Come."

"Immediately after?"

"Yes, instantly, and it will take but a moment."

"Come, then, let us have it over quickly, that I may the sooner hear of Elsie. But, oh! just assure me of this—that you have forgiven her. I know by your smile that you have; but, oh! I long to hear you say so."

"Can you doubt me, Alice? Come, let us have this affair over, and then you shall know all about it."

And taking her hand, he led her up the room.

The lawyer was seated behind a table—before him lay pen, ink, and paper, and certain documents, among which was the deed of assignment in question. By the side of the table stood Judge Wylie.

General Garnet led Alice up in front of it, and immediately before the lawyer.

Squire Fox took up the deed of assignment, and read it aloud. Then he administered the oath to Alice, and put the usual questions as to whether she gave that deed of her own free-will, without compulsion, or undue persuasion from her husband?

"Without being kissed or kicked out of it?" whispered Judge Wylie.

Having received satisfactory answers to all questions he laid the deed open before Alice for her signature. General Garnet dipped a pen in ink and handed it to her. Alice received it, smilingly, and in a clear, unfaltering hand, wrote her name at the bottom of that deed that conferred upon her husband immense wealth, and left herself penniless.

Judge Wylie, with a deep groan, wrote his name. The squire performed his part, and the business was complete.

Alice looked up into General Garnet's face, with an expression that said—"Now have you proved me sufficiently? Now will you confide in me? Will you love me?"

General Garnet stooped down and whispered to her—

"Retire immediately to your chamber, Alice!"

"But—Elsie!—tell me of her?"

"Retire to your chamber, instantly, Mrs. Garnet!—and await me there! I must offer these gentlemen some refreshment, and dismiss them; immediately after which, I will come to you, and tell you all that I have done, and all that I intend to do!" said General Garnet, in a tone of authority and impatience that would brook no opposition or delay.

And Alice, entreating slightly to the party, withdrew.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung  
From forest cave her shrieking young,  
And calm the lonely lonesome—  
But chide not—mock not my distress.

Byron.

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around—our incompleteness—  
Round our restlessness—his rest.

Mrs. Browning.

ALICE retired to her chamber, and waited restlessly. An hour passed, and still she heard no sound of departing guests. It was quite dark, and she rang the bell.

Milly entered with lights.

"Where is your master? what is he doing?"

"He is in the library, ma'am, with the gentlemen. They don't seem to have any notion of going home. General Garnet—he sent for more wine, and ordered devilled turkey and scolloped crabs—two other gentlemen have come in, and they are all very high upon politics."

Alice heard and sighed deeply.

"Well, they will want supper by-and-bye, that is certain. So take the candle, Milly, and go before me. I am going down to the library door to speak to General Garnet."

Milly preceded her mistress down the stairs.

When she reached the library door, Alice stepped before her and rapped.

General Garnet came to the door and opened it. On seeing his wife:

"Well, what do you want now? Didn't I direct you to keep your chamber until I came?" he inquired, sternly.

"Yes; and I would have done so, but your visitors are staying longer than you or I supposed. Perhaps they will need supper—shall I order it?"

"No! mind your own business. Don't go beyond your orders. Return to your room and wait me there," he said, and shut the door in her face.

Alice sighed and turned from the door.

Arrived within her chamber, Alice dismissed her maid, refused all refreshment, and threw herself, exhausted and anxious, upon her bed.

As the hours passed slowly away, sounds of revelry from below stairs began to reach and disturb her. As time wore on towards midnight, the orgies became louder and higher. Vociferous laughter, shouting songs, and thundering cheers mingled in a strange wild discord, and broke startlingly upon the aristocratic repose of that mansion, and the holy quiet of that night. Alice listened in fear and trembling and disgust, for such orgies were unprecedented there.

At length, long after midnight, the company broke up in great disorder. Alice listened shudderingly to their noisy leave-taking, as with jocular songs, coarse jests, vociferous cheers and laughter, they departed. Then she heard the closing of doors and windows, and

the steps of General Garnet as he moved about the house. "Hush," she heard him coming up the stairs. He entered the chamber. Alice rose to meet him.

"Oh! you are waiting up to hear something about Elsie. Well, sit down," said he, putting down the night-lamp, closing the door, and turning to her with a sarcastic smile.

Alice had sunk into a chair, faint, sickened by the sight of the demon leer that now he did not even turn to conceal.

"Well, now, what questions do you want to put to me? I am quite ready to answer any," he said, dropping himself into a chair before her, crossing his feet, folding his arms, and leaning back.

"Elsie, then! have you seen her?"

"No."

"What, not seen Elsie!" she repeated, with a look of deep disappointment. "Not seen Elsie?"

"No," he answered again, looking at her with steady, importunate contempt.

"But you—you intend to see her?" asked Alice, with a sinking voice.

"Never! Never, so help me Heaven! And now listen. It was for the purpose of punishing her and you—of beggaring her and you—that I obtained that deed!" he exclaimed, malice, scorn, taunting triumph lighting around his lips, flashing from his eyes, and lighting up the whole dark face with a lurid demonic fire.

Alice stared at him for an instant with a marble-like immobility of countenance, as if it were impossible for her to comprehend such black treachery.

Stretching out his arm, and pointing his finger at her, he laughed aloud.

Then the spell of amazement that checked the current of her blood was broken, and slowly from the pallid lips came the words:

"Oh, my God! I understand it all now!"

"Ha! ha! ha! do you?"

"All—all," she continued, without withdrawing her steady gaze—"all, all. I have sold my birthright and hers for—a kiss!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ell, what do you want to complain of? You got the kiss," he exclaimed, in the most insulting manner.

"I have sold her birthright for a kiss! a serpent's kiss!" cried Alice, wildly wringing her hands.

"Come, Mrs. Garnet, no hard words, if you please. Remember how you hung upon me this morning. You were so affectionate! I was quite flattered; grew quite in favour with myself, and almost with you—only it is impossible to rekindle ashes."

"Oh! fiend! fiend! remorseless fiend! I shall go mad! Oh, God! where sleep your thunderbolts?" cried Alice, rising, and walking distractedly up and down the floor.

"Come, madam. No more of this. I am tired of it. Resume your seat," exclaimed General Garnet, leaving his scornful taunting manner, and speaking in the deep, stern tones of haughty command.

But Alice heard him not, as she walked wildly up and down the room, crying:

"I have borne so much, great God. I have borne so much. Oh, I have been a woman 'of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' And who is it that has made my life, my harmless life, one long pain? You, General Garnet, you. You married me by force, you know you did. In my young girlhood—nay, in my innocent childhood, when life opened to me with such a bright promise of usefulness and happiness with one I loved, with one to whom my faith was pledged, you tore me away from that one, and made his life a useless barren waste, and married me yourself, for your own selfish purposes, and nearly broke my heart and crazed my brain. God knows I have no clear recollection now of the months that followed my marriage. Well! Well! 'Time and the hour breathe away all things,' and as time passed, I learned to love you. Because you were my husband, and the father of my child, and because it was the great necessity of my nature to love, I loved you. God knows, I think there was no other reason. Oh! if Heaven gave me one iden purer and higher than all the rest, it was that of beauty and holiness of marriage! And though mine was a miserable sacrifice, so great was my need to live in an atmosphere of love and piety, that I tried to make a sort of temple of it. It was a wild ruin. Oh, worse! it was a ridiculous failure! This hour has proved it. Ha! ha! Hark! did I laugh? No, it was not I. I have nothing to laugh at in earnest, and I ne'er laugh in scorn. But there are two spirits in me now, and one mocks at the other."

"Sit down! This moment, sit down!" thundered General Garnet, stamping furiously.

But heedless as the dead was she  
Of all around, above, beneath!

Of all but the stormy outpouring of thought and feeling, from her own overburdened heart and brain—

"When you trampled all my rights and my happiness beneath your feet, when you seized and married me against my will, I excused you, for I said you loved me with a strong passion, and strong passions have their necessities and their rights. When you required me to

give up my dearest friends, and lay aside habits of study and elegant amusements, that were a second nature to me, I said that your position gave you a right to dictate to me, and I acquiesced without a murmur. When you took my little child away from me, the only comfort I had in the world, and sent her across the ocean, to remain at school for many years, I said you were her father, and what you did was doubtless intended for her good, however mistaken the intention might be, and I submitted, because I was superstitious and fanatical and because I loved you then. They say that 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' My love, imperfect as it was, cast out fear. When I conscientiously assisted at Elsie's marriage, and remained home here to meet you, I nerved my heart to bear all your fury. I even said it would be just, coming from you. And no matter how much I had suffered at your hands, no matter if you had left me for dead, as you did once before, if I had recovered, I could have gone on cheerfully with my daily duties, as if nothing had happened. Because I could have understood violence, as I said; I could have understood anything that grew out of heat of passion—anything, but this clear-headed, cold-blooded treachery—because I loved you then. Nay! My God! I believe in my soul, I love you yet, and it is that which stings my self-respect to madness. It is that which lays my soul open to the entrance of the scornful, jibing spirit that mocks at my holiest instincts."

"Sit down! sit down! I say," vociferated General Garnet, striding towards her.

Suddenly she fell at his feet, and raised her clasped hands, saying:

"I am mad! I am mad! Two spirits possess me—a mad and a sane one. It is the mad spirit that impels me to say now—while your serpent-treachery folds its cold, damp coils about my heart, and not so much stings as chills me to death—to say now, in the face of all reason—while the same spirit keeps before me—to say, only forgive Elsie, only be reconciled with her, and take all the rest; and I will try to forget that I have been deceived and scorned; at least I will never, never harbour the thought, much less give it expression again. Come, forgive your child. You cannot be for ever obdurate to your child. Be reconciled to her, and I will believe that anger and disappointment bereft you of your reason, for a little while, and that it was only during a temporary fit of insanity that you could have done such a thing. And I will honour you again."

"You are not so mad as to believe the words you are saying," said General Garnet. "There, be quiet; I hate raving—and now listen to what I have to say in regard to Elsie: I will never see her, or speak to her, or receive a letter or a message from her, under any circumstances whatever, so long as I live. I will never permit you to see her, or speak to her, or hold any communication, by letter or message, with her, under any circumstances that may occur, so long as you live. I will never give her an acre of land, or a shilling of money, or an article of food, or raiment, or fuel, to save her from starvation!"

Alice, exhausted, prostrate, gazed at him in horror, as with a darkened and ferocious countenance, and a voice of concentrated hatred, so deep as to be nearly inaudible, he continued:

"If she were lying at my gate, I would not suffer one of my servants to hand her a drink of water, if that drink of water would save her from death!"

"Demon! there is not a man, woman, or child on this estate that you could hinder, with all your malice and power, from rendering Elsie any service she might require," said Alice, in a dying voice.

(To be continued.)

#### A ROMANCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

RETURNING to the township of a Victorian watering place on a Sunday evening, after a long stroll in the country, I heard coming up behind me at a trot about thirty head of cattle. I observed, as they approached, that they were all milch cows, and that a sort of gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, and well mounted, kept them together on the one side, and a woman, also on horseback, was rounding them up on the other side.

As she galloped after some errant animal, her habit gracefully flying behind her, and her seat (as she jumped logs and little creeks) safe and assured from long practice, she looked like Die Vernon turned useful; and any one would have pronounced her a lady, and an elegant lady too, had she not been driving cattle, which, to my prejudiced eye, rather complicated her personal appearance with a touch of Smithfield. The whole group swept by, and in a minute or so were lost sight of in the bush. Early on the next morning I was walking through the little township before breakfast, when I saw a milk-cart with the most modern style of shining tin-pails in it standing at a door, a man serving the milk, while a woman sat in the cart handling the reins. As they drove off I had a dim recollection of having seen them before, but where or under what circumstances I could not call to mind.

I described to my old Scotch landlord what I had

seen as above described, and at once he told me what he and all his neighbours evidently regarded as one of the most romantic little stories of which the neighbourhood could boast. The pair of equestrians in the bush and the pair in the milk-cart were, it seems, one and the same pair.

When young and poor they had married in England, despite the opposition of friends. The gentleman had been in the navy; the lady had been delicately nurtured. Soon after marriage they resolved to begin the world afresh. They arrived in Victoria very poor. Mr. D—, the husband, nearly related to a noble family in England, nevertheless, with honourable strength of will, worked hard with his hands, and his delicate young wife was a devoted and self-denying partner in his hardships. He put by a little money, and bought a few head of stock. And now Mr. D— declares that he is as happy as the day is long, and that he would not exchange his position for the command of the best ship in Her Majesty's navy.

They have three children, pronounced to be wonders of pretty behaviour and good training; and the father and mother (say the gossips), after nine years of married life, "speak to each other more like lovers than like man and wife." Together they round up the cattle of an evening, and together they serve the milk in the morning. In the evening, after the "kye" are in, she solaces herself and little circle with the piano, and gives an hour or so to the education of her little ones.

But it is said that she is not altogether as contented as her lord. "Why?" said I, deeply interested in this little romance of real life. After many questions and many answers, here is the outcome of the cross-examination of various witnesses. At the bottom of all the lady's rural felicity is a something which poisons it somewhat—human pride. She is often addressed as a common milkwoman when she knows that she is not a common milkwoman, and she shrinks from the vulgar but extremely natural mistake.

#### THE CHANCELLOR'S LAW REFORM.

WE have to thank the Lord Chancellor for the most important move that has ever yet been made in the direction of Law Reform. He proposes a sifting of the vast accumulations of decisions, so as to get rid of conflicting decisions and bad precedents—an elimination by which the reports will be reduced to one-tenth of their present enormous bulk, far too much as even that will be. The necessity for the examination of precedents is clearly shown by the Chancellor in this passage:

"For, observe the manner in which error grows up in the law. A case is decided, say, by a Vice-Chancellor or by one of the courts at Westminster. The decision may be bad, but one of the parties to the litigation may not have the means of appealing against it, and so it is not corrected by a higher court. Then this bad law is recorded in the reports, and passes unnoted for three or four years. It is then cited as a precedent before another judge. That other judge says, 'I find that Mr. Justice A B, or Mr. Vice-Chancellor C D, decided a case from which the case now before me cannot be distinguished;' and thus a bad precedent is accepted and confirmed. The thing, therefore, becomes inveterate, and bad law is established, there being in our system no agency at all to exercise that which ought to be exercised—viz., an annual revision of the reported cases, with power to determine what is to be regarded as entitled to authority, and what ought not to be quoted hereafter for the purpose of determining the law. All this might be accomplished by what is called the institution of a Department of Justice. At all events, there ought to be some mode and power of revising these reports from time to time, as long as you adhere to the practice of making them guides for judicial decisions."

"We are, therefore, led, whenever society gives birth to new combinations of circumstances, to the duty and obligation of finding the rules which are applicable from such analogy as can be drawn from previous decided cases. Let your lordships bear in mind the huge bulk of these 1,100 volumes, and observe what an impossible, what an uncertain task it must be to find out from the chaos the materials for decisions on new cases. It is impossible to tell beforehand what may be the decision. But a judicial opinion is also a legislative enactment. It decides a particular case, and it sets a precedent for all future cases. Therefore, the judges become legislators—legislators *ex arbitrio*, and, with this vast variety of material from which to select, what an impossibility for any one to ascertain beforehand the nature of the decision that will be come to. This is no idle statement nor exaggerated picture. Let me bring it home to all your lordships' recollections by a simple narrative of what occurred the other day. Your lordships remember when the railway mania was rife numerous companies were formed. Each company was initiated or formed by a provisional committee, who were appointed to take the necessary steps to bring the scheme into practical operation. Liabilities were incurred to a large extent, services were performed, goods



were ordered, lawyers and surveyors were employed, and the liabilities of these committee-men were very serious. Many persons who had merely lent their names because they had been solicited to do so, found that actions were brought against them, although they had not participated in the acts which led to the debt for which they were sued. It was a new case, and the question arose how was it to be dealt with. For years it was held that the only analogy to this system was that of partnership, and, therefore, as a provisional committee most resembled a partnership, all the rules applicable to partnership were applied to these provisional committee-men. As we know, one partner is the agent of and may bind another partner in all matters relating to the partnership; consequently it was held that the provisional committee-men who concurred in giving orders did by those acts bind other committee-men who knew nothing of the transaction. The result was that hundreds were ruined.

#### RAILWAY FROM CALAIS TO CALCUTTA

WHEN the poets of future ages come to celebrate the varied monuments of the past, they will find in each period, a distinguishing class of trophies. Greece will shine in the distance with her matchless art, her temples, and the unequalled glory of her institutions. Rome will display her aqueducts, her roads, perhaps a relic of her decaying Coliseum; Asiatic States will glimmer in the remoteness with their barbaric genius; and younger communities, in later ages, will leave their characteristic monuments. The Islands of Britain, with the commonwealths of America, will show their great commercial fleets, and the highways they have constructed to join nation with nation, and obliterate the ancient boundaries of States.

A railway from Calais to Calcutta! If all things have an end, it is clear we are yet far from the end of our industrial triumphs. The plan is dazzling. It starts by its magnitude. Yet, unlike many schemes, it seems less feasible than it is. Let us glance at the things which have been accomplished in the way of communication with India, and then unroll, in outline, the panorama of that route which it is designed to open with a railway. It will be seen that the achievements of the past were equal, in comparison with means, to the enterprise laid out for the future.

In ancient times, the East was, to the minds of men, a distant vision. It was the land of fabled beauty, that gave all rich and precious things; but it was unknown. Romance chose it as her favourite scene, because it was obscured from sight. Rumour only told of its wealth and splendour. Gradually, merchants travelled towards the countries of the rising sun, and met with companies of strange traders, who trafficked with them in costly commodities. A broken chain of intercourse, connected Europe with India. The products of that region passed from caravan to caravan, and none knew whence they came. The spices which perfumed the tables of epicurean Rome were known to come from the East, but the traders of Arabia, who sold them, could not tell in what parts they grew. This was the first step towards a communication with India.

In later ages, when geographical science was more widely spread, Venice improved the intercourse of Europe with the East, and brought home its commodities by a route only open to herself. Then came Vasco de Gama to the billowy gates of India; the streams of commerce forsook their ancient channel, and the desolate oceans of the South became familiar to fleets of trading-ships bound to the lands of the East. Men imagined this to be the end of progress. It was viewed as a mighty revolution in the means of intercourse between the families of mankind. In the days of Elizabeth the Levant Company opened a new way, and the Euphrates became a channel of trade. But all this was arduous, dangerous, and unsatisfactory, and the land route was abandoned.

The voyage by the Cape usually occupied a hundred days. This was little in proportion to the wearisome journeys formerly undertaken; but times change, closer bonds were needed. In 1840, the man whose widow pines on a miserable stipend—the gift of the Imperial Treasury—prepared the great highway of Egypt, and a current of traffic set in in that direction. It flowed at first by way of Gibraltar, along the Mediterranean to Suez, through the Red Sea, and across the Indian Ocean to Bombay, or round the spicy island of Ceylon to the mouth of the Ganges. The detour of Cape St. Vincent was then saved by a line across France to Marseilles, and the Indian letter-bag was thus carried with tolerable directness from Calais to Aden, the key of the Red Sea.

The route across the territories of our Republican friends out of the digression round Spain, and the passage of Egypt spared us the immense circuit by the Cape of Good Hope. The consequences of this change were immense. India seemed to approach our shores; the pang of separation between friends became less severe; home appeared to follow the exile; and, but

for the thought of his poor widow, we might be proud of mentioning the name of Waghorn.

Now, however, a company of British speculators proposes a new route to India, by which a man may in seven days transport himself from London to Calcutta. Carriages and locomotives, rushing over iron lines, are to replace steam-ships, camels, oceans, and canals. The magnificent floating hotels of the Oriental Company, will become vulgar means of transport. None but old-fashioned people will travel by them. When we—the “men of progress”—spend our summer-season in a country-house among the Neigherry Hills, we shall not think of those antiquated contrivances by which persons waste a whole month in the journey to India. We shall just go down to Gracechurch Street, take a second-class ticket by the “Great Eastern, Calais, Constantinople, Orontes, Euphrates, and Calcutta Railway,” and with a decent packet of sandwiches in our pockets, light a cigar, and seat ourselves. The whistle will start our train, and we shall be off, as though it were to Birmingham or Bath.

Whither, however, will that train convey us? What scenes shall we pass by the way?

In the first place, let engineers project as they may, the channel will still separate those snug islands from France. Two hours of rolling and pitching there must be—at least until mechanics allow a suspension-bridge to be swung between Dover Cliffs and the shores of the opposite continent. At present a steam-packet must be employed, so we start with Calais. Every one knows that town, which needs, therefore, no more notice. Thence to Calcutta the ground is new—that is, as the Overland Route to India.

The route by way of Egypt consisted of two sea stages, besides the Channel—making 5,075 miles—that is from Marseilles to Alexandria, and from Suez to Calcutta. The latter is by far the longer, leading the voyager as it does round two-thirds of the Arabian peninsula. The proposed route would be exactly 5,600 miles from the booking-office in Gracechurch Street to Calcutta.

From Calais the line runs to the painted city of Ostend, with its Chinese variety of colours. There the tourist (the word *traveller* will soon become obsolete), may muse over the change of times, and compare the whistle of the engine with the fearful sounds of war, which two hundred and fifty years ago drenched the surrounding soil with the blood of a hundred thousand men. Proceeding through a flat, fertile, and populous country, he will reach Cologne, fruitful in corn and wine, with its ancient, crescent-shaped city, its purple shrine of the Three Wise Men, and its other noted antiquities. Abundance of timber, vast mines of iron, plenty of coal, and an industrious people, enrich the neighbouring country. Then away on to Augsburg, situated in a beautiful plain,—a large and handsome city which will afford interest to all excursionists. From this he will fly along the flat provinces of Lombardy—most favourable to engineering enterprise, and the dark steep, winding streets of Trieste, at the head of the Adriatic, with its ancient remains, its gigantic hospital, its cathedrals, churches, and picturesque scenery. Thence amid new landscapes, new people, new associations, he will be forced forward over the iron road until the West is left behind; the East is reached, the cross disappears, the crescent glimmers overhead, turbans and flowing robes succeed to broad-cloth and barbarous hats, and the city of Constantinople with its golden domes, its glittering cupolas and groves of elegant trees, flashes on his vision like the creation of enchantment.

We need not dwell on the physical capabilities of the countries lying between Ostend and Orsova on the frontiers of the Ottoman Empire. Whatever the difficulties may be science has determined to surmount them, for a railway has already been resolved upon all the way. Thence to the city of Sultans is only 345 miles. The surface of Turkey in Europe offers many facilities for the construction of a railway. The Government is most anxious to promote an undertaking of the kind, and the land on either side of the line might be purchased at a low price. From Constantinople to Bassora, on the Persian Gulf, is thirteen hundred and fifty-five miles. Four hundred and fifty-five of these extend eastward from the mouth of the Orontes to the valley of the Euphrates. The character of the tract is by no means such as to offer any formidable obstacle to the progress of a railroad. The Americans have surmounted far greater, and the line of fifteen hundred miles just completed by the State of Massachusetts should shame us from timidity.

The traveller might take a stroll about Antioch, which is one of the cheapest places in the world. A recent author tells us that he tried to be extravagant there, but could not, though the salubrious air of the neighbouring plains might give one a relish for all kinds of delicacies. Passing down the beautiful vale of Elghab, we whirl along the valley of the mighty Euphrates, the “joy-making” river of old times. There on the banks of that celebrated stream once stood cities, “the glory of kingdoms,” but desolation reigns in their place, though it would speedily bloom again at the apparition of steam. From Babylon to Bassora on the sea the train

would shoot along over a plain almost perfect, the rate of inclination being only six inches and a half in every mile. The formation is chalky, and the level nature of the country is proved by the circumstance that it was formerly intersected in all directions by long artificial canals. All the traces, however, of its ancient prosperity have disappeared, and the vast and fertile countries watered by this river are so many melancholy deserts.

Reaching Bassora, with its corn-fields, its date-groves, its gardens, its eastern aspect, and its busy port, we hoist our signals and fly away to traverse Persia. A low tract of country running along the sea, the whole length of the Gulf, affords a line for the railway. Thence through Beluchistan, the same capability is offered. A flat country borders the ocean, and by this route the locomotive may speed onwards over the Indus, and thence to the city of Calcutta.

The projectors of this immense undertaking allow themselves fourteen years for its completion. We seriously believe that, if supported as they should be, their success will answer their expectations. Obstacles indeed there are. Rivers are to be bridged, hills are to be tunneled; cuttings are to be made through broad rugged tracts; viaducts are to be carried across valleys and marshes and materials are to be collected in all parts of the route. Above all, money is to be procured. But not one of these difficulties is insuperable. England has with a less worthy object, achieved greater efforts. The energy that carried on the last general war would have constructed seven or eight such railroads. We do not therefore, see anything visionary in the project.

The nine hundred miles of the Euphrates valley are to be completed first. Twenty days out of thirty-nine will thus be saved to the traveller, who will then proceed from Ostend to the Mediterranean, thence to the mouth of the Orontes, thence by railway to Bassora, and across the gulf to India. This will occupy, it is supposed, five years. The European interval will then be filled up in a similar period. Lastly, the rails will be laid down between Bassora and Hyderabad, or the Indus, where the projected Indian line will meet them, and complete the route.

It is indeed a wonderful scheme. Who can realise the idea of a locomotive engine puffing all the way without stoppage from Calais to Calcutta? Who can think of it panting over the mighty aqueduct of Selencia, or of lounging in a first-class carriage, and whirling at the rate of a mile a minute across the beautiful Plains of Issus, where Alexander and Darius watered the soil with torrents of human blood to appease the lust of glory. Poets and historians have much to answer for in consecrating the memory of such achievements. Better had Homer have sung of the works of peace than inflamed men to emulation of these destroying heroes. But the most striking idea of all is of a railroad with cuttings, tunnels, embankments, inclines and gradients; of engines with boilers, pistons, cranks, and safety-valves; of trains with drivers, guards, policemen, and mail-bags, running straight through that region to which tradition has assigned the seat of Paradise. A “line” near the Garden of Eden! A station close to Antioch! An embankment in the salubrious vale of Suediab! And why not? Is there more romance in the poverty, slavery, and debasement of the people—in the neglect of the soil, in the multiplication of ruins, and the daily decay of nature all over these unhappy regions, than in the conquests of civilization? But in reality nothing could be more poetical than the idea of flying over half the world in seven days, of rushing along an iron road straight from west to east, of rattling at the heels of a locomotive through many countries in succession, of exchanging in the course of one week the bitter winds of England for the sultry calm of Bengal. And what a varied panorama is unrolled by the way! What change of scene! What a motley procession of men! The downs and cliffs of England, the plains and woods and antiquated towns of Germany, the levels of Lombardy, under its Austrian curse, the mountains and valleys of Western Asia, the picturesque landscapes of Persia, and the rugged tracts of Beluchistan. Nor will the aspect of living things be less curious. Stout Londoners, *très* Frenchmen, portly Germans, bearded Turks, gaudy Persians, and Beloochees, armed to the teeth. Round hats and cutaway coats; wideawakes and long-peaked waistcoats; straw hats, short petticoats, and pastoral tunics; long robes, turbans, and yellow shippers; gorgeous vests and jewelled tiaras; quilted capots, *longes*, and Oriental trousers—all these will bewilder the traveller’s mind, as they glance for a day before his eyes. One morning he looks on the black masses of houses, the tall chimneys, the enormous factories, and the neat cottages of England. Then he sees the handsome villages of Germany—the lofty airy townships in which peasant proprietors dwell! Then the flat roofs, the jealous lattices, the sunburnt walls, and gaudy paintings of the Ottomans attract his view. These are succeeded by the mud-built, dreary, dirty, cities of Persia, where all that is beautiful is concealed within the dwelling, and all that is ugly is displayed without.

More picturesque than these are the black tents and rude hovel of Beluchistan.

No less interesting and varied are the historical associations that will spring up in the path of the engine. These, however, are so numerous that we must not attempt to indicate them. But all these considerations add to the attractive character of the project—the immediate commencement of which is contemplated.

The political considerations attached to the plan are most important; but their discussion would be here out of place. We may, nevertheless, be allowed to say that although Russia may view the danger with fear, she can urge no right to oppose it. If she does, it will only be an additional proof that irresponsible monarchy is the enemy of the human race. Austria also may fear to open her frontiers to the passage of that victorious industry which may level tyranny as well as hills, and blast thrones as well as rocks. But the interests of commerce, of peace, of civilization, of religion combine to recommend the project. A railway from the shores of France to the capital of Bengal would do more than all the parchment in creation to spare Europe the calamities of war. Such would be the case, especially if Austria and Italy were in the enjoyment of freedom.

The impulse to trade cannot be doubted, while enthusiasm could scarcely exaggerate the social blessings which its accomplishment would lavish upon the human race. Many a scene of strife and destruction would be traversed by that iron road which would bind whole nations in its powerful embrace. The genius of discord would be all but banished from the neighbouring countries. Industry, wedded to Peace, would labour in unceasing activity along the line, and these friendly spirits would scatter fruits and blessings over the barren fields, where the conquerors of the world, in ancient times, exulted in the carnage of thousands, reaped down in the bloom of life under the edge of their victorious swords. Such and so great are the results which we anticipate might spring from the achievement of this splendid enterprise.

The enormous trade now carried on between India and England would still require large merchant fleets to patrol the intervening scenes. Nor need the scheme of the canal across the Isthmus of Suez be affected by the newer and grander project. It is not only to India that our views are confined. In the valley of the Euphrates we have a region—capable of supporting millions upon millions of human beings—now left all but a desert. There might be created an immense market for the products of British industry. In Persia also, the same might be effected. We believe, indeed, that were the merchants of this country to contribute half the cost of the undertaking, they would be amply repaid.

It will be an eternal source of regret that hitherto mankind has flung away its wasted energies upon enormous blunders. What millions toiled and perished, that the pyramids might be erected! What gigantic vigour has been employed in heaving huge monoliths over hills and deserts! What treasures have been lavished on the construction of temples for idols, palaces for kings, and prisons for slaves! What blood has been shed to make the glory of a single man! But now things are changed. Man works for the benefit of man. The steam-engine has succeeded to the usurpation of former powers. It throbs in the depths of the earth, it scatters far and wide the principles of truth, it makes a highway of the sea, it contends triumphantly with winds and waves, it clothes the human race, and it makes brothers of men in the most distant regions. It now proposes to place us within seven days' journey of Bengal.

The rapid marches of ancient armies will appear contemptible then. Alexander transported so many thousand men from this place to that, in so many months! So runs the historical account. Well, and what of that? Do not we review ten thousand men in Hyde Park one Saturday morning, and on the next, parade them before the Government House at Calcutta. Thus, will the vainglorious boast. But we, being modest, shall not insult the memory of poor Alexander, or Hannibal, or Napoleon, or any similar small fry. We should be more magnanimous, and behave better on our elevation. It is true, however, that there is something in the notion which makes the heart swell. It is really delightful to think of being able to get at the Himalayas so soon. But what will become of travellers? Where shall they go to get materials for books. Imagine the diary of a literary gentleman, in search of the picturesque: breakfast one morning at Calais—luncheon next day at Augsburg, dinner next day at Orsova—tea next day at Constantinople—supper next day at Basora, &c.

The projectors have already determined on a pretty little place near Constantinople for a railway station. This will show how mature their design is. Indeed in all respects the plan appears complete, and, seriously speaking from what we know of the route, the nature of the country and the supply of materials, we view the Railroad Scheme with the utmost confidence. What remains to be secured is the support of the

Government and the public. When the project is properly understood, there is no doubt that this can be obtained. Consequently we look with hope towards the completion of an undertaking which would open a new era in the history of mankind. By all means let it be commenced that the living generations may witness the inauguration of the "Great Eastern, Euphrates and Calcutta Railway."

A VERY handsome marble slab monument has just been erected in Hucknall Church in memory of the only daughter of the late Lord Byron.

THE Prince of Wales has consented to visit Halifax on the occasion of the opening of the new Town Hall there. His Royal Highness will be accompanied by the Princess of Wales. The opening of the Town Hall is expected to take place about the end of July.

A VERY remarkable cricket-match was played at Sheffield recently. Eleven wooden-legged veterans from Greenwich contested the game with eleven one-armed Chelsea pensioners. Only the first innings was played, the armless heading the legless by two.

WATERLOO DAY passed off without a demonstration, public or private. So much to the honour of tact and friendly feeling. In return, we presume, France is going to let us have eggs, butter, and bullocks a trifle cheaper—that is, minus some export duty formerly demanded.

It is rumoured that the Prince of Wales has purchased Bilton Grange from Mr. Washington Hibbert, as a hunting residence. It is near Rugby. The house is very beautiful, in the mediæval style, but there is not much land attached to it. £70,000 is said to be the sum paid for it.

THE wine at the Prince's table at the City ball cost 38s. per bottle, although that is not remarkable when one hears of port fetching thirty-two guineas per dozen at a recent sale. The wines for the general company were very good, as also all the refreshments. The contract price of the supper (without wine) was 10s. 6d. per head.

THE New Zealand chiefs who are now in London were received by the Prince of Wales on Saturday week. The Princess of Wales was also present. The conversation was carried on through the medium of an interpreter. After leaving Marlborough House, the chiefs visited the Duke of Newcastle in Portman-square, and took luncheon with his grace.

THE Russians have again been beaten by the Lithuanian leader, Wislonok at Olkonioki. They lost 160 killed, and about 40 severely wounded. Mouravieff has signed the death-warrants of nine priests in Wilna. A decree of the police announces that all women appearing in the streets of Wilna in mourning "will be flogged with rods."

FROM official records it appears that there are 143 gallant veteran officers above the rank of captain now alive to celebrate the forty-eighth anniversary of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo. The rank of these officers may be summarised as follows:—18 generals, 23 lieutenant-generals, 30 major-generals, 25 colonels, 25 lieutenant-colonels, 18 majors, and 4 captains.

Two delegates from a certain community came to ask a favour of King Philip the Second of Spain. The elder, who was to be spokesman, and who was an ignorant, tiresome old man, was extremely prolix in his address. When he had finished, the king asked the other if he had anything to add. The latter, who had been as much annoyed as the king had been wearied by his companion's prolixity, replied, "Yes, sire; our community does not grant our request, my companion will repeat all that he has just said from beginning to end." The king was pleased with the wit of the reply, and granted their petition without delay.

THE SULTAN AND HIS PHOTOGRAPH.—A petition, covered with some 25,000 signatures, was lately presented to the Sultan at the Sweet Waters, by a deputation of sixty persons representing nearly every section of the native population of the capital; praying his Majesty to sit for his photographic portrait, that copies of it might be had for circulation all over the empire. Along with it was presented a short adjoint-petition, from the members of the *corps diplomatique*. His Majesty intimated his readiness to comply with the wish of the petitioners. *Cartes* of Sultan Abdul Aziz will now, therefore, be as plentiful as those of the most popular "subject" of the day.

A STRANGE HALLUCINATION.—A soldier, named Pierre Valin, has just died in one of the charitable asylums of Paris, after being subject to a singular mental aberration ever since the battle of Solferino, where he was wounded in the head by a musket-shot. The wound soon healed, but the man, though apparently in good health, fancied himself dead from the time he received the injury. When asked how he was, he invariably replied, "Ah! you are asking about

Pierre Valin? Poor fellow! He was killed at Solferino by a musket-shot in the head. What you see here is not Valin, but a machine made in his semblance, and so badly put together that you ought to get another in its stead." In speaking of himself he never said "I" or "me," but always "it." He would sometimes remain for days in a state of complete immobility, and so insensible to pain that neither mustard poultices, blisters, pricking, nor pinching was felt by him. He would often refuse to eat, saying, "It does not want to eat."

#### BEEF AT FOURPENCE A POUND.

THE countries bordering on the River Plate, in South America, have long been famous for their flocks and herds. Travellers in that part of the world tell us that the cattle are so numerous that the inhabitants know not what to do with them. Hitherto only the horns, hides, and tallow have been utilised as articles of export. The beef was thrown to the dogs. People in this country, where all sorts of animal food are sold at such high prices as practically to place them beyond the reach of all but the wealthier classes, must have frequently felt, when reading those travellers' tales, how greatly to be regretted it was that the superfluous beef of the River Plate could not be brought here to feed the beef-famishing millions of our working population.

Englishmen, who love roast-beef so well, and who have to pay for it so dearly, were shocked, when they went out to that land of Bashan, to find that the very tenderest and juiciest of sirloins, which would have gladdened the hearts of their friends at home, had to be flung to the dogs, as if it had been nothing better than carrion. "Why this waste?" was the natural inquiry. "Could not this precious and wholesome food be sent to England, and sold at a price which would bring it within the reach of those whose knowledge of animal food consists in seeing it hanging in the butcher's shop?"

We are gratified at being able to announce that a practical answer has been found to those inquiries. The beef of the River Plate has not only reached this country, but it is being sold in Dundee at fourpence a pound! Here is a fact that will doubtless secure the immediate attention of our economic housewives. Beef at fourpence a pound! This is the best news that it has been in our power to communicate to the less wealthy class of our readers for many a day.

Beef at fourpence a pound is an announcement the importance of which everybody can understand and appreciate. It is an announcement which will convey to the working man not the hope merely, but the certainty, that he will be able to procure a much larger share of that nourishing diet which, from the exhaustive nature of his occupation, he so much requires, but of which he has hitherto been permitted to taste so sparingly. It is an announcement which must flatter the present race of beef-eaters with the hope that they will, before long, eat their home-fed beef at a price somewhat below its present exorbitant figure of eightpence, tenpence, and even a shilling a pound, because, if this Monte Video beef is really as wholesome, nutritious, and palatable as it is represented to be by most trustworthy authorities, the effect of its importation to this country in large quantities will be to depress the market for home-raised beef, at least to some extent.

It is an announcement which should prepare the minds of stock-farmers in this country to entertain before long the (to them) uncomfortable idea of a prospective decrease in the value of their cattle. It is, finally, an announcement which would cause landed proprietors to consider how far it will be possible, in the face of a sensible depreciation in the value of fat stock, to maintain the rents of their farms, at the high figure they have reached by virtue of the extraordinary prices which cattle have been fetching for several years back.

Beef at fourpence a pound! Remember, too, that it is the very best beef that South America can produce; that South America, owing to the richness of the pasturage, produces the finest beef in the world; and that the beef sent to this country is entirely free from bones. Why, when you go the butcher's for a pound of beef, you may pay eightpence or tenpence for it, and find that nearly one-half of it consists of bones which are not filled with marrow. You have to pay at the same rate for the bones which won't masticate nor digest, and for a barrowful of which your cook will receive, perhaps, a penny, from the bone and rag collector, that you pay for the fleshy part of your purchase. Eightpence or tenpence a pound for bone is rather too much.

The purchaser of this South American "jerked" beef need "make no bones of it"—every scrap of it is fitted for mastication. The mode of cooking it will perhaps be somewhat different from that with which our housewives are familiar, but should the quality of the meat really turn out to be such as to justify the high encomiums passed upon it by those who have tasted its excellence, the cooking difficulty will soon be got over.





[VIOLETTA DENOUNCES SIR REGINALD.]

## VIOLETTA.

By PERCY R. ST. JOHN.

Author of "Quadrona," "Blythe Hall," "Photographs of the Heart," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXVII

A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

Wordsworth.

We left Judith and little Johnny in the kitchen of the old house in Chick Lane, just as Rachel and Captain Roberts were plotting their abduction.

The boy was sound asleep all the time, but Judith was not. She accordingly overheard the whole of the nefarious scheme by which her unnatural sister hoped to get rid of one whose obstinate refusal to join in deeds of evil was to her a continual reproach and shame.

But Judith was determined not to be sent away at an age when she could be of little use to her frail protégé, and when she might be separated from him for ever—and her plans were matured at once.

In the school in which Judith had been brought up, surrounded by a hot-bed of vice, the wits are sharpened precociously. There may be ignorance of the most deplorable kind. Amongst the members of what have been very energetically called the dangerous class of society, there may be no knowledge of books or letters, of laws human or divine, not even a knowledge of God, even by name, but there is a fearful knowledge always ripe among them—the knowledge of evil.

Wherever the soil is not rank, and the harvest brings not forth the pestiferous fruit of crime, there is a preternatural sharpening of the senses.

Poor Judith Nathan had lived too long in this atmosphere of evil and sin not to be both bold and cunning.

It was these two qualities she resolved to put in practice to release herself and little Johnny from the danger in which they were placed.

When Rachel and Captain Roberts had concluded their love-passages, or, rather, had matured their plot under pretence of a bit of sly courtship, Judith followed them up-stairs. The little girl was very pale, but there was a calm determination about her which made her eldest sister start.

"What do you want here?" she said, turning sharply round.

"To speak to mother."

"Indeed!"

"And, pray," asked Mother Nathan, with a sneer, "what have you to say to me?"

"I mean to say that I will not be taken away from home by Captain Roberts," she began.

"Eh?"

"Don't listen to her, mother," laughed Rachel, with a surprised glance.

"And what could Captain Roberts do with such a little chit as you?" asked the mother.

"I do not know," she said, "only sister asked him to take me and little Johnny far away, where she should never see us more."

"Johnny!" roared the Jewess, whose avaricious propensities were now thoroughly aroused, "why, you murdering thief—my poor little Johnny—the boy as I only took into nuss to-day. Rachel, I'm ashamed of you. Johnny! why, poor, little fellow, he's worth a matter of twenty pounds a year to me—first payment in advance. I understand your taking Judith—she's no use; but Johnny—my little Johnny—"

"Mother!" said Judith.

She was standing in the middle of the floor. The old Jewess reclined in her arm-chair beside the table. Rachel and Captain Roberts were behind her, listening with mocking insolence to the woman's speech, while scowling on the child. The young sister with folded arms surveyed the group, amazed, and that is all.

She had no personal interest in the discussion.

Judith stood, with airy step and glorious eye, surveying them all—a thing apart. She had loved her mother, she had sought to love her sisters, but they would not let her.

Her soul was dark.

"Mother," she said, "I know you do not love me. You have never done so; nobody does; why, I cannot say; but so it is. I am alone. I want nobody to love me; but if they will not do this they must—"

"What?" they laughed in chorus.

"Fear me!" said the child.

The laughter was even louder than before.

The dark eyes of the child dilated, her very form seemed to swell, as in a calm and unruffled, but most solemn voice, she continued:

"Fear me—I repeat it. Send me away from here—allow me to be taken by that wicked man, and I will tell all I know of this house—I will betray all your secrets—the cellars, the stairs, the traps. I know they would pay me well for it; and more, I would tell how little Johnny had been stolen from his parents; I would tell them who he was!"

She could proceed no further. The storm burst upon her devoted head. On one side Rachel, on the other Roberts clutched her arms, while the mother actually foamed with passion.

"You little serpent—you snake, you—you wretch!" she cried; "so you would peach, would you—blow upon us?—oh, you crocodile! to turn upon your good parents. You shall go; Captain Roberts shall take you away and sell you to the gipsies, you slut, you!"

"He will not!"

"Silence!" roared the fury, raising her clenched fists, "or I will kill you!"

"As you did the man who came to sell the diamonds?"

said the child slowly.

Words could not convey the impression produced on all by this one sentence in the mouth of the unfortunate child. Her sister quietly released her and stood spell-bound; the old Jewess took up a glass of spirits and drained it hurriedly. There was guilt and terror depicted on every countenance.

The women glanced uneasily at Captain Roberts.

He had moved away from his dark-eyed mistress, and was feeling for his pistols.

A cold sweat stood upon his brow, and taking out his pocket-handkerchief, he slowly wiped away the drops.

"Oh!" he said, "that's the way you does business, is it—that's what became of poor old Childers? murdered and robbed. A pretty place for a gentleman to find himself in. By your leave, you'll open the door, Miss Rachel."

"Charley, don't be a fool," said that young lady with a meaning wink at her mother.

"The child's stark staring mad," cried the old Jewess, raising her eyes to the ceiling. "Captain Roberts, as the intended of my daughter, I can forgive much, but this really is too much. Judith, child, go to bed, you must really have a doctor."

"Am I to be taken away?" she said, in low, faint accents.

"No!" cried the captain, with savage emphasis, "and more than that, if we're to be friends, Mother Nathan, I insist on this child being kept here. I can easily find a place where to do business—so there's my hand, you little brick. Hang me, if I don't admire your pluck; a glass of wine, my hearty—nay, no refusal, for from this day I am your friend."

It was well for Judith she did drink the glass of wine; for when she reached the kitchen, as it was, she nearly fainted.

It was only the bold heart of a true woman in the body of a child, could have nerved her to pass through that terrible scene.

From that hour the Nathans ignored the existence of Judith and Johnny, who were, consequently, wholly left to their own devices. There was no practical cruelty in their conduct to the children; but they were prisoners to all intents and purposes—flowers perishing

from want of light and air, in a dark dungeon, beside the Fleet-ditch.

It was marvellous to see those two little ones peering over their old and ponderous volume of Josephus. It was magical how Judith learned to know her letters, to spell, to read. And then how he progressed—the little master—under the tuition of his pupil.

Before a year was out, they read the book for amusement—they had no other.

Another and another year passed on—as years will fade when we are young—and they were twelve and eight.

But they were not children, they were conspirators! Childhood means, as has been truly said, those times when our joys are many and our cares are few, when fondly treasured in the arms of adoring parents, we see in the sky but stars and sunshine, in life but rosy tints—when the most coveted carpet is a green daisy lawn, the most envied bauble a toy or tempting fruit, when to launch a tiny boat, or win a yard of ribbon is the height of ambition—no night, no gloom, no burning desires, no envious longings, no sorrows that a smile will not conjure—heaven above, our mother's breast beneath—roses whereon to tread, mamma our daily food—our canopy, love!

There was the oppress.

Judith had a mother who was worse than nothing—Johnny had never known his.

How then did the poor boy cling to her, as the vine tendrils cling to the stalwart tree! and how he looked up into her face and saw wondrous things in her dark eyes, things of beauty and of joy, and thought in his little heart of hearts that there was no treasure on earth like her smile, no perfume like her breath, no rapture like her kiss.

And yet she never let him forget the past. They talked incessantly of his recollections, which she strove to keep alive with all the energy of her little soul—she spoke of his name, of his father, of his aunt—and though, in course of time, it came to be a dream, a kind of vision, and the story got confused, they never wholly lost sight of the great object they had in view: to flee from the thieves' house in Chick Lane, and for Johnny to become a great man, while Judith was never to leave him—never.

Poor children!

Rachel had grown to be a woman, and had married Captain Roberts, despite the difference in their creed—religion we will not say, for neither of them knew the sacred word except by name. But he had not abandoned his evil courses, and had not taken a house.

But impunity had been his for many a long year. Despite the energy of a police, which, for practical purposes, we believe, is unequalled—burglaries were frequent in and about London—and though those whose business it was to look to these things, often suspected the captain, and even went so far as taking him into custody, they never brought anything home to him.

The hour had not yet struck when the iniquities of Chick Lane were to be explored, and a check given to crime, by rendering its produce less lucrative.

Destroy the guilty receiver, and the thief will destroy himself.

An event was about to occur which was to change the fortunes of Judith and Johnny, and to separate them for ever from their guilty guardians until—but why anticipate—why unravel the mystery before its time?

We have said that the house to which we have alluded was the resort of thieves and low characters; that the dark and rapid stream of the Fleet-ditch flowed through the den; but a more minute description is required ere we describe the events which followed.

Three houses were one; that is, to the outer world it presented three distinct fronts, while the whole commanded freely by trap-doors, dark closets and sliding panels; one shop contained a trap for the concealment of property, and another for the concealment of persons. This led into a cellar three feet square, opening on the Fleet-ditch.

There were other cellars used at a variety of dates by corners and illicit distillers.

The whole was a perfect maze, which confounded the ingenuity of the most experienced officer.

There was a staircase so peculiar as to defy description; for though the pursuer and the pursued were only a foot or two distant, the one would escape to the roof of the house, while the other would be descending steps, and in a moment or two would find himself in the room he had first left by another door.

This was managed by a pivot-panel being turned between the two.

It is unnecessary to allude further to details. The reader is now sufficiently aware of the character of the house, and of its inmates.

We may as well add, that the poor old woman who had lived for forty years in that kitchen was now dead, and had been buried by the parish with no questions asked.

Judith and Johnny had mourned for her, and grieved to see her place empty; for, deaf and stupid as she had become, she was still something in the place.

It is a comfort and consolation—which very few in-

indeed are debarred from—to know that we shall be missed by somebody—that somebody will think we can ill be spared.

The regret may be as evanescent as the shadow of a summer cloud, but 'tis sweet to feel we do not sink to our last slumber without one eye to be dimmed—one soul to say—poor fellow!

#### CHAPTER XVIII

When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

For it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth  
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
Why then we mock the value; then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
Whiles it was ours.

Much ado about Nothing.

A PICTURE of the married life of Sir Reginald Percival and Lady Eleanor, if entered into at any great length, would be rather painful than pleasant to our readers. Marriage, one of the golden links which bind us to earth, sacrament of love and happiness, and the sweetest tie known yet to man, is too often made hideous with wrangling, deception, want of mutual forbearance, and other infirmities of poor human nature, for the kind of union entered into by these two persons to need an elaborate description.

The records of our courts of law prove to us every day how often it is a mockery and a deception.

Still, there are features in the interior life of Sir Reginald and Lady Eleanor which must necessarily be alluded to, without which the final and crowning catastrophe of our tale would not be understood.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Lady Eleanor did not love her husband.

This is a fact too well known to our readers to require any explanation.

And yet 'twas strange how, once they were married, she clung to him. She showed no marks of affection, she made no professions, she never hinted at love, or professed to feel any for him; but she watched for his step with strange anxiety, and was ever fretful and unhappy in his absence.

She would watch for him for hours through her casement window, pale and anxious, until she saw him riding hurriedly towards the house.

She would receive him with a stately coldness, enough to have frozen the warmest smile that ever came welling from the heart of man.

But Sir Reginald Percival seldom smiled.

He was, however, extremely courteous to his wife, and endeavoured by every means in his power to win her confidence and affection. Evil as was that man's heart, he loved the woman whose fortunes he had married, whose happiness he had blighted.

He would come to her side and whisper in her ear those soft and silly, but still pleasant words which lovers do so fondly use, and which, between hearts beating with mutual affections and sympathies, are the sweetest language known to either philologists or grammarians.

She looked coldly at him and gave no response.

Then a bitter glance of scorn and hate would settle on his brow, and he would rise and pace the room, keeping down his fierce and tempestuous passion by the exertion of a self-control only as such a man could use.

He loved the woman who shunned him—he loved his wife.

It was his punishment.

Then came a peace-maker into the house—an angel direct from above—with the very breath of God fresh in its nostrils—a little child that but an hour before had been near Heaven's footstool.

It was a girl—a tiny miniature of its mother—and when the strong man, in the pride and glory of his heart, placed it in her arms and kissed her pale face, she burst into tears.

"Dear Sir Reginald," she cried, in passionate tones, "forgive me. I have not been as I ought to be—I will!"

"Hush, darling of my soul!" he said, moved beyond all control at this burst of affection; "not another word. Silence, my Eleanor!"

And he left the room to prevent the powerful emotions of his heart from being noticed by nurse or surgeon.

There was no further explanation between them, but from that hour there was concord in the house.

Lady Eleanor was not a strong-minded woman. She had loved Charles Murray with an amount of affection which filled her whole being, and made her for a time courageous and firm.

But this support taken away, she yielded to circumstances, and though in the secret depths of her heart there was a tender memory of him who had won her virgin affections, she had begun already to love the man she called husband.

His kindness and tenderness towards her on the

occasion of the birth of her daughter completely carried the day.

Eleanor loved Sir Reginald.

She knew that he was handsome, and on her journeys to London and fashionable watering-places she observed that he was much remarked by women.

She also remarked that he was not unmindful of these attentions.

Like all women of weak heads and strong emotions, she was jealous.

This terrible cancer eat into her very soul, and the hours she should often have devoted to her child were spent in solitude, weeping over supposed or real injuries sustained from Sir Reginald.

"He has taken from me the man of my early love, he has robbed me of the happiness I once dreamed of, he has entwined himself about my heart, and now he is weary of his victim. I can see it in the glance of his eye, in the listless indifference with which he greets me on leaving or returning home. He no longer cares for the plaything he once coveted—and another! Oh! could I but have proof! I would be revenged! revenged! oh, yes, revenged! He little knows the thunder-bolt I could launch at him."

"Yonder he stands, looking out upon the sea, and little Ellen by his side. He loves the child, why does he not love the mother?"

"No! my beauty has faded! my charms have flown! and in the society of other women—I! I know it! I feel it!"

It would be useless to record whole pages of the wild ravings of a jealous woman, of a woman, who as far as we have penetrated the secret of Sir Reginald's existence, was at this time causelessly torturing her own heart.

But never from the hour when under a fatal influence she yielded to the wish of Sir Reginald to marry; had she been in any other than a morbid state of mind.

They were at Brighton, that queen of watering-places, once a mere cluster of fishermen's huts, now a magnificent town, a city of palaces.

"Thanks," says a celebrated wit, "to the patronage of George the Fourth. It is, in truth, a world of his creation; and the notorious predominance of loyal and monarchical principles among its now numerous population, is a sufficient proof of the goodness of their memory, and the genuineness of their gratitude!"

Eleanor loved the sea. It was a link in connection with the past, and in any ordinary mood, she would therefore have loved Brighton.

But now she drove along chalky terraces and gravelled esplanades without even turning to the right or left.

Her husband sat beside her. She scarcely spoke to him, but answered in monosyllables.

The sweet prattle of her child scarcely interested her. She was watching her husband.

It must be said for Sir Reginald Percival that he was wholly unconscious of the change in his wife's character. He believed her ill, and hoped that the salubrious air of Brighton and medical attendance would restore her to her normal state.

With this view he took her out in his carriage every afternoon.

It was a fine afternoon towards the latter end of September, and the borders of the sea were crowded with carriages and pedestrians. The splendid equipages of the wealthy and titled passed and repassed each other in two long streams only to be equalled in Hyde Park or the Champs Elysée.

Lady Percival leaned listlessly back in her broughie. Her attitude was that of a person lost in dreamy reflection, but her half-shut eyes were upon everybody.

The crowd was so great, in consequence of a band of music, that the carriages were walking.

Suddenly a showy open vehicle appeared close to them. There was a stoppage.

Lady Percival did not move—did not start; but she saw everything.

Two ladies were in the carriage, one of whom, the nearest, bowed condescendingly to her husband.

It was Rosa—her former attendant and confidant.

By her side was a lady of remarkable beauty, with an olive complexion and strange black eyes, who was gazing from side to side with utter carelessness of all around.

Suddenly stifling a cry, her face livid, her eyes flashing wildly, the foreign lady rested her hand on the arm of Rosa, and whispered hurried words.

Her eyes were clearly fixed on their carriage. Lady Eleanor glanced under her parasol at her husband.

He was deadly pale, and wiped the cold perspiration off his face.

"Are you ill, Sir Reginald?" she said.

"Not very well. Drive on, Norton," he said, hurriedly. "Home!"

A cold bolt of ice seemed to shoot to the very heart of Eleanor as the coachman, taking advantage of one of the streets leading from the magnificent frontage to the sea, drove across the procession and turned towards home.

Neither of them noticed that the other carriage was following.



They had taken the house for the season, and at its door they soon stopped.

Sir Reginald alighted and offered his arm to Eleanor who coldly declined it, and entered the house.

The other carriage also stopped, and as the barouche passed on, drew up at the door.

The foreign lady descended from the vehicle and gave a loud knock.

Sir Reginald Percival and Eleanor were in the drawing-room.

The former started up from a seat in which he had cast himself and rushed towards the bell.

"What are you about to do?" asked his wife, in a hoarse voice.

"Say I am not at home."

"But I am."

"Madam!"

At this moment a servant entered with a card on a silver waiter.

Lady Percival advanced and took it up.

*Signora Violetta Falieri.*

"Show the signora up," said Lady Percival.

The servant bowed and retired.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried the baronet in a choking voice.

"I wish to see the woman for whom you neglect me; why does not that infamous Rosa come up also? I see it all now. First your confederate, then your mistress."

The beautiful Italian woman—she was no longer a girl—here entered. Blinded as she was by passion and jealousy, Eleanor stared at her in amazement. Her queenly attitude, the grace of her step, the magic power of her eye, made her very heart sink within her.

What chance had she in comparison with so much perfection?

"May I inquire," she presently asked, in the icy tones of modern politeness, "to what I owe the honour of this visit?"

"Madame," said Violet, in tones so sad, so sweet, so mournful—they were poisoned shafts to Eleanor—"I come not to see you. I come to stand once more before this base and perjured villain—the author of my undoing—to gaze once more upon the traitor who, under the alias of Alfred Howard, promised me marriage, told me that family reasons prevented an immediate union, and after one little year of happiness—fled, handing me over to the tender mercies of an accomplice—"

"Woman!" cried the baronet, who had begun to collect his scattered ideas, "I know you not. I was never in Florence!"

"It was in Florence," she continued, "I was about to say so—when you interrupted me—it was in beautiful Florence you betrayed and deserted me!"

"Madame!" said Eleanor, in a husky voice—her jealousy was fearfully aroused at the sight of the resplendent charms of her former rival—"cannot you find some more proper place to discuss with your paramour than in the presence of his wife?"

"Lady Percival," said the Italian, with flashing eyes, "I knew you gentle and unhappy, the victim of this monstrous villain; but —"

"Woman!"

"Pardon me, madam, if I say I did not know you cruel. 'Tis four years ago, I was a poor, simple, confiding peasant girl, and I loved this man. His words were to me as manna; I believed him true and faithful; his blandishments overcame every scruple. For a whole year it was not love that he gave me—but worship. He left me with burning words of passion on his lips—words coined from that black arsenal of wickedness—his heart; for he knew while he spoke the matchless treachery he had devised. And you ask me what I seek here? I have shown how an Italian woman can love. I have yet to show how an Italian woman can be revenged."

"Madame," said the baronet, with freezing insolence, "I have allowed myself and my wife to be insulted long enough. Will you leave the house—or shall my servants put you out?"

And this was the same woman who, for a whole year, he had petted and loved, while she ministered to his vanity and pleasures.

"Villain! cold-blooded monster! Is it thus you address the once adored Violet? I will leave your house—I will shake off the dust at the threshold as I do so. Remember, I have tasted neither bread nor salt within your walls. I am free to be avenged. As for you, madam, who had not one word of pity for the poor girl whom your husband found innocent and happy, and left—a thing not to be named—to be insulted by his base and unprincipled associate; I am sorry for you. When this man shall weary of you—shall care no more for your society—shall virtually abandon and desert you—when he shall find in the society and blandishments of others—"

"Yours, perhaps?"

"I, madam? I would not touch that man's hand for a king's ransom. 'Tis tainted with every base and unmanly crime! But when he shall have done all this—then you will remember Violet, and regret that you

treated her misfortune so hardly. Adieu, but not for ever. I shall be ever near you: the shaft is made and the bow is bent, by which my hand shall send desolation and ruin to your heart, Sir Reginald Percival!"

With these words she swept haughtily from the room and sought her carriage, in which Rosa Tremaine sat laughing and smiling.

Violet Falieri had found no difficulty in finding a theatrical engagement in London. Her Italian name, her beauty, and the richly musical tones of her voice, sent her forthwith to the top of the tree.

At the theatre she met Rosa Tremaine, who was principal danseuse.

Violet knew that the supposed Alfred Howard was in reality Sir Reginald Percival. This she had found out by following the baronet in the streets of London.

In the course of a casual conversation Rosa alluded to her former position in the house of his wife.

Violet at once courted her acquaintance, and the danseuse and *prima donna* became sworn friends, despite the rigid virtue of the latter, and the somewhat loose morals of the former. But the friendship of the first singer of Her Majesty's Theatre was of sufficient importance to Rosa to induce her to use a little circum-spection.

Meeting her betrayer thus publicly in company with his wife, Violet could not help facing him. She felt she must do it.

His cold and insulting manner had driven her to madness, and as she rode along towards her hotel she meditated revenge.

Meanwhile the husband and wife were left alone.

"So, sir," began the infuriated wife, losing all control over herself under the impetuous influence of jealousy, "I have discovered one of your innamoratas!—an Italian, forsooth!—a friend of my wretched attendant, Rosa—the wretched girl, who first robbed me, and then sold me to you!"

"Lady Percival," said the baronet, in his most stately manner, "with what I did before I had the pleasure and honour of knowing you you can have no possible concern. No woman who respects herself will ever dive too curiously into the bachelor life of her husband previous to marriage."

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that it is not the same now—that your frequent absences are not excuses?"

"Madam, beware! I have loved you ever since my marriage with strong affection, and never once noticed another woman. My frequent absences to which you allude are necessities of my position. A man of my rank and station in society must hunt and shoot and do many things which take him away from the society of his wife—but this is idle—"

"Shooting, hunting, billiards—I see through it all. Yes—'tis one day the barriers, another the fox-hounds—then, 'my dear, I'm sorry to leave you; but I have engaged to play a match with Lord Charles—!' but think not to blind me—I will discover all—I will find out who she is!"

"You will spy upon me, will you? Do so, madam, do so," said the baronet, with concentrated rage, "and I promise you you shall not be disappointed."

"Reginald," cried the unfortunate young wife—unfortunate in being his wife, unfortunate in her infatuation—hoarse with passion—if I do, fearful shall be my revenge!"

The baronet heard no more. He had hastily left the room and then the house.

To describe the misery endured by the unhappy creature who had so wildly linked her fortunes to those of a man who had ever been used to make a plaything of the hearts of women would be rather a work of dissection than description. She was mad, as are all human creatures when under the influence of this fatal and consuming passion.

She would kill him in his sleep that very night. Never should his voice again exert its witchery upon the heart of woman—never should he deceive again.

Then again she changed her mind. It was herself she would destroy. Suicide was the only solace for the racking and terrible emotions which consumed her soul.

But her child, her cherub—should she leave her to the tender mercies of such a man as Sir Reginald?

"As the thought of my child came rushing to my heart, I felt a thrill of pleasure. It was balm to my weary soul—and I felt as if I could bear anything rather than part with her. I do believe that at that moment, and under the influence of the excited feelings which raged within this poor breast, I should have committed the fearful crime of self-murder, but for the existence of my little darling girl. Yes, I will go and seek her, she is on the cliff with her nurse—the sight of her will do me good."

Thus wrote Lady Eleanor Percival about an hour after the scene with Violet in the drawing-room.

She then ordered the carriage and went out. The coachman was directed to drive slowly.

Amy Percival had followed her parents into the house when they so hurriedly returned, but had not gone up-stairs. She preferred running about to riding, and coaxed the attendant to take her on the cliff.

A hurried appeal to Lady Percival confirmed her wish.

They went out for a walk.

Eleanor had told them to go in the direction of the pier. She accordingly looked every where for the nurse and little girl, but found them not.

Somewhat angry at the disobedience of orders, Lady Eleanor returned home, and despatched several servants in search of the nurse and Amy.

They all came home without finding a trace of them.

Lady Eleanor became seriously alarmed.

She would have given anything for the presence of her husband.

She walked up and down like a thing distracted, calling for her child.

One of the servants recommended an application to the police, and as he spoke, the baronet entered.

He was stern and cold in manner. As she looked at him a fearful suspicion entered her soul, which only a terrible secret of her own could excuse.

"Reginald," she said, "what have you done with my child?"

"Child!" he cried in a fearful voice, clapping his hands, "our child—misery, misery, it is *her* vengeance. Violet! Violet!"

And he rushed from the room.

Lady Eleanor fainted.

Next day there was a babe in her arms, but it was not Amy.

Of her and her nurse not a trace was found.

Violet was quietly at her hotel and could give no explanation.

(To be continued.)

#### "I DIDN'T THINK."

I AM getting to hate amiable people. "I didn't think" is one of that family. "I didn't think" is fat, serene, jolly and smiling. It never troubles itself about anything; but if your head aches, and the door is slammed continuously, be sure that "I didn't think" has done it. If pencils, paper, stamps, pens, blotting-paper, or scissors, are missing from your desk, you can always find them in "I didn't think's" premises. If your needles, pins, combs, gloves, and slippers have absconded, look in the same place. Of course, "I didn't think" is always "so sorry"—amiable people always are; but, meantime, they keep on doing it all the same. "I didn't think" is remarkable for a conveniently poor memory. When your hair is standing on end, and cold drops of perspiration ooze from your brow, and the precious moments are flying, "it never has been" what you are hunting for; oh, no! it "never has the least idea what you mean." It hands you a chair and begs you sweetly "not to worry," when you'd just like to smash it over its "amiable" head. It softly commences humming some little namby-pamby tune; when your soul is wound up to screaming pitch, and you feel as if little ants were creeping from under your finger nails, and as if somebody were boiling a tea-kettle on the top of your head. I had rather see "cloven foot" himself—horns, hoof, and tail—than your "amiable person." I should feel a certain respect for him. He'd probably say—Fanny, I did take your pen, or your paper, and misplace it; I don't know what the dickens I did with it, and I don't care, and you may make the most of it. Now, he'd be an enemy worth fighting; one could match claw for claw with him; but your amiable smirk, who sneaks out of a dilemma with a Chesterfieldian smile and a fib—well, I don't know what choice specimens Lucifer may have in his keeping; but I query if, in cool diabolism, he can rival the amiable "I didn't think."

OLD AGE.—"Yes," said Mrs. Vivien, "and I admire the squire as much as his grand-daughters; he realizes all one's conceptions of a pleasant old age." "If old age can be pleasant," said Florence. "Not pleasant!" cried Erle; "no people, I assure you, enjoy themselves half so much. It has its proper enjoyments—for one thing, a triumphant consciousness of having survived other people." "And of having nearly done with a troublesome business," put in the count. "Love, honour, and troops of friends," suggested Mrs. Vivien; "does not Macbeth say that?" "Troops of friends," said Florence, bitterly; "that must be a strange sensation; do you know it, Count Malagrida?" "To be sure," said the count, pleasantly. "Friends are of three sorts: those from whom you expect something; those who expect something from you; and those whom you are watching for the purposes of retribution." "Let me get out of the carriage," said Mrs. Vivien, with a groan. "The two last classes," continued the count, unsmiling, "are what old age abounds in; what is expected of you is—to die; and as to vindictiveness, just look at people's wills!" "Ah!" said Erle, "that explains what one sees in *The Times*, 'Friends will please accept this intimation.' " "Well!" said Florence, "my complaint against old age is, that it is like the rest of life—so aimless: from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and

then from hour to hour, you know the rest." "Oh, yes!" cried Erle, "and thereby hangs a tale, much too grave a one to talk about." "You seem resolved," Mrs. Vivien said, complacently, "to have a most disagreeable conversation; I heartily wish you were all riding." "Well," said Florence, who enjoyed the vein upon which they had lighted, "one age is much the same as another, after all. I declare I see nothing in the world to live for. Why should one exist?" "The beautiful and the good," said Malagrida, with an air of sincerity, "are ends in themselves."—*Late Laurels.*

## THE WILL AND THE WAY.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Prelate," "Minnigreg," &c.

### CHAPTER CXIX.

Avenging furies haunt the murderer's dreams,  
With hissing snakes, plucked from their hideous crests,  
Lashing his soul to madness.

*Orestes in Argos.*

AFTER the departure of the chaplain from his cell, the impotent fury of the warrener gradually subsided into sullen, mute despair. His first idea had been to imitate the being who had tempted him, and seek refuge from the horrors of the scaffold, the yelling crowd, and the gripe of the hangman, in suicide. But a slight reflection convinced him this would be impossible. Both the governor of the castle and the sheriff had given strict orders that he should be watched day and night—never to be left for an instant; and those to whom the task was confided were too well accustomed to the melancholy duty to perform it carelessly. They spoke to the wretched man with kindness, but firmness; listened to his passionate protestations of innocence with that calm silence which expresses incredulity more powerfully even than words.

Worn out at last by the violence of his emotions, the wretched man threw himself upon his pallet, and soon was buried in a profound, but not a peaceful slumber. It was broken by dreams more dreadful than the waking reality of the doom suspended over him.

In those few hours' sleep, the events of his evil life passed in review before him. His passionate, unruly boyhood, and the petty crimes which led him, step by step, towards the abyss of guilt; next, the image of a fair girl, whom he had loved with all savage energy of his nature, rose like an accusing spirit before him. Her blue eyes, eloquent in their thoughtful expression, were fixed on his, as if they would read the very workings of his soul! Gradually the phantom became indistinct; but as it faded from his gaze, it seemed to point to a dark, misty shadow hovering in the distance. Cold drops of perspiration broke on his wrinkled brow, and he groaned and writhed with terror.

The turnkeys, who had seated themselves close to the bed, noticed the agitation of their charge.

"He is dreaming!" whispered the elder, whom experience had long rendered familiar with such scenes. "I knew his courage would not last! He will be humbled and subdued enough by morning. The chaplain will have easy work with him!"

His companion nodded, to intimate that he was of the same opinion. Will Sidelar gave a deep groan, and murmured a few indistinct words.

"Hush!" said the first speaker. "We shall hear something!"

The dream of the murderer had changed. The stately form of Sir William Mowbray, as he had seen him in life, stood glaring on him, and pointing to the still distant phantom, whose hideous outline was gradually growing terribly distinct. At last it assumed the wiry proportions and mocking features of Mat Cows, the hangman. No sooner did the sleeper recognize him in his dream, than he groaned and shuddered. His entire frame became convulsed, as with the death-spasm; and he writhed and turned upon his pallet like a crushed snake upon a bed of fire.

"This is horrible!" exclaimed the younger of the two turnkeys; "for Heaven's sake, wake him! I can't bear to look upon him; See," he added, "how his hair bristles, and his brows work. Wake him—wake him!"

"Not yet!" replied his more philosophic comrade; "for my part, I don't dislike to see him. Such dreams will do more to soften his hardened spirit than all the chaplain's preaching."

At this moment, the warrener uttered a yell of such intense agony, that it startled both the watchers.

"He fancies that he is struggling with the hangman!" whispered one; "see how the veins and muscles of his throat swell: now he raises his hands to it!"

"No—no—God! Mercy—mercy!" shrieked the conscience-stricken wretch, half-starting from the bed, and looking wildly round him. "Where am I?" he demanded, after a moment's pause, during which he was evidently trying to recollect himself. "I see—I know—the condemned cell!"

He buried his convulsed features in the rough coverlid of his bed, and wept. The strong man wept bitterly.

The situation might have appalled a stouter heart than his. The gloomy cell of unheaven granite, lit only by the light of a single lamp, rendering its darkness visible; the pale countenances and fixed eyes of the two turnkeys glaring upon him with strange interest and horror; the silence of the night broken only by deep sobs and groans, which broke from his rugged heart.

The younger of the gaolers filled a small tin cup from a pitcher of water which stood upon the table, and held it to the parched lips of the prisoner.

"Drink!" he said; "it will revive you."

"No water," exclaimed Will Sidelar, dashing it aside; "I loathe the sight of water! Give me brandy—I can pay for it," he added, "handsomely! For God's sake, let me have brandy!"

The man silently picked up the cup, which had rolled upon the floor, and replaced it on the table.

"Brandy!" continued the prisoner, with an imploring look—"brandy!"

"It is against the rules!" observed the elder turnkey. "Besides, we have no means of procuring it, even if we had the inclination. You had better try to sleep again."

"To sleep!" repeated the warrener, with a hideous laugh; "I won't sleep—I dare not sleep again! How pale you look, and how you both stare at me!" he added, "did I say anything in my dream?"

Neither of the turnkeys answered him.

"Why don't you speak?" exclaimed the ruffian, furiously.

"You had better pray!" observed the elder of the men; "it will calm you. The chaplain will be here early in the morning."

"I don't want to see him—he can do me no good! It's hard—very hard—to be hanged like a dog, innocently, isn't it?"

"To be hanged innocently is very hard, certainly!"

"But they won't do it!" continued the prisoner, "they dare not—there will be a reprieve! The judge cannot believe that I am guilty! The jury were perjured—the witnesses perjured, too! I have known a reprieve arrive at the last hour—have not you?"

"The judge has left the town!" replied the young man.

"But there will be a post on Monday morning?"

He looked eagerly into the faces of both the men, as if to read in their eyes the confirmation of the hope—which, faint as it was, most criminals retain to the last hour. But when he saw their incredulity, he turned once more upon his side, and wept bitterly.

"Pray!" repeated the one who had previously given the same advice; "it will do you more good than either brandy or false hopes! Ask mercy of God—perhaps he will hear you."

During the rest of the night, Will Sidelar maintained a sullen silence. Once or twice, when he felt himself inclined to sleep, he started from his pallet, and paced the cell with irregular strides. Terrible as were his waking reflections, it was evident they were less horrible than the dreams which haunted his slumbers.

As the old turnkey foretold, when the chaplain arrived the following morning, he found the criminal far more inclined to listen to his exhortations.

Anthony Skinner, who at that period filled the important office of sheriff, was known—as Lane, the hangman, had expressed it—to be a hard, close-fisted man; but he possessed one qualification which, in the eyes of the citizens, superseded the necessity of every other: he was rich—very rich. His claims to intellect, character, feeling, were all united in that one word—money; and, to judge from the tenacity with which he clung to it, no man felt the value of wealth more than himself. It was his idol—his god—from boyhood he had known no other. His hard, stern features were an index of his mind. If by accident poverty addressed to him its prayer, no sooner did the supplicant catch the expression of his cold grey eye, than he turned hopelessly away, the words frozen upon his lips: and yet this man—this thing of stone, not flesh—was one of the trustees of the many charities of the city! Having described him, it were needless to add how the widow and the orphan fared, whose rights were vested in such guardianship.

The civic dignitary was seated at supper, with his wife and family—consisting of a son, whom he was educating for the law, and two daughters, as vain and coarse-featured as himself—when the servant announced that the governor of the gaol wished to see him.

"Clear the table!" said his master, with prudent foresight; "put the great Bible upon the table, and then admit him."

Despite the dissatisfied looks of his family, his orders were obeyed. The sacred volume, whose every precept teaches justice to the poor, and mercy, was opened before the wealthy hypocrite. It was one of those pious mockeries at which angels weep, and Satan rejoices.

"Well, Johnson!" he said, as the respectable governor of the prison entered the dining-room, "has anything particular occurred?—eh?"

"Most embarrassing, sir," replied the visitor; "Lane, the hangman, has been taken suddenly ill!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Evidently, Mr. Anthony Skinner did not comprehend the importance of the communication, or the unpleasant consequences which might possibly result from it."

"What is the matter with the fellow?" added the speaker.

"An intermittent fever, I believe, which renders him incapable of performing his office to-morrow."

A very disagreeable light began to break in upon the obtuse intellect of the dignitary.

"Who the devil—ahem! The Lord forgive me!" he exclaimed—"is to hang the prisoner, then?"

Mr. Johnson informed him that was exactly the point on which he had felt it necessary to consult him; adding, by way of consolation, that in the absence of the executioner, it was the duty of the sheriff to carry the sentence into execution.

"What, hang the man! Hang him myself?"

"Even so, sir!" said his visitor, bowing to conceal an involuntary smile.

The countenances of the whole family of the Skinners began to look awfully blank.

"Pooh! ridiculous!" muttered the very respectable Mr. Anthony, after a pause; "send down to the workhouse—tell the master to pick out a strong, able-bodied pauper, and I'll—I'll give him a guinea!"

The reluctance with which the munificent offer was made, showed the severe struggle which had taken place in the breast of the speaker, before he had brought himself to consent to such a sacrifice.

"I fear it will be useless, sir, replied the governor: I question if, for ten times such a sum, you would find a man, even amongst the inmates of the workhouse to perform the disgusting office."

"Ignorant wretches!" exclaimed the sheriff, who both looked and felt surprised at the idea of any poor man being found to reject the opportunity of earning a guinea.

"Well, then, he said, one of the city officers must do it."

Mr. Johnson shook his head.

"Or a turnkey!"

"If you were to offer them a hundred times the sum, you would not find one of them to undertake it."

"Then I'll discharge—dismiss them all!" exclaimed the miser, furiously; "pretty squeamish fellows—to leave me in such an embarrassing position! What am I to do?"

Mr. Johnson felt very much inclined to reply, "Hang him yourself!" but prudence as well as courtesy kept him silent.

"Lor, papa!" said the eldest Miss Skinner, whose gentility had taken the alarm; surely, they will never expect you to—do such a thing!"

The young lady did not choose to make use of the word "hang"—it did not sound pretty.

"Fortunately," observed their visitor, "the sheriff will be spared so unpleasant an alternative. Mat Cows, the London executioner, happens to be in the city, on a visit to Lane, I presume. I have spoken with the fellow, and he has consented to officiate for his colleague."

"Handsome, very handsome of the fellow!" interrupted Anthony Skinner, his countenance radiant with smiles.

"On one condition!"

At the word "condition," it once more became clouded. Instinctively the man of money felt that it implied an attack upon his purse.

"Condition?" he repeated.

"That he is paid fifty guineas!"

"Fifty devils!" roared the sheriff. "Who ever heard of such a sum for just putting a rope round a man's neck, tying a knot, and drawing a bolt? Why I'd do it myself for half—"

Shame prevented his finishing the declaration.

"I am afraid, sir," replied Mr. Johnson, seriously, "that you will find the man obstinate. He is perfectly aware of the position in which you are placed, and that the execution must be performed to-morrow. I do not think he will take a single guinea less!"

"Then I will do it myself!" exclaimed the old man, with an air of dogged resolution.

The governor looked disgusted.

"You, papa!" cried the Misses Skinner.

"Anthony, Anthony!" remonstrated his wife, "what will the world say?"

"Hang the world!" roared her husband. "If I must do it, the law is to blame, not me! Didn't Julius Caesar, or Macbeth, I forget which, put his own child to death, and wasn't he applauded for it?"

"Brutus, papa, you mean!" whispered his better informed son.

"Brutus, Macbeth, or Julius Caesar," answered the old man, testily; "it's all the same; didn't I pay a guinea for a box," he added, with a wince at the recollection of such extravagance, to see it at the theatre the night that fool Grub, the mayor, gave his 'bespeak'; I think they called it!"

The family of the miser did not think it all the same: his wife and daughters felt that after such an exhibition they could never again show their faces in society. Even



his hopeful son—who was as fully possessed of the value of fifty pounds as his respectable progenitor—began to remonstrate; and after great intreaty, their united efforts prevailed on the miser to commission Mr. Johnson to offer Mat Cows the extravagant sum of five pounds, to act as substitute for the city hangman in the morning.

"I will do so," said the governor, as he took his leave; "but I feel quite certain that it will be useless!"

The Skinners passed a sleepless night: from the oldest to the youngest, all dreaded the events of the coming morning.

## CHAPTER CXX.

They are well matched, oil and vinegar;  
They will do very well together.

*Sheridan.*

At an early hour on the following morning, the resolution of the sheriff to perform the office of hangman himself, rather than submit to the extortionate demands of Mat Cows, was pretty generally whispered in the city. The poorer inhabitants believed it—they knew, by bitter experience the griping, avaricious nature of the man. The higher classes were both astonished and indignant at the thought of such a scandal; and several of his political friends, feeling that their own respectability would be compromised by such an act, resolved at any sacrifice to prevent it. They accordingly waylaid him, as at an early hour he left his house, to seek the residence of Sam Lane. He had a note in his hand, which had just arrived from Johnson, informing him that he had seen Mat Cows, as he desired, and found him inflexible. It concluded by respectfully advising him to comply with his terms.

"There goes the hangman!" shouted a group of boys, as he crossed the market place. Anthony Skinner turned pale, but doggedly pursued his way.

"Five pounds!" he muttered—"not a shilling more! My mind is made up, come what may!"

As he reached the entrance to Davy Place—then scarcely finished—he encountered several of his party. He would willingly have avoided them, but they were not to be shaken off. Their own respectability they considered to be at stake. An animated discussion—in which remonstrance and ridicule were alternately employed—took place, as they pursued their way towards the cottage of the hangman.

According to the instructions of his colleague, Sam Lane was still in bed. His grandson, as usual on such occasions, at a very early hour had been sent to pass the day from home with an aged widow, to whom he was distantly related, in the pleasant village of Thorp. The poor lad felt too keenly his social degradation, to be left alone in the house on hanging morings.

"I don't think he will send again!" said the old man, with a sigh, alluding to the city functionary. "If Colonel Harvey, or even Bignold, had been sheriff, it would have been settled by this time!"

This was addressed to Mat Cows, who was seated by the side of his bed, quietly smoking his pipe.

"He will come," replied the wretch, in a confident tone, "or send!"

Sam Lane shook his head, doubtfully.

"I tell you that he will!" continued the speaker, at the same time deliberately puffing the smoke through his teeth. "He'll never have the nerve to do it himself!"

"You don't know him!" was the reply.

"I knew human nature," answered Mat; "and that is enough for me! It's all very well for him to bluster, and hold out; but only wait till he hears the bell, and sees the prisoner with his pale face, chattering teeth, and despairing look—as you and I have seen 'em! Why, when I first took to the trade," he added, "it unnerved even me! I would have given fifty pounds myself, if I had had such a sum, to have turned the job over to another!"

His brother hangman shuddered. He remembered how often he had experienced the same sickening feeling himself.

"Hush!" whispered Mat, laying down his pipe, and listening. "There is some one in the garden. Brush your hair back from your face, and look as like a croaker as you can!"

There was little need of the caution: for what between hope and fear, joined to the terror which he felt at the idea of being called upon to perform his painful office, Sam Lane appeared more dead than alive already. The door of the cottage opened, and Anthony Skinner, accompanied by two of the gentlemen who had lately joined him, marched into the room.

"So," he said, walking straight to the foot of the bed, "a pretty time to be ill, indeed! Who do you imagine is to perform your office for you?"

"I don't know," answered the old man, meekly. "It's not my fault, gentlemen; I can't help sickness!" "He leaves it in the hands of the sheriff!" chimed in Mat, with a sinister leer.

Although the city dignitary knew instinctively who the speaker was, he felt too indignant to answer him.

"You don't appear so very bad!" continued the

rich man, willing to try the effect of a little coaxing.

"Try what a little brandy will do! You shall ride to the gaol! If you don't perform it quite so well," he added, in a considerate tone, "we will look over it."

"How very kind!" observed Cows.

"And the five guineas which I would have given this fellow," added the miser, after a mental struggle, "shall be yours!"

Here Lane, with a deep groan, fell back upon his pillow, pretending to be overcome with exhaustion. So well was it acted, that even the lynx-eyed sheriff was deceived.

"Curse the rascal!" he exclaimed. "I believe that he is dying!"

"And enough to make him die!" retorted Mat; "to be asked to do such a thing at such a time! But it's like you rich men—no pity for the poor!"

"Why do not you officiate for him?" observed one of the gentlemen, for the first time breaking silence.

"I have offered to do so already."

"Yes, for fifty pounds!"

"And very little, too!" replied the hangman. "It's bad enough to have to do it in the regular way of business in London, where nobody knows one; but here, on a party of pleasure, to run the risk of being called after in the streets, 'There goes Jack Ketch!' ain't nowise pleasant! So, if the gentleman likes the job," he added, glancing towards the sheriff, "he is perfectly welcome to it!"

"I shall do it!" said Anthony Skinner, resolutely.

"As you please, sir. To show you that I have no malice, I'll just show you how to tie the knot. You'll soon learn—it ain't every one that has a taste for such things."

So saying he pulled a small coil of strong rope, which had been well greased and stretched, from his pocket, and, with considerable dexterity, began to twist it into a formidable noose. For the first time the determination of the miser began to give way. He felt sick at the forcing-pump, which out of courtesy we suppose we must call his heart. The gentlemen who accompanied him, too, looked remarkably bilious.

"Come, old fellow!" whispered one in the ear of the sheriff; "it is time to end this nonsense—pay the money!"

"Never!"

"Consider the dignity of your office—your family! Your party will see that you are no loser!"

This last consideration prevailed. No sooner was he assured that the fifty pounds were not to come out of his own pocket, than the miserly wretch felt as anxious to be relieved from the dreadful responsibility as he had before been resolute to go through with it. After sundry more whisperings and consultations, it was finally settled that the demands of Mat Cows should be complied with.

"In that case," said the fellow, with a feeling of intense satisfaction—for even his confidence began to be shaken—"I may as well put the rope in my pocket again."

"You may," replied the sheriff, angrily. "Come to me as soon as the execution is over, and I'll settle with you."

"Never give credit in my line!" cried the ruffian, with a chuckle; "it ain't the custom of the craft!"

"Do you doubt me, fellow?"

"Yes!" replied the hangman, bluntly; "very much I doubt you! chaffering and bargaining with a poor devil like myself for a few paltry guineas! Suppose you were to refuse to pay me after it is done—a fine chance I should have of going to law with a long purse like yours! I ain't got no charities to fall back upon!"

"For Heaven's sake, pay him!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen; "and let us leave this place!"

One by one, as though they were so many drops from his very heart, did Sheriff Skinner count down the glittering coin. When they were all placed upon the table before him, Mat Cows began as slowly to pick them up. The ruffian enjoyed the torment which he knew he was inflicting.

"You will not fail!" observed one of the visitors.

"Business, gentlemen!" said Mat, with a grin; "always punctual in matters of business!"

The sheriff, despite his promise, informed him angrily, that he should leave two of his officers who were waiting outside in the garden, with strict orders not to lose sight of him till he had performed the office for which he had been so extravagantly paid.

So saying, the party left the cottage.

"Have you got them?" demanded Sam Lane, as soon as he heard the door close behind them.

"All—fifty bright, shining, yellow guineas—as good as ever came from his Majesty's mint!" replied his confederate. "I knew that I should get them!" he added: "the sight of the rope did it! The old hunk could not stand that! Good bye!" he said, hastily; at the same time buttoning up the pocket which contained the fifty pounds. "I must be off: when it is all over I shall return and settle."

"We must settle now, Mat!" said the old man, leaping nimbly from the bed; "as you observed just now,

we never give credit in our line of business! It isn't the custom of the craft!"

"Do you doubt me?"

"Yes!" answered Lane, repeating his own words: "I very much doubt you! Suppose you were to refuse to pay me after it is done: a fine chance I should have of going to law with a long purse like yours! So pay down," he added, "or I shall find myself sufficiently recovered to hang the man myself!"

Mat Cows looked first at the speaker and then at the window, through which he saw the two officers waiting. The struggle which he endured at parting with the half of his ill-gotten gains, was scarcely less than the sheriff's. Prudence, and the burning desire he felt of avenging himself upon Will Siderer, at last prevailed. With a bitter curse, he threw down the money, and left the cottage. His colleague, after barring the door carefully, gathered it up and once more retired to his bed. He had obtained the means of preserving his grandson from a life of misery and shame; and even in his solitude the hangman felt content.

## CHAPTER CXXI.

Death is indeed most terrible, e'en when it comes  
Unto the sinless couch, and weeping friends  
Whisper religion's last consoling prayer;  
But on the scaffold, 'mid the rabble's curse,  
When conscience echoes back the accusing cry,  
It falls with tenfold horror.

*Crowe.*

From the first dawn of morning, the crowd had gradually been collecting before the scaffold erected during the night in front of the prison. They came not only from the city and its suburbs, but the adjacent villages. So universal was the horror and detestation of the deed for which the warrener was about to suffer, that not a single voice amid the countless multitude was heard to pity him—yet there were many from Carrow who had known him from their childhood; but they had also known his victim—the good and benevolent Sir William Mowbray.

Foremost in the ranks, was the imp-like person of Red Ralph: the uncouth urchin had never witnessed an execution, and he felt as impatient for the horrid spectacle as a boy at his first play.

Many in the crowd who had known Siderer for years, speculated on the probability of his making a confession, or dying game, as they termed it; others, acquainted with his resolute character, predicted that he would remain obstinately sullen to the last.

The dilemma of the sheriff, from the sudden indisposition of the hangman, was a general theme of mirth—mirth on such an occasion! When will the mob respect themselves sufficiently to justify the friends of humanity in calling them the people?

As usual, there was a considerable number of females present: scenes of horror seem to possess a peculiar species of fascination for the gentler sex.

"Fession!" repeated Red Ralph, who had caught the word from those who were discussing the approaching tragedy near him; "he won't make no 'fession—it ain't likely!"

"Why not, my little man?" demanded one of the crowd.

"'Cos it's *summat* good, I s'pose," replied the boy, "and bea'n't in the natur' of un; t'old un be naturally wicked; besides, it isn't the first murder he has committed! He would have done for I, if I had been fool enough to let un catch me!"

"For you?"

"Ees."

The urchin suddenly found himself an important personage in the eyes of those who were nearest to him; and, nothing loth, began to relate his adventures with the warrener in the old house at Mortlake. Whilst he is thus gratifying their curiosity and his own vanity—for, like older and wiser personages, Ralph loved to be the hero of a tale—we will request our readers to accompany us to the interior of the gaol, where preparations were going on for the completion of the last awful act of unrelenting justice.

As the hour of death approached, the reckless bearing of Will Siderer gradually gave way to a more subdued tone and manner. It was evident to all that the bully was cowed, and the natural quality of the cur—cowardice—prevailed. He listened to the exhortations of the chaplain, not with the fervour of a true repentance, but with a feverish hope, which had not yet abandoned him, that something would turn up to save him. Bitterly did he lament his rashness in having denounced his accomplice, Moeran Hafaz. Had the young Indian lived, he felt assured that his influence, wealth, and daring spirit would have found the means to avert his impending doom.

Little did the murderer—even at that awful moment—seem to understand how strong a grasp the iron hand of justice at last had laid upon him.

The criminal and the clergyman were alone together in the little chapel of the prison. Vainly had the worthy man endeavoured, by prayer and exhortation, to draw from him a confession. To all his entreaties, the warrener opposed positive negation or sullen silence; he experienced a dogged kind of satisfaction in refusing

to gratify what he considered the curiosity of his enemies; they might hang him, he thought, but should never make him speak.

From time to time he cast restless glances towards the door, through which the hum of voices, the fearful whisperings of the officials in the passage, who were waiting the first stroke of noon to conduct him to the scaffold, at times were distinctly heard.

It is astonishing how keen the perceptions become, when terror sharpens them.

The features of the warrener assumed a yet more deadly hue, when the governor of the gaol, dressed in black, entered the chapel: he exchanged looks with the chaplain.

"It is not twelve yet?" gasped the prisoner, pale with terror; "it can't be twelve!"

Mr. Johnson was spared the pain of replying, by a loud knock at the door of the chapel.

"Who is there?" he demanded in the usual form.

The reply was made in the harsh voice of Anthony Skinner, demanding, in the king's name, that the body of William Sidel, convicted of murder, should be given up to the sheriff for execution, pursuant to sentence.

The doors were thrown open, and the functionary, attended by his officers and half-a-dozen turnkeys, made his appearance.

A few hastily-muttered words, and a receipt for the body of the condemned prisoner, passed between him and Mr. Johnson—and the formality was complete. The murderer was now in the hands of the sheriff: he, with a nod, consigned him to the executioner, Mat Cows, who, with dead-like impatience, stood at the back of the crowd, contemplating his prey.

No sooner did the warrener recognise the hangman, than his huge frame became convulsed: he tried in vain to speak or move—but terror had so strangely fascinated him, that tongue and limbs alike were paralyzed. Before the wretched man could recover his self-possession, Mat, with the dexterity which long experience gave him, had securely pinioned his arms behind his back.

"That will do nicely!" he whispered in the ear of the murderer, as he finished the preliminaries of his horrid task.

Sidel uttered a deep groan.

"Give him a little brandy," said the surgeon of the prison, who was present.

"Better not, sir," whispered Mat: "it only prolongs their sufferings: we never does it in London."

Anthony Skinner gave the signal to advance.

"Not yet, sir!" said the hangman, who felt like an epicure toying with his pleasures; "he ain't quite ready!"

"Go speedy!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, eying the ruffian sternly—for he recollected the scene in court upon the trial—"and remember that this is neither the time nor place for levity!"

"Certainly not, sir!"

With great deliberation, which was not at all affected—for his hands trembled so with pleasure that he could scarcely use them—the hangman proceeded to remove the neckerchief from the throat of his victim. Having done so, he put it carefully into his pocket, and next proceeded to turn down his shirt-collar, in doing which he contrived, playfully as it were, to touch the throat of the warrener—who no sooner felt the contact of his fingers than he uttered a loud yell.

"I won't be hanged by him!" he shouted, his iron-grey hair bristling at the same time over his clammy brow. "It will be murder—I tell you, it will be murder!"

"All ready, gentlemen!" said Mat, in a quiet, serious tone, as if the exclamations of the prisoner were a matter of course.

Again the order to move was given. The chaplain commenced the burial service, and Will Sidel, more dead than alive, was carried, rather than led, by a turnkey on either side of him, towards the scaffold.

Mat Cows followed close behind him—the fatal cord in his hand. So delightful did the whole affair appear to him, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he repressed his usual chuckle.

"Hate off!" exclaimed several voices in the crowd, as the sound of the great bell of the prison vibrated solemnly in the air.

"Is he comin'?" demanded Ralph.

"Silence, boy!" said a respectable man who was near to him, who felt disgusted at his eagerness.

There was a murmur of something like disappointment amongst the people when Mat Cows appeared upon the scaffold to adjust the rope. They had fully expected to see the sheriff; and felt almost angry at the misar for not performing the office.

"That be he!" said Ralph; "that be he!" as the warrener, looking deadly pale, was dragged upon the scaffold. The terrified wretch had recovered something like courage at the last moment; and struggled fearfully.

"How he do fight for life, to be sure! This be better sport than the rats at Mortlake!"

The assistants of the dreadful scene held the prisoner

—who yelled and shrieked the while—firmly under the beam, whilst Mat threw the noose over his head. The excitement of the populace became terrible; and they answered the yells of the murderer with cries as loud and piercing.

"That will do!" said Mat, quietly, to the turnkeys.

"You may go down; I can finish the rest!"

"But the cap?"

The hangman drew it from his pocket.

"All right!" he said: "I know my business!"

No sooner did the warrener hear the discordant cries of the mob, than he became suddenly calm. His eyes wandered over the up-turned sea of human faces, and even on the brink of eternity a bitter curse escaped him!

"That's right!" whispered Mat drawing the cap over his face. "Curse away! Prayers are of no use to you now! Good bye! Remember my peculiar knot—I shan't forget it!"

With these words the wretch descended from the scaffold, and stood waiting to withdraw the belt the instant the chaplain should drop the white handkerchief which he was holding in his hand. He had not long to wait: the signal was speedily given, and the murderer launched into the presence of that awful Judge, whose laws he had so perseveringly mocked and braved. His struggles were long and fearful. Even the mob, who had welcomed his appearance on the scaffold with delight, began to feel disgust and pity. The cry of "Shame—shame!" was loud and general.

"Rascal!" said the governor to Mat, who stood quietly enjoying the scene, "you shall answer for this!"

"It ain't my fault!" growled the ruffian. "What did he resist for? I would have hanged him comfortably enough, if he had only let me!"

The struggles of the dying man still continued, and the yells of the populace became absolutely terrific.

"We shall have a riot!" observed the sheriff, looking very pale.

The hangman felt it necessary to make some attempt to complete his hideous work. With the agility of a cat, he climbed up the scaffold till he reached the legs of the warrener, which he seized with both his hands, and swung on them till he was dead!

No sooner was the disgusting scene over, than Mat Cows left the prison by a private door, whilst the populace were still gazing on the gibbet, from which the body had been removed. He was never more seen in the ancient city of Norwich.

The crowd slowly dispersed, many of them impressed with sadder thoughts and better feelings than when they congregated; others with that brutal levity which no lesson can teach, or example, however terrible, reform.

Amongst the former was Red Ralph! The boy was not naturally bad. He was ignorant; but, ignorant as he was, the scene had made a lasting impression upon him; and he afterwards confessed to his patron, Joe Beans, that if he had known a prayer, he should have repeated it when he saw his old enemy the warrener struggling on the gallows.

(To be continued.)

## THE QUEEN OF THE VINTAGE.

ALL of a sudden the little golden-haired grape-gatherer shouted with a cry of triumphant joy. All the vines seemed at once to murmur in chorus, "What is the meaning of this?" Then from the top of each prop sparkled two bright eyes which looked inquiringly towards Noisette.

Noisette was the name of the pretty maiden who had just shouted in the vines. But why had her noisy little mouth sent forth this ridiculous flourish of trumpets, this bouquet of fireworks, this shower of joy springing from the heart? Ah, that's what must be explained.

On the banks of the Danube (for that's where we now are), flourish a thousand charming traditions, and this among the rest.

They believe that God always creates at the same time, two souls, which separate in falling from His hands, sometimes only to meet again in heaven, but sometimes also to meet on earth, in either case for love and happiness. Of course it's understood that of these two Siamese souls, one is that of a youth, and the other of a young girl. But alas! how to come together again, to recognize each other, and be married at once! One is so often mistaken, that is the cause of all the unhappy matches.

Well, on the banks of the Danube, they never make mistakes. There each one knows the art of evoking his other half, of making the acquaintance of his twin soul, and of learning from this shade to love the real one. In winter, from two almonds nestled together in the same shell; in spring, from two cherries joined together like an infant's lips in smiling; in summer, from two ears uniting in a single tuft; and in autumn, from two white clusters joined together by seven black tendrils; neither more nor less.

Great rarity, but infallible test. With the ears, the

cherries, or the almonds, one might see indistinctly, or even see nothing at all. But with the wonderful cluster all is clear, and everything is certain. As soon as the hour has struck, and the conjuration finished, a celestial harmony seems to descend from heaven, and then appears a perfumed cloud, from which emerges the beloved.

The phantom, the shade, the rapturous twin gives his name and address if he is a stranger to the country, but simply shows himself if a resident of the village. In the latter case no further explanation is needed; in the former the youth at once puts himself *en route*, and sometimes likewise the maiden, which results in their meeting half-way. As for marriage, it is always accomplished, spite of all prejudice of birth and fortune. For what parents dare discover hearts united by Heaven! And, moreover, these matches are invariably happy ones. The reason is very simple; the almonds, or cherries, or ears, or grapes are carefully preserved in green moss, and this marvellous relic, this talisman of love, has the power of instantly exorcising all the black clouds which are continually passing and re-passing over the horizon of matrimony. Judge, then, whether or no one should be happy at finding the fraternal almonds of winter, the twin cherries of spring, the double ears of summer, and above all the Siamese clusters of autumn.

This was precisely what Noisette had just found. All the grape-gatherers quickly crowded round her; they doubted, wished to see, and examined the talisman in all its details, each one enviously striving to find some fault. But no, there was nothing wanting here. There was the golden whiteness of the grapes ripened in the sun, and there was clearly the veritable welding of the seven black rings; it was indeed the cluster of celestial love.

So all the young men were vexed, and all the young girls envious; the former because Noisette was the poorest of them all; and the latter because she was by far the prettiest among them.

"What bad luck!" growled a rich vine-dresser. "The talisman which helps the husbands to choose has fallen to precisely that one whom no one wishes for his wife."

"It is scandalous!" whined the burgomaster's daughter. "It goes for nothing. One must be in a position to be loved, to have the right to preserve the love-cluster."

And the youths urging on the young girls, and the maidens in turn exciting the youths, the whole vintage noisily grouped together within a few feet of Noisette.

The little orphan said nothing; but all trembling tearfully, watched her cluster, her poor cluster, which they would doubtless take away from her, her one blessing, her sole treasure.

Pardon me, I was mistaken. She had a couple of blue eyes, that were worth more than the most precious turquoises, an opal complexion, coral lips, jet eyebrows, a golden head of hair, and just at this moment the tears fell on her little alabaster feet like rose diamonds. A casket of treasures which God alone had the right to dispose of, since they could only be bestowed by him. But as for earthly possessions, alas, what a difference. A ruined hut for a habitation, some rags for clothes, not even a goat for a friend, and not even a name, for it was from her picking up a living in the woods that they had baptized her with the modest sobriquet of Noisette (nut-brown.)

"Adieu, my beautiful cluster," murmured she, in a voice as sweet as the singing of a bird. "Bring happiness to one less abandoned than myself. Adieu!"

In point of fact the deliberation had just come to an end. They approached Noisette, again surrounded her, and the vine-dresser who had already expressed his opinion, spoke as follows:

"Noisette," said he, "we have decided that what you have found can only be the result of an error of chance, and therefore your cluster will be raffled for by all the young girls of the village, and she whom chance favours shall give you a cask of wine."

"Bravo!" shouted all the grape-gatherers.

"That which comes from love one gives but does not sell. Go on, and I give my talisman for nothing."

They hastened to write on the vine-leaves the names of all the young girls of the village, excepting, of course, Noisette. They then placed in the hat of one of the vine-dressers all the green tickets, after having counted and re-counted them. There were seventeen of them. Then a child with his eyes bandaged puts his hand into the hat.

"Here is the winning ticket—ah, ah! Read it out. Listen—silence! Don't push so! What is it? Quick—quick! Read it out: Noisette!"

"What does that mean? There is some mistake. That wasn't counted—try it once again!"

"Again—yes, yes. Hush, quick—read it! Noisette." And a third time Noisette—always Noisette, and on each of the seventeen billets Noisette. What astonishment! What rage!

"This is some goblin's trick. Noisette has signed a compact with Satan."



"She is a sorceress. Let us drag her to the bishop—let us burn her. But first take the cluster from her. Yes, yes! give me the cluster! Me, me, me!"

And seventeen furious hands struggled around the young girl for possession of the bunch of grapes.

Suddenly a shrill flourish of trumpets was heard at the foot of the hill. At this unexpected sound all the grape-gatherers, male and female, threw themselves face downwards upon the ground.

This was in the year 1000, when the astrologers had predicted the end of the world, so every blast of a trumpet heard from afar they fully believed to be the trumpet of the last Judgment.

Imagine then the addition to their terror, when each of the young men felt on his shoulders, smart blows, dealt in rapid succession with the butt of a halbert. Every one expected instant death, when happily a voice shouted:

"Get up, you idiots!"

Archangels would have spoken in a more polished manner. Our cowards half-opened their eyes, and perceived, with decided satisfaction, that it was simply an affair of military trumpets, or rather those of heralds-at-arms.

"The village of Badschlag?" demanded he who seemed to be their leader.

"It is ours," said the young girls, with respectful reverence.

"It is ours," said the youths, with more or less foolish smiles.

"Back with you, men," said the officer, contemptuously; "we have only to do with the softer sex."

The men drew back, changing their grins into the sourdest grimaces, while the maidens, at a respectfully worded order, drew themselves up like a regiment on parade.

"The portrait!" said the tambour-major of the trumpets.

A young flier quickly brought and opened a rich case. This case contained a charming portrait of a young girl; a sweet, hazy thing, which seemed more like a houri or an angel, than a woman. The officer passed in review the seventeen Badschlagers, pausing to compare each of them with the portrait. Before the pretty ones he sighed, as if to say, "What a pity!" But before the old and homely ones he passed very quickly, with a significant grimace.

"A useless journey!" grumbled he, much discomfited, on reaching the further end of the line.

"Pardon me," observed the young flier, "but here is still another young girl who doubtless is also of the village of Badschlag."

At the same time he pointed out Noisette, who had modestly drawn aside with the love-cluster.

"Come here, then, poor girl," said the herald-at-arms, in a tone which was not the most amiable in the world. But scarcely had Noisette turned her pretty, blonde head, when he cried out:

"It is she!" and all confused, blushing and astounded, he knelt respectfully at her feet. "It is she!" repeated all the squad, kneeling at the same time.

I leave you to imagine the stupefaction of the men, and the astonishment of the women of the village, and above all the surprise of Noisette. A few seconds later it was quite a different thing. The strange soldiers opened three caskets; the first filled with gold, the second with jewels, and the third with robes worthy of an empress, and presented all these to Noisette.

"For me?" stammered the poor child; "all these for me? But—why—wherefore?"

"You will know to-morrow, madam," replied the leader of the heralds-at-arms, "for he will arrive to-morrow who wishes to have the pleasure of alone telling you all. Our mission is only to offer you these presents, and to watch over you."

Speaking these words, he raised himself up; the others followed his example and all with cap in hand awaited the orders of Noisette.

Trembling, undecided, and thinking all a dream, the dazed young orphan looked from one to the other of the three caskets, and did not breathe a word. Not so with the vine-dressers, and more especially with the women.

"Who would have thought of such good fortune coming to Noisette? She is a little queen, who, having been stolen by the Bohemians, is now recovered again. She is the daughter of an emperor who had trouble with his subjects. Mademoiselle, don't forget that it was I who lent you your hut. Princess, if you are troubled with your old dress, think of me. When I reflect that a little while ago you despised her! It was not me—nor me—nor me. Is it not true, Noisette, that I have had the deepest regard for you for a long time? Mademoiselle, it has not appeared, but I have adored you for months. Hurrah for Noisette! Long live Noisette!"

The poor child, for whom every one was so changed in a few moments, wished to try if these metamorphoses were really more than idle illusions; if she were really awake, or if all the malevolent people in the village had plotted together to play her some cruel

trick. She took two handfuls of precious stones and distributed them among her companions.

They let her do it; and then filled her apron full of gold pieces, which she begged the burgomaster to distribute among the poorest of the community. They still let her do it. Lastly, from the third casket, she chose the most beautiful of the dresses, a robe of satin and gold, and prayed M. le Curé to wish her well in re-adorning the modest Madonna of the parish. They still let her do as she wished, and what was more, the worthy pastor said to her:

"Be blessed in your new fortune, my child, for you have shown yourself worthy of it."

Noisette bowed her blonde head under the old man's blessing, who was with the burgomaster, for they had both come together. Then, feeling no further doubts, she dressed herself superbly, and ordered the strangers to carry the three caskets to her hut, to which she declared she would herself show the way. With clasped hands and languishing eyes, all the youths of the village followed her steps, striving to outdo one another. But she stopped them by a gesture full of gentleness, and while caressing the love-cluster with a tender glance:

"I shall have no other husband," said she, "than he whom the talisman points out to me."

Upon this, the cortege of the little orphan disappeared through the vines. The young girls then hastened to the vine-dressers, to reproach each one her own with his infidelity. But they turned a cold shoulder to them, and went on one side to meditate, one going off into the meadows, another into the woods, and a third to the border of the lake, each one all alone, and all, nevertheless, thinking of the same thing. That is to say, of the means of deceiving Noisette. But how—since she was determined to blindly follow the tradition of the vintage?

*Parbleu!* By playing the spirit, the phantom, the apparition—by introducing oneself at midnight—the hour of the invocation—in the hut of the little orphan, and disguising oneself.

The ruse might succeed, perhaps, when a single gallant tried the adventure with a credulous young girl. But seventeen at the same time, if there were no more, what an absurdity! It is true that each one thought that he alone had hit on the plan, and had taken every precaution to have it succeed.

In what form—under what guise did the shade of the well-beloved appear? Luckily they found in the environs an old woodcutter, deemed to be a sorceress, and who, I believe, was somewhat so—at least, if one might judge from her appearance.

All the youths of the village secretly went to consult her, and she was not behindhand with any of them. And they even affirm that the burgomaster, and a stupid old fool who had been a widower for fifty years, went like the rest, and crossed her hand with gold.

She replied to them in various ways; to one, that he must disguise himself as a white phantom, to another as a black spectre—an Arab magi, a troubadour, a chevalier, and I don't know what. She even told the dropsical old burgomaster that he might eclipse all the others, to get himself up as a guardian angel, with two immense white wings.

It took a great deal of courage thus to brave Heaven in the year 1000, when at any moment the last hour might strike. However, every one obeyed her, and at midnight every one was ready. Oh, fearful thirst for gold! If the fatal trumpet had suddenly struck the walls of the village, what a ridiculous sight it would have been for the archangels!

But let us return to Noisette. She had shut herself up in her little cabin with the three superb caskets, and the love-cluster, while the heralds-at-arms installed themselves in a barn adjoining the hut, and made loopholes in the contiguous wall, not from curiosity, which their respect forbade, but to watch what appeared to them to border on fanaticism.

As soon as she was alone, Noisette quickly decked herself out in the richest dresses of her new wardrobe, and gazing at herself in a bucket of water, her only looking-glass, could not but admit, despite of her modesty, that she looked charming. All her robes, all her jewels and ornaments were tried in turn, until she had emptied two caskets. Then only did she discover at the bottom of one of them a simple muslin, which seemed woven from threads of gossamer, and at the bottom of the other, a wreath and bouquet of natural flowers. She quickly removed the glittering robes of wealth, and arrayed herself in this simple garb, and in this charming, fresh toilet, she was prettier by far, and resembled still more, in a queer way, the portrait which the young flier had left with her.

But what did all this mean? As the curious little maiden put this question to herself for the hundredth time, she saw by the pale light of the moon from the window of the hovel, the little flier, who was playing a plaintive air on his instrument. After a moment's hesitation she called to him, and in a very low tone asked him the meaning of this puzzle. The beardless musician replied to her:

"The heralds-at-arms are sent by a great prince, who, three months ago (the vintage takes place three months

earlier in his country) consulted the love-cluster. A young girl appeared to him, who announced that she dwelt in the village of Badschlag. And he hastened himself to paint the charming features of the celestial apparition."

The voice of the captain forbade him to say any more. But it was sufficient to satisfy the ardent curiosity of the young girl.

"Prince or no prince," murmured she, with a charming little pout, "if the love-cluster does not tell me to love him, I won't, for all his presents, his caskets, and the trouble of his journey hither. But the hour for the invocation draws near. Quick, quick!"

The clock of the village church had just struck half-past eleven. Noisette placed her only table in the middle of the hut, covered it with a white cloth, and on that three vine-leaves, with the love-cluster in their midst. Then turning to the east and making seven times the sign of the cross, with her arms folded on her breast, she murmured:

"Oh, spirit dream, descend from heaven above, And show to Noisette whom she is to love!"

At the same instant midnight struck, but unfortunately at the twelfth stroke of the clock, the moon suddenly hid herself behind a black cloud, and the hut was plunged in darkness. Noisette was greatly frightened, the more so, as she heard steps to the right, to the left, and on every side, as if every crack in the hovel had given entrance to a spirit.

"Heaven," whispered she to herself, "how many feet my husband must have!"

Scarcely had she spoken, when the moon reappeared, filling the cabin with a flood of light. Horror! Noisette saw what seemed a legion of black and white phantoms, to say nothing of the troubadours, the chevaliers, the magi, and all the rest of the masquerade you know of, moving about in the moonlight—a very witches' sabbath! The trembling young girl turned her head, and on the other side perceived an angel flapping his wings.

"Ah," said she, "this is my well-beloved."

She sprang forward to seek refuge in his arms. Horror! ten-fold horror! it was the frightful burgomaster. Noisette uttered a piercing cry, and fell lifeless. And the moon disappeared anon, the hut was again filled with darkness. But at the young girl's cry, the heralds-at-arms had sprung to the holes in the wall. A slight glance was sufficient for them to divine the truth.

"Sound the trumpets!"

And the fanfare burst forth with a fearful, ear-splitting blast.

"The last Judgment!" shouted the trembling masks, taking flight. And the trumpets pursued them across the fields, and through the woods, a regular steeple-chase, the masks running, and the trumpets sounding all the time. There were cries, and laughter, and shouts through the rest of the night.

All this time Noisette had remained lifeless, when suddenly a superb young man appeared on the scene, hastened to her, and drawing from his velvet doublet a golden flagon, raised her up, and gently made her breathe life into her rosy nostrils.

"Come back to me, dearly beloved," said he.

"Heavens!" replied Noisette, "what a sweet voice for a burgomaster!"

The moon once more burst forth, and by its calm light, Noisette then perceived the handsome youth who held, with a graceful air, the love-cluster.

"Spirit of my beloved, I love you already," cried she. They were so near one another, that the talisman alone separated them. Both biting at the love-cluster, their lips met.

"Noisette," sweetly whispered the youth, taking her in his arms.

But the young girl sprang away. She felt a heart beating against her own, and perceived that it was no spirit she had to do with.

"A man!" cried she, in affright; "but who are you, sir?"

"The prince," replied a sly voice at her side.

"My wife," cried the prince, stretching forth his arms.

"Oh, my husband, chosen by Heaven," replied Noisette, springing forward to hide her blushes on his breast.

"What punishment shall these fools undergo?" asked the leader of the heralds-at-arms.

"Let them remain in their present guise for some days," commanded the prince.

"And the burgomaster?"

"For ever."

Just imagine the vine-dressers compelled to work in the vineyard as troubadours, Turks, white and black phantoms. And then the burgomaster!

The love-cluster was piously preserved for many years. But it dried up after a time, and at length one of the little children of the blonde Noisette mistook it for a bunch of dried currants, and ate it up.

This story still lives in the memory of those who dwell on the banks of the Danube, and is always the favourite legend of the vintage.

M. R. P.

## THE LONDON READER.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 11, 1863.

## SLAVERY AT HOME.

THERE have recently been some very energetic efforts made in this country, to arouse the people to some demonstration in behalf of the slave population of the Southern States of America, that should have the effect of creating a sympathy which, by its moral influence, might strengthen the hands of the existing Government of the Northern Union. Unfortunately for the authors of the movement, the shallow pretext of Abolition has been too transparent to veil the real purpose, and consequently the trumpet-tongued philanthropy of the Lincolnite administration has fallen echoless upon the public ear.

It is not necessary that, as Englishmen, we should now, for the thousandth time, record our protest against slavery, or repeat our denunciations of a system that holds enthralled in the hands of life-long servitude more than four millions of the human race. This country has shown and proved its detestation of the Institution by the costly sacrifice of twenty millions of pounds sterling; that upon its soil the footprint of a slave should never more be impressed; and by this sacrifice the country has established its glorious principle of individual liberty in the face of the world.

Slavery, even but in name, is so naturally repulsive to English feeling that when talking or writing of it we are very apt to rush into extremes, and to lose sight of the fact that there may be a silver lining even to the darkest cloud, and that there may be amongst ourselves usages, and conditions of the people, so gallant and intolerable, so oppressive and exhausting, that in comparison with them the condition of the slaves of the Southern States of America must be one of enviable enjoyment.

There are slaves in England! Yes, in this country so proud of its liberty, there are slaves whose existence we ignore, and whose sufferings we disregard, until the inexorable hand of fate lifts the veil and exhibits to the world another victim to the Moloch of fashion and avarice. In the pent-up workrooms, and fetid dormitories of court modistes, and leviathan clothiers, are to be sought and readily found the WHITE SLAVES OF ENGLAND—the young, the helpless, the uncared-for daughters of the country, whose morning of existence is clouded by hopeless dependency—whose strength is wasted by incessant toil, and whose young hearts are crushed and blighted by hopes deferred and anticipations mocked. It there be any doubt of this fact, a brief reference to the most recent instance of British slavery, as shown in the case of Mary Anne Walkley, will suffice to correct the error, and it may be to tinge the cheek of some boasting philanthropists with the blush of shame that, while professing so much care for the welfare of the human species in far-off regions, they are regardless of the sighs, and deaf to the moans of the most helpless, and most oppressed of their own countrywomen.

The life-wasting, and final exhaustion, and premature grave, of the poor girl whose pitiable story has through the coroner attracted attention and awakened a feeling of disgust as well against her taskmasters as against the system that renders such sacrifices not only possible but frequent, is but one more proclaimed instance of a deep and grievous wrong, perpetrated to gratify the caprice of fashion and the cupidity of its priestesses. What cared this "Madame Elise" for the wear and tear of the human machines in her employ, so that the orders of her patronesses were executed? Of what account to her were the wasted health, the failing energies, the strained eyes, the woe-worn heart of her employees, so that an inconceivable amount of work could be accomplished in the smallest possible space of time, and when the task was done, of what importance to her was the condition of the dormitories, the quality and quantity of the food, or the manner in which the scanty interval allowed for rest was occupied? She paid her slaves, and fed and lodged them while they could toil—hers was the profit—when they were worn-out and died no loss ensued to her. These English slaveholders are thus more favoured than the owner of the negro, for the loss of that slave is a loss of capital, and the negro is, consequently, so much the better circumstanced, because, to prevent such loss to his master, he is better cared for.

If, when looking abroad to scan and deprecate the faults of our neighbours, we would occasionally look at the wrongs that lie piled upon our own thresholds, such a lamentable history as that of Mary Anne Walkley could only have existed in the brain of the novelist. As society exists, however, we find, in the circumstances connected with the premature end of the poor

girl, a ghastly reality, the more hideous because the result of a tolerated and recognised system, under which scores, perhaps hundreds, of similar victims are pining and sinking with broken hearts into graves opened for them, that vanity may be gratified and avarice clutch its gold.

The history of Mary Anne Walkley may be briefly told—her age was twenty years, her employment that of a milliner in the service of a Madame Elise, Court dress-maker, of Regent Street, and her end was premature death. The illness that preceded that event was so short and the alleged cause of it so rare, in a person of her age, that a coroner's inquest was held to investigate the facts. At that inquest it was elicited that she had been plying her needle daily from morning to night in a room with from twenty to thirty companions, and had sometimes been working long hours during the stress of the season, and especially on the eve of drawing-rooms; that she had been debarr'd the air and exercise necessary for health; and that she slept in an atmosphere vitiated and destructive to life. The system pursued as regards the young people employed at this establishment does not seem to be peculiar to it, as regards hours and confinement, and is thus described by one of the companions of the unfortunate girl in this abode of slavery:

"We are called in the morning at half-past six, and in ordinary times we work until eleven at night, but occasionally our hours are much longer; on the Friday before the last drawing-room we worked all night, and did not leave off until nine o'clock on Saturday morning. At night we retire to rest in a room divided into little cells, each just large enough to contain two beds. There are two of us in each bed. There is no ventilation; I could scarcely breathe in them when I first came from the country. The doctor who came this morning said they were not fit for dogs to sleep in."

So much for the course pursued in the establishment of "Madame Elise," but we are enabled to judge of the prevalence of the system adopted in these houses of fashionable repute, by the testimony of one who has suffered, but who has happily escaped the penalty exacted from Mary Anne Walkley. This person writes as follows:—

"I was an orphan, and compelled to enter a London workroom. The rules were as follows: A bell rang every morning at six o'clock; in a quarter of an hour after, all were expected to be at their posts. At eight the breakfast-bell called us to the kitchen, where our coffee was ready poured out, and two thick slices of bread and butter placed for each. When swallowed we returned to our work until one o'clock, when again the bell would ring for dinner, which was all ready on our plates to be swallowed as hastily as possible, and which consisted of two thin slices of meat and two or three potatoes. Tea and two slices of bread and butter at five o'clock. At nine supper—bread and cheese and a small mug of table-beer. To work again until after twelve every night, excepting Saturday, when we left off exactly when twelve o'clock ushered in the sabbath. Often we have worked all night long previous to a drawing-room, and these long hours continued the four months of the season. The food was tolerably good, but insufficient. I have often heard the remark, 'Many were more hungry after dinner than before.' We never saw the street-door but once a week, so had no chance to get anything to eat out of doors. I have several times been carried fainting from the room from sheer exhaustion, and have seen as many as three of my companions drop from their seats in one evening. Our bed-rooms were at the top of the house; two beds in each room, and two persons in each bed. This house, I hear, is still going on in the same way."

It is not now the case of the poor victim of fashion in Regent Street that alone calls for public attention and sympathy, it is the condition of hundreds of young persons similarly circumstanced, that demands consideration and amendment. We have sanitary laws to preserve the health of the community, rich and poor, even the comfort of the very outcasts who seek shelter in the casual wards of our workhouses, is cared for. We have restrictive laws to prevent strong men, and growing lads from being over-worked; but for the weak and delicate girls who labour in the grinding factories of our Court modistes, it would seem that neither sanitary laws, nor prohibitory laws are in force, but that hundreds of the most helpless and over-worked of our species are left without any protection whatever to the tender mercies of their rapacious employers.

It has been pertinently asked: "How much longer are the millions who work in the metropolis to be worse lodged than the casual outcasts of its streets? To be harder worked than robust men and healthy lads of our colliery districts? How much longer, when the weary task of their long, long day is over, are they to be sent to rest in boxed-up compartments like cattle-pens, each furnished with a double bed? Many of these poor girls have but just come from the country, and we need marvel little if the fresh and ruddy bloom of their cheeks fade away into a ghastly pallor, and if the young life be stifled out of them in these fetid dens. It is time that this should cease; it is time that some limit

should be put to hours of labour unnaturally prolonged, and that some order should be taken with the state of things which whoever causes or permits is guilty of constructive murder. Wretchedly fed, shamefully lodged, inhumanly overworked, the victims often crawl away to perish unknown. It so happened that the poor girl, Mary Anne Walkley, died on the spot, and there is a ghastly reproach in that corpse which will make itself heard. It is an ugly sight, and we cannot be blind to it. Shame to us if we wait for other deaths; shame to us if this one example does not suffice! This very night hundreds of girls will have to lie down to sleep under similar circumstances; the misery continues; the crime ceases not; 'fashionable milliners' still grow rich, regardless of the agonies by which their gains are bought; and it is for the people, the press, and the Parliament to see that these things shall endure no longer."

We shall not weaken the force of these very just and appropriate remarks by further dilating on the subject, which is now fairly before the country; and it is for the country now to do its duty, and protect those who—in such cases as that of this poor milliner—cannot protect themselves.

Two thousand persons have been imprisoned during the last three weeks in the provinces of Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine.

The *New York Herald* urges the nomination of President Lincoln for the Presidency, in order to prevent a reign of terror and a revolutionary election campaign in 1864.

ADVICES from Puebla to the 1st inst., received via Havana, state that the Mexicans who surrendered at Puebla numbered 12,000. Their surrender was necessitated through hunger.

CORRESPONDENTS in the various poor districts of East Kent complain of an increase of vermin, but in other respects the hops are going on very well, and the plantations have a promising appearance.

THE *Patrie* says that it is informed that Russia has decided on accepting the proposals of Austria, declining in a courteous manner the proposals made at Paris and London.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cas* writes from Wilna that General Mouravieff takes great precautions against assassination. He receives few except his generals, and is never seen in public unless surrounded by a strong body of troops.

MR. HUNT's report, explanatory of the estimate of the cost of completing the Exhibition building at Kensington Gore has just been published. It is dated 19th June, 1863, and gives a general outline of the nature of the works comprised in his estimates and specifications.

THE will of the late Marquis of Lansdowne, K.G., P.C., D.C.L., F.R.S., was proved in her Majesty's Court of Probate by his only surviving son, heretofore Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne, the sole executor. The personality was sworn under £350,000.

SOME interesting experiments were performed on Monday, the 22nd June, on the ornamental water in the Crystal Palace grounds, to test the power of a man to walk through water in an upright position. A number of scientific gentlemen assembled to witness the proceedings. The experiment was most successful.

A PARIS letter, in the *France Centrale*, contains the following:—"For a long time past the Empress has entertained the idea of going to Jerusalem. That excursion is now decided on, and will take place towards the end of the autumn. The Empress will be accompanied by three of her ladies of honour."

BETWEEN ten and twelve thousand nailmakers are at the present time "on strike" in the North Worcestershire district. The full significance of this announcement, perhaps may not appear upon the face of it. It means that forty hundred families are suddenly deprived of their only means of subsistence.

THERE is a passage in Dr. Kane's "Arctic Voyage," in which he tells us how he had reckoned the time at which the sun would re-appear after his long winter absence of months. Weak and broken as he was, the anticipation was too cheering to suffer him to forego the spectacle. Hours before he had struggled to the top of the highest hill, and there he lay with his face to the east, till at last the mighty orb rose in its glorious splendour, and he wept for joy, and shouted thanksgivings.

THE Swedish royal steam-vessel *Orädd*, Captain Panterhial, arrived in the river on the 24th of June having on board about 130 officers and men of a Polish legion who left England about two months since on board the steamer *Ward Jackson*, with the intention of joining the Polish National Army. The *Ward Jackson* having entered a Swedish port, the passengers were detained as prisoners by the authorities, and have now been conveyed to the port of London from which they started, by order of the Swedish Government.





[ISHMAEL INTRODUCED TO BEATRICE.]

## SELF-MADE;

OR,

## "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## ISHMAEL AND CLAUDIA.

I saw two children intertwine  
Their arms about each other,  
Like the lithe tendrils of the vine  
Around its nearest brother;  
And ever and anon,  
As gaily they ran on,  
Each looked into the other's face  
Anticipating an embrace.

Richard Monckton Milnes.

PUNCTUALLY at nine o'clock on Monday morning Ishmael Worth presented himself at Brudnell Hall.

Mr. Middleton's school was just such a one as can seldom be met with. Mr. Middleton had been a professor of languages in one of the universities; and by his salary had supported and educated a large family of sons and daughters until the death of a distant relative enriched him with the inheritance of some funded property.

He immediately resigned his position in the university; and, as he did not wish to commit himself hastily to a fixed abode in any particular neighbourhood by the purchase of an estate—he leased the whole ready-made establishment at Brudnell Hall, all furnished and outfitted as it was. There he conveyed his wife and ten children—that is, five girls and five boys ranging from the age of one year up to fifteen years of age. Added to these was the motherless daughter of his deceased sister, Beatrice Merin.

Claudia Merin had been confided to the care of her uncle and aunt in preference to being sent to a boarding-school during her father's absence on official duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Middleton had found, on coming to Brudnell Hall, that there was no proper school in the neighbourhood to which they could send their sons and daughters. They had besides a strong prejudice in favour of educating their children under their own eyes. Mr. Middleton, in his capacity of professor, had seen too much of the temptations of college life to be willing to trust his boys too early to its dangers. And as for sending the girls away from home, Mrs. Middleton would not hear of it for an instant.

After grappling with the difficulty for a while, they conquered it by concluding to engage a graduate of the university as tutor. This school was always under the immediate supervision of the master and mistress

of the house. One or the other was almost always present in the schoolroom. And even if this had not been so, the strictest propriety must have been preserved; for the governess was a discreet woman, near fifty years of age; and the tutor, though but twenty-five, was the gravest of all grave young men.

Thus, this was in all respects a family school.

But when the neighbours became acquainted with its admirable working, they begged as a favour the privilege of sending their children as day pupils; and Mr. Middleton, in his cordial kindness, agreed to receive the new pupils; but only on condition that their tuition fees should be paid to augment the salaries of the tutor and the governess, as he—Mr. Middleton—did not wish, and would not receive, a profit from his school.

Among the new comers were the sons of Commodore Burghes. Like the other new pupils, they were only day scholars. For bad conduct they had once been warned away from the school; but had been pardoned and received back at the earnest entreaty of their father.

Their presence at Brudnell Hall on the nearly fatal night of the fire had been accidental. The night had been stormy, and Mrs. Middleton had insisted upon their remaining in the house.

These boys were now regular attendants at the school, and their manners and morals were perceptibly improving. They now sat with the Middleton boys and shared their studies.

Into this pleasant family schoolroom, on the first Monday in April, young Ishmael Worth was introduced. His own heroic conduct had won him a place in the select little school.

Ishmael was now thirteen years of age, a tall, slender boy, with a broad, full forehead, large prominent blue eyes, a straight well-shaped nose, full, sweet, smiling lips, thin, wasted-looking cheeks, a round chin and fair complexion. His hands and feet were small and symmetrical, but roughened with hard usage. He was perfectly clean and neat in his appearance. His thin, pale face was as delicately fair as any lady's; his flaxen hair was parted at the left side and brushed smoothly away from his big forehead; his coarse linen was as white as snow, and his coarser homespun blue cloth jacket and trousers were spotless; his shoes were also clean.

Altogether, Nora's son was a pleasing lad to look upon as he stood smilingly but modestly, hat in hand, at the schoolroom door, to which he had been brought by Jovial.

The pupils were all assembled—the boys gathered around their tutor.

Mr. and Mrs. Middleton were both present, sitting near a pleasant window, that the mild spring morning

had invited them to open. They were both expecting Ishmael, and both arose to meet him.

Mrs. Middleton silently shook his hand.

Mr. Middleton presented him the school, saying:

"Young gentlemen, this is your new companion, Master Ishmael Worth, as worthy a youth as it has ever been my pleasure to know. I hope you will all make him welcome among you."

There was an instant and mysterious putting together of heads and buzzing of voices among the pupils.

"Walter, come here," said Mr. Middleton.

A youth of about fifteen years of age arose and approached.

"Ishmael, this is my eldest son, Walter. I hope you two may be good friends. Walter, take Ishmael to a seat beside you, and when the recreation hour comes, make him well acquainted with your companions. Mind, Walter, I commit him to your charge."

Walter Middleton smiled, shook hands with Ishmael, and led him away to share his own double desk.

Mr. Middleton then called the school to order, and opened the exercises with the reading of the scripture and prayer.

This over, he came to Ishmael, and laid an elementary geography before him, with the first lesson marked out in it, saying:

"There, my lad, commit this to memory as soon as you can, and then take your book up for recitation to Mr. Green. He will hear you singly for some time until you overtake the first class, which I am sure you will do very soon; it will depend upon yourself how soon."

And with these kind words Mr. Middleton left the room.

How happy was Ishmael! This schoolroom seemed an elysium. It is true that this was no ordinary schoolroom, but one of the pleasantest places of the kind to be imagined, and very different from the small, dark, poor cottage. Ishmael was delighted with its snow-white walls, its polished oak floor, its clear open windows, with their outlook upon the blue sky and the green trees and variegated shrubs. He was in love with his new book, with its gaily-coloured maps and pictures and the wonders revealed to him in its lessons. To him study was not a task—it was an all-absorbing rapture. His thirsty intellect drank up the knowledge in that book as eagerly as ever parched lips quaffed cool water. He soon mastered the first easy lesson, and would have gone up immediately for recitation, only that Mr. Green was engaged with a class. But Ishmael could not stop; he went on to the second lesson and then to the third, and had committed the three to memory before Mr. Green was disengaged. Then he went up to recite. At the end of the first lesson Mr.

Green praised his accuracy and began to mark the second.

"If you please, sir, I have got that into my head, and also the third one," said Ishmael, interrupting him.

"What! do you mean to say that you have committed three of these lessons to memory?" inquired the surprised tutor.

"Yes, sir, while I was waiting for you to be at leisure."

"Extraordinary! Well, I will see if you can recite them," said Mr. Green, opening the book.

Ishmael was perfect in his recitation.

All schoolmasters delight in quick and intelligent pupils; but Mr. Green, especially did so; for he had a true vocation for his profession. He smiled radiantly upon Ishmael, as he asked:

"Do you think, now, you can take three of these ordinary lessons for one every day?"

"Oh, yes, sir; if it would not be much trouble for you to hear me," answered our boy.

"It will be a real pleasure; I shall feel an interest in seeing how fast a bright and willing lad like yourself can get on. Now, then, put away your geography, and bring me the history that you will find in your desk."

He selected his history, and took it up to the tutor, who, in consideration of his pupil's capacity and desire, set him a very long lesson.

In an hour Ishmael had mastered this task also, and taken it up to his teacher.

His third book that morning was Murray's English Grammar.

"I do not think I shall set you a lesson of more than the ordinary length this time, Ishmael. I cannot allow you to devour grammar in such large quantities as you have taken of geography and history. For grammar requires to be digested as well as swallowed! In other words, it needs to be understood as well as remembered," said Mr. Green, as he marked the lesson for his pupil.

Ishmael smiled as he went back to his seat. To ordinary boys the study of grammar is very dry work. Not so to Ishmael. For his rare, fine, intellectual mind, the analysis of language had a strange fascination. He soon conquered the difficulties of his initiatory lesson in this science, and recited it to the perfect satisfaction of his teacher.

And then the morning's lessons were all over.

This had been a forenoon of varied pleasures to Ishmael. The gates of the Temple of Knowledge had been thrown open to him. All three of his studies had charmed him; the marvellous description of the earth's surface, the wonderful history of the human race, the curious analysis of language—each had in its turn delighted him. And now came the recreation hour to refresh him.

The boys all went into the shrubberies in the rear; and the day pupils began to open their dinner baskets.

Ishmael took a piece of bread from his pocket. That was to be his dinner.

But presently a servant came out of the house and spoke to Walter Middleton; and Walter called our boy, saying:

"Come, Ishmael; my father has sent for you."

Ishmael put his piece of bread in his pocket, and accompanied the youth into the house, and to the dining-room, where a plain substantial dinner was provided for the children of the family.

"You are to dine with my children every day, Ishmael," said Mr. Middleton, in those tones of calm authority that admitted of no appeal from their decision.

Ishmael took the chair that was pointed out to him, and you may be sure he did full justice to the nourishing food placed before him.

When dinner was over, the boys had another hour's recreation in the grounds, and then they returned to the schoolroom for afternoon exercises. These were very properly of a lighter nature than those of the morning—being only penmanship and elocution.

At six o'clock the school was dismissed. And Ishmael went home, enchanted with his new life, but wondering where little Claudia could be; he had not seen her that day. And thus ended his first day at school.

When he reached the cottage Hannah had supper on the table.

"Well, Ishmael, how did you get on?" she asked.

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, I have had such a happy day!" exclaimed the boy. And thereupon he commenced, and poured upon her, in a torrent of words, a description of the schoolroom, the teachers, the studies, the dinner, the recreations, and, in short, the history of his whole day's experiences.

"And so you are charmed?" said Hannah.

"Oh, aunt, so much!" smiled the boy.

"Hope it may last, that's all; for I never yet saw the lad that liked school after the first novelty wore off," observed the woman.

The next morning Ishmael awoke with the dawn, and sprang from his pallet as a lark from its nest in the tree.

He arrived at school early, almost too early, for none

of the day pupils had come, and there was no one in the schoolroom but the young Middletons and Claudia Merlin.

"I am so glad you come to school, Ishmael. How nice you do look! Indeed, if I did not know better, I should take you to be the young gentleman, and those Burghes to be workmen's sons," she said, as she looked approvingly upon his smooth, light hair; his fair, broad forehead; clear, blue eyes, and delicate features; and upon his erect figure, and neat dress.

"Thank you, miss," answered Ishmael, with boyish embarrassment.

"Come here, Beatrice, and look at him," said Miss Merlin, addressing some unknown little party, who did not at once obey the behest.

With a reddening cheek, Ishmael gently essayed to pass, but the imperious little lady held fast his hand, as, with a more peremptory tone, she said:

"Stop! I want Beatrice to see you! Come here, Beatrice, this instant, and look at Ishmael!"

This time a little golden-haired, fair-faced girl came from the group of children collected at the window, and stood before Claudia.

"There now, Beatrice, look at the new pupil! Does he look like a common boy?"

The little girl addressed as Beatrice was evidently afraid to disobey Claudia and ashamed to obey her. She therefore stood in embarrassment.

The entrance of the teachers and the day-pupils broke up this little group; the school was opened, as before, with prayer, and this day passed much as the previous one.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### YOUNG LOVE.

Have you been out some starry night,  
And found it joy to bend  
Your eyes for one particular light  
Till it became a friend?  
And then do you loved that glistening spot,  
That whether it were far,  
Or more, or less, it mattered not—  
It still was your own star?  
Then, and thus only, can you know  
How I, even lowly I,  
Can live in love though set so low  
And my lady-love so high!

Richard Monckton Milnes.

ISHMAEL'S improvement was marked and rapid; both as to his bodily and mental growth and progress. His happiness in his studies; his regular morning and evening walks; and from school; his abundant and nutritious noontide meals with the young Middletons; his whole manner of life, in fact, had tended to promote the best development of his physical organization. He grew taller, stronger, and broader-shouldered; he held himself erect, and his pale complexion cleared and became fair. He no longer ate with a canine rapacity; his appetite was moderate, and his habits temperate, because his body was well nourished and his health was sound.

His mental progress was quite equal to his bodily growth. He quickly mastered the elementary branches of education, and was initiated into the rudiments of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. He soon overtook the two Burghes and was placed in the same class with them and with John and James Middleton—Mr. Middleton's second and third sons. When he entered the class, of course he was placed at the foot; but he first got above Ben Burghes and then above Alfred Burghes, and he was evidently resolved to remain above them, and to watch for an opportunity of getting above James and John Middleton, who were equally resolved that no such opportunity should be afforded him. This was a generous emulation encouraged by Mr. Middleton, who was accustomed to say laughingly to his boys:

"Take care, my sons! You know Ishmael is a dead shot! Let him once bring you down and you will never get up again!"

And to Ishmael:

"Persevere, my lad! Some fine day you will catch them tripping, and take a step higher in the class."

And he declared to Mrs. Middleton that his own sons had never progressed so rapidly in their studies as now that they had found in Ishmael Worth a worthy competitor to spur them on. Upon that very account, he said, the boy was invaluable in the school.

Well, John and James had all Ishmael's industry and ambition, but they had not his genius; consequently they were soon distanced in the race by our boy. Ishmael got above James and kept his place; then he got above John, at the head of the class, and kept that place also; and finally he got so far ahead of all his classmates that, not to retard his progress, Mr. Middleton felt obliged to advance him a step higher and place him beside Walter, who, up to this time, had stood alone, unapproached and unapproachable, at the head of the school.

John and James, being generous rivals, saw this well-merited advancement without "envy, hatred or malice;" but to Alfred and Benjamin Burghes it was as gall and wormwood.

Walter was, of course, as yet much in advance of Ishmael; but, in placing the boys together, Mr. Middleton had said:

"Now, Walter, you are about to be put upon your very best mettle. Ishmael will certainly soon overtake you, and if you are not very careful he will soon surpass you."

The noble boy laughed as he replied:

"After what I have seen of Ishmael for the last two or three years, father, I dare not make any promises! I think I am a fair match for most youths of my own age; and I should not mind competing with industry alone, or talent alone, or with a moderate amount of both united in one boy; but, really, when it comes to competing with invincible genius combined with indomitable perseverance, I do not enter into the contest with any very sanguine hopes of success."

The youth's provisions proved true. Before the year was out Ishmael Worth stood by his side, his equal, and bidding fair to become his superior.

Mr. Middleton had too much magnanimity to feel any little paternal jealousy on this account. He knew that his son was highly gifted in moral and intellectual endowments and he was satisfied; and if Ishmael Worth was even his son's superior in these respects, the generous man only rejoiced the more in contemplating the higher excellence.

Commodore Burghes was also proud of his protégé. He was not very well pleased that his own sons were eclipsed by the brighter talents of the peasant boy; but he only shrugged his shoulders as he said:

"You know the Bible says that 'gifts are diverse,' my friend. Well, my two boys will never be brilliant scholars, that is certain; but I hope, for that very reason, Alf may make the braver soldier, and Ben the bolder sailor." And having laid this flattering unction to his soul, the old man felt no malice against our boy for outshining his own sons.

Not so the Burghes boys themselves. Their natures were essentially low; and this low nature betrayed itself in their very faces, forms, and manners. They were short and thickset, with bull necks, bullet heads, shocks of thick black hair, low foreheads, large mouths, dark complexions, and sullen expressions. They were very much alike in person and in character; the only difference being that Alf was the bigger and the wicked, and Ben the smaller and the weaker. Against Ishmael they had many grudges, the least one of which was cause enough, with them, for life-long malice. First, on that memorable occasion of the robbed carriage, he had exposed their theft and their falsehood. Secondly, he had had the good luck to save their lives, and win everlasting renown for the brave act; and this, to churlish, thankless, and insolent natures like theirs, was the greater offence of the two; and now he had had the unpardonable impudence to eclipse them in the school. He! the object of their father's bounty, as they called him. They lost no opportunity of sneering at him, whenever they dared to do so.

Ishmael Worth could very well afford to practise forbearance towards these ill-conditioned lads. He was no longer the poor, sickly, and self-doubting child that he had been but a year previous. Though still delicate as to his physique, it was with an elegant and refined rather than a feeble and sickly delicacy. He grew very much like his father, who was one of the handsomest men of his day; but it was from his mother that he derived his sweet voice, and his beautiful peculiarity of smiling only with his eyes. His school life, had, besides, taught him more than book-learning; it had taught him self-knowledge. He had been forced to measure himself with others and find out his relative moral and intellectual standing. His success at school, and the appreciation he received from others, had endowed him with a self-respect and confidence easily noticeable in the modest dignity and grace of his air and manner. In these respects also his deportment formed a favourable contrast to the shame-faced, half-sullen and half-defiant behaviour of the Burghes. These boys were the only enemies Ishmael possessed in the school; his sweetness of spirit had, on the contrary, made him many friends. He was ever ready to do any kindness to anyone; to give up his own pleasure for the convenience of others; to help forward a backward pupil, or to enlighten a dull one.

The Burghes did not dare to sneer at Ishmael's humble position in the presence of Claudia and Beatrice. For, upon the very first occasion that Alfred had ventured a sarcasm at the expense of Ishmael in her hearing, Claudia had so shamed him for insulting a youth to whose bravery he was indebted for his life, that even Master Alfred had had the grace to blush, and ever afterwards had avoided exposing himself to a similar scorching.

In this little world of the schoolroom there was a little, unconscious drama beginning to be performed.

I said that Claudia and Beatrice had constituted themselves the little lady patronesses of the poor boy. But there was a difference in their manner towards their protégé.



The fair-haired, blue-eyed and gentle Beatrice had a much finer, more delicate, sensitive and susceptible nature than her cousin; she understood Ishmael better, and sympathized with him more than Claudia could.

In a word, Beatrice, had already set up an idol in her heart, an idol never, in all the changes and chances of this world, to be thrown from its altar. Already she unconsciously identified herself with his successes. He was now the class-mate, equal and competitor of her eldest brother; yet in the literary and scholastic rivalry and struggle between the two, it was not for Walter, but for Ishmael that she secretly trembled; and in their alternate triumphs and defeats, it was not with Walter, but with Ishmael that she silently sorrowed or rejoiced.

Ishmael was now nearly sixteen years old, and thoughtful beyond his years. Was he grateful for this little creature's earnest affection?

Yes! But she was not his idol! Oh, no! The star of his boyish worship was Claudia! Whether it was from youthful perversity, or from prior association, or, as is most likely, by the attraction of antagonism, the fair, gentle, intellectual peasant boy adored the dark, fiery, imperious young patrician, who loved, petted, and patronized him only as if he had been a wonderfully learned pig, or very accomplished parrot; Beatrice knew this; but the pure love of her sweet spirit was incapable of jealousy, and when she saw that Ishmael loved Claudia best, she herself saw reason in that for esteeming her cousin higher than she had ever done before! If Ishmael loved Claudia so much, then Claudia must be more worthy than ever she had supposed her to be! Such was the reasoning of Beatrice.

Did Mr. and Mrs. Middleton observe this little domestic drama?

Yes, but they attached no importance to it! They considered it all the harmless, shallow, transient friendships of childhood. They had left their own youth so far behind, that they forgot what serious matters—sometimes affecting the happiness of many years, sometimes deciding the destiny of a life—are commenced in the schoolroom.

Master Alfred, who was now a very forward youth of eighteen, was more alive to the fortune of the heiress than to the beauty of the girl. Avarice is not exclusively the passion of the aged; nor is it a whit less powerful than the passion of love. Thus young Alfred Burge was as jealous of Ishmael's approach to Claudia, as if he, Alfred, had loved the girl instead of coveting her wealth.

It was near the first of June; there was to be an examination, exhibition, and distribution of prizes at the school. And the parents, guardians, and friends of the pupils were invited to attend.

Walter Middleton and Ishmael Worth were at the head of the school, and would compete for the first prizes with equal chance of success. The highest prize—a gold medal—was to be awarded to the best written Greek thesis. Walter and Ishmael were both ordered to write for this prize, and for weeks previous to the examination all their leisure time was bestowed upon this work. The day before the examination each completed his own composition. And then, like good, confidential, unenvying friends as they were, they exchanged papers, and gave each other a sight of their work. When each had read and returned his rival's thesis, Walter said, with a sigh:

"It will be just as I foreboded, Ishmael; I said you would take the prize, and now know it."

Ishmael paused some time before he answered calmly:

"No, Walter, I will not take it."

"Not take it! nonsense! If you do not take it, it will be because the examiners do not know their business! Why, Ishmael, there can be no question as to the relative merits of your composition and mine! Mine will not bear an instant's comparison with yours."

"Your thesis is perfectly correct; there is not a mistake in it," said Ishmael, encouragingly.

"Oh, yes, it is correct enough; but yours, Ishmael, is not only that, but more! for it is strong, logical, eloquent! Now, I can be accurate enough, for that matter; but I cannot do anything more! I cannot be strong, logical or eloquent in my own native and living language; much less in a foreign and a dead one. So, Ishmael, you will gain the prize."

"I am quite sure that I shall not," replied our boy.

"Then it will be because our examiners will know no more of Greek than I do, and not so much as yourself! And as that cannot possibly be the case, they must award you the prize, my boy. And you shall be welcome to it for me! I have done my duty in doing the very best I could; and if you excel me by doing better still, Heaven forbid that I should be so base as to grudge you the reward you have so well earned. So God bless you," said Walter, as he parted from his friend.

(To be continued.)

**DOGS, WARDS IN CHANCERY!**—Dogs had attained one step higher in the social scale when they were announced for exhibition at an annual show. We now

find them literally figuring as "wards in Chancery," undergoing those paternal attentions which lords and vice-chancellors occasionally pay to young ladies and gentlemen. In re Ude (before Vice Chancellor Stuart on Saturday week), the testatrix (said to be the widow of the celebrated cook, M. Ude), by her will directed the trustees to invest sufficient money in their names to produce the annual sum of £10 for the support of such of her three dogs, Yorick, Minnie, and Fanny, or each of them as might be living at her decease; such sum to be paid to her grandchildren so long as the dogs should live and her grandchildren be willing to take care of them; otherwise the trustees were to find some person to take care of them. One of the dogs died last September. It was now proposed that a sum of £666 13s. 4d., Three per Cent. Consols, should be set apart to answer the annuities to the two surviving dogs. Mr. Bacon, Mr. Malins, Mr. Eddis, and Mr. Cracknell were counsel in the case. The Vice Chancellor made an order as proposed.

## SOMETHING NEW ABOUT COTTON.

### THE UNITED STATES.

According to Purchas's "Pilgrims," cotton-seeds were first planted in that part of North America, now the United States, in 1621, "and their plentiful coming up was, at that early day, a subject of interest in America and England." In the Province of Carolina the growth of the cotton-plant is noticed in a paper of the date of 1666, in Carroll's "Historical Collections of South Carolina." In 1736, the plant was known in gardens, in lat. 39 N., on the eastern shore of Maryland; and about forty years afterwards it was cultivated in the county of Cape May, in New Jersey. It was, however, little known, except as a garden plant, until after the Revolutionary War. At the commencement of the war, General Delagall is said to have had thirty acres of the green seed-cotton under culture near Savannah; and in 1748 it is stated, that among the exports from Charleston, S. C., were seven bags of cotton-wool, valued at £3 11s. 5d. a bag. Another small shipment was made in 1754; and in 1770 three more, amounting to ten bales, were made to Liverpool. In 1784, eight bags shipped to England were seized, on the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in the United States. The exports for the next six years are quoted as follows:

1785, 14 bags; 1786, 6 bags; 1787, 109 bags; 1788, 389 bags; 1789, 812 bags; 1790, 81 bags. By some, however, it is thought that all this cotton was received from the West India Islands and exported through our ports, and that the first American cotton was exported in 1790. It 1786, the first Sea Island cotton was raised on the coast of Georgia, and its exportation commenced a few years later. The first successful crop of this variety, raised in South Carolina, was grown at Hilton Head—now become historical—in 1790. The excellent quality of this cotton caused it to be distinguished in 1805 from other cottons, and enabled it to command much higher prices. In 1806, it sold for 30 cents per pound, when other cotton was worth 22 cents. In 1816, it brought 47 cents, other cotton 27 cents. The success of the crop caused many to engage in its cultivation, and some of the largest fortunes in South Carolina were thus rapidly accumulated. The production of the region adapted to it was, however, limited, and the amount raised in 1805 was not exceeded by the crop of 1832, being about 8,000,000 pounds. Of late years, the crop has materially fallen off.

The cotton now cultivated in Mississippi and Louisiana, is called "Mexican," having originally come from Mexico. The time of its introduction into those States is unknown. That known as "Tennessee," and "Upland Georgia," is supposed to have come from the Grecian Archipelago, in the early settlement of the colony of Virginia, where it was cultivated; but in consequence of the season between the last part of spring and the first part of autumn being too short, it did not prove a profitable crop, and the early emigrants from Virginia took with them the seed to the territory of Kentucky. The part of this territory now known as Tennessee, was found to be more favourable, and known as Tennessee cotton it soon acquired a character for cleanliness superior to the "Upland Georgia." As the early adventurers pushed southward, the northern part of the Mississippi was found to be still more congenial to the plant; the shrub became more and more prolific, and produced a finer quality.

The Sea Island cotton came originally from the Isle of Anguilla, in the Caribbean Sea, and furnished the first seed to the early European settlers in the Bahamas; in two islands of the cluster, viz., Long Island and Exuma, they succeeded in producing a fine cotton. The first year of the effort to produce Sea Island cotton in Georgia, proved unsuccessful; in the second year the plants bore their fruit seasonably, and ripened it well, being, by this time, somewhat acclimated. This was in 1786: expectation was now on tiptoe, holding forth hopes to the United States of their becoming, ere long, a great cotton country. Here we may quote from a dis-

tinguished author on this subject, who eloquently portrays the condition of opinion at this period, on the great question:—

"The mighty revolution thus commenced in the manufactures and commerce of nations, was the work of a few active minds, scattered through the two Southern States of the American Union, not cheered in their difficult and doubtful enterprise by the bounties of their own Government or by the diminished duties of others, but rather put to the ban of two rival empires in the Old World and the New, by which they were alternately harassed by tariffs and commercial restrictions at home on exportation, and increased taxes on importation into Europe. Labours destined at no distant period to give freights to thousands of ships, as well as profitable employment and cheap clothing to millions of men, women, and children, were for a long time placed in the most vexatious jeopardy."

To the original growers of the Sea Island cotton, we owe all the benefits that have since accrued to us from the invention of machinery for its manufacture. Without this peculiar, long-stapled silky cotton, the spindle and bobbin could never have rivalled the deft fingers of the Hindoo in spinning muslin yarn, and the cotton-trade of Europe would have still been tributary to England for all the finer fabrics.

This brings the history of cotton down to our own time. In this connection, we may refer briefly to the countries and climates favourable to its cultivation, and then proceed to describe the plant and its culture.

### BRAZIL.

The cotton-plant is indigenous to the soil of Brazil, and a quality can be produced in that country, superior to the short-stapled cotton of the United States. Formerly, a flourishing export trade was done in this article; and between 1840 and 1855, the average quantity exported amounted to 25,000,000 lbs. per annum. But the great cost of transportation from the interior to the sea-coast, it having to be carried on the backs of pack-mules, has caused its gradual decline, until to-day there is little done in comparison to former years.

Another cause of this falling-off has been, the paucity of labour, resulting from the extinction of the external slave-trade. In 1850 the slave-trade was abolished; and since that time, labour has been so high and scarce as to interfere materially with the progress of the cotton-trade. Meanwhile, however, the trade in sugar, coffee, and other articles, has proportionately increased, and the commerce of the country, on the whole, has advanced.

### NEW GRANADA.

Cotton is here also indigenous, and the islands bordering on the Caribbean Sea are said to produce a quality equal to the famous "Sea Island." In Paraguay, also, a most excellent quality of cotton grows luxuriantly, but its cultivation has been abandoned.

The numerous groups of islands in the Pacific are all said to be equally capable of producing a fine quality of cotton. The plant is indigenous to these islands, perennial, and assumes the form of a tree from two to twelve feet high.

### WHERE COTTON IS GROWN.

The present extent of the cotton zone is between 30 deg. S. lat. and 45 deg. N., and extending across both continents. Of this huge extent of territory, only the following countries cultivate it for export, viz: the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas, British Guinea, a small portion of Brazil, Algiers, Egypt, Guinea, a portion of Asia Minor, the North-western, North-eastern, and Central portions of Hindostan, and the South-eastern part of Australia. It is stated, on the best authority, that no country, either of the Old or New World, is to be compared with Africa for the adaptation of its soil and climate to this cultivation. In the central portions of the continent, the product has been employed from remote periods, and it has long been known upon the Coast of Guinea, in Abyssinia, and upon the banks of the Senegal, Gambia, Niger, etc. The distinguished traveller, Doctor Livingstone, has recently furnished much information respecting the capacity of this region to produce cotton. He found the plant flourishing prolifically in the country of Angola, and the women employed in spinning the cotton "with a spindle and distaff," exactly like those which were in use among the ancient Egyptians. The American cotton-plant, he thinks, has there become perennial; and he speaks of it as being cleared off as a nuisance, to make room for the cultivation of vegetables for food. Dr. Livingstone returned to this region in March, 1858, prepared to prosecute the cultivation of the crop. At Sierra Leone, since 1852, efforts have been made to produce cotton for export, with considerable success. African cotton is rated in quality as better than the East India, and next to the American. In the Yoruba country, in the interior of Africa, cotton is raised in large quantities by the natives, and great importance has been attached to the fact by the British Government; so much that, in 1858, Lord Palmerston gave it as his opinion, that in a few

years the Western Coast of Africa would furnish from its cotton districts, more extensive than those of India, a more important commerce in this article than is had with any portion of the world, the United States alone excepted. In 1821, the culture of cotton was introduced into Egypt, where it has since been successfully prosecuted and greatly extended, so that England now draws thence a portion of its supplies, and of a quality only inferior to the Sea Island cotton of the United States; the quantity, however, is very uncertain—the fluctuations being extreme and very uncertain. To the energy and genius of Mehemet Ali, the English are indebted for the introduction of the culture of cotton into Egypt. India, possessing as it does, every necessary qualification of soil and climate for the production of this plant, has only produced one-tenth of the quantity consumed in the manufactures of Great Britain. The West India Islands are capable of producing a fine quality of cotton; and, indeed, in the possession of Great Britain, there exists a greater extent of land capable of its high cultivation than in any other dominion; yet all the British Colonies supply but the one-twentieth part of the British consumption. Australia has the capacity to produce the very finest quality in an unlimited quantity; and Port Natal, a country of about 17,000 miles in area, lying in the south-eastern part of Africa, is equally favoured. Strange to say, with every possible inducement, there has not yet been found sufficient British energy and enterprise to produce for themselves a staple so easily obtainable, and so imperatively necessitated by the demands of her enormous manufacturing interests; while in the United States, originating under every possible disadvantage, and carried on by slave labour, against the feeling and conscience of the whole civilized world, this branch of industry has steadily progressed until, as is appropriately said by a modern writer, "everything that affects cotton affects Lancashire. We may almost assert that every wind that blows upon, or rain that saturates, a cotton-field in America, is felt in Lancashire. There is a sensitive barometer always at work; its degrees are marked by eighths of a penny; and the price of a pound of cotton is raised or lowered one or more of these degrees by causes seemingly most remote. How many million bales will America produce in the next crop? is a question which finds entrance into all the commercial arrangements of Lancashire; for the profits of manufacture will depend upon the extent of sale, and the extent of sale will depend upon price, and price will depend upon the price of cotton, and the price of cotton will depend upon the abundance or deficiency of the American crop. All this is, of course, not strictly the case; but it will serve to indicate the nature of the connection between the cotton-fields of one country, and the cotton-mills of another."

We have thus shown the immense extent of territory capable of producing this wonderful plant, in great portions of which it bursts forth from the earth, as it were, spontaneously, and in some is cleared away as weeds and refuse, to make way for vegetables. It is evident that had energetic minds taken advantage of the immense fruitfulness of the earth in this respect, only a few years since, the dire consequences of the present condition of the trade would, at all events, have been greatly lessened, if not entirely avoided.

(To be continued.)

#### A MIDNIGHT VISION.

A YOUNG German lady (still living) had arrived, with a party of friends, at one of the most renowned hotels in Paris, and occupied, for her part, an apartment on the first-floor, furnished with unusual magnificence.

Here she lay awake, long after the hotel was wrapt in slumber, contemplating, by the faint glimmer of her night-lamp, the costly objects in her room, until, suddenly, the folding-doors opposite her bed, which she had secured, flew open, and the chamber was filled with a bright light, as of day. In the midst of this, there entered a handsome young man, in the undress uniform of the French Navy, having his hair dressed in the peculiar mode *à la Titus*.

Taking a chair from the bedside, he placed it in the middle of the room, sat down, took from his pocket a pistol with a remarkable red butt and lock, put it to his forehead, and, firing, fell back apparently dead! Simultaneously with the explosion, the room became dark and still, but a low, soft voice uttered these words: "Say an *Ave Maria* for his soul."

The young lady had fallen back, not insensible, but in a far more painful state—a kind of cataleptic trance, and thus remained fully conscious of all she imagined to have occurred, but unable to move tongue or hand, until seven o'clock on the following morning, at which hour her maid, in obedience to orders, knocked at the door.

Finding that no reply was given, the maid went away, and returning at eight, in company with another domestic, repeated her summons. Still no answer—and again, after a little consultation, the poor young

lady was delivered over for another hour to her agonized thoughts.

At nine, the doors were forced, and at the same moment the power of speech and movement returned. She shrieked out to the attendants that a man had shot himself there some hours before, and lay upon the floor.

Observing nothing unusual, they concluded it was the excitement consequent upon some terrible dream. She was therefore placed in another apartment, and with great difficulty persuaded that the scene she had so minutely described had no foundation in reality.

Half an hour later, the hotel-proprietor desired an interview with a gentleman of the party, and declared that the scene so strangely re-nacted had actually occurred three nights before. A young French officer had ordered the best room in the hotel—and there terminated his life, using for the purpose a pistol answering the description mentioned. The body and the weapon still lay at the Morgue for identification, and the gentleman, proceeding thither, saw both the head of the unfortunate man exhibiting the "Titus" crop and the wound in the forehead, as in the vision.

The Archbishop of Paris, struck with the extraordinary nature of the story, shortly after called upon the young lady, and, directing her attention to the expression used by the mysterious voice, urged upon her with much fervour the advisability of embracing that faith to whose teaching it appeared to point.—*Strange Things Among Us.* By H. Spicer.

#### THE ESCAPE.

The ripe grapes hung their luscious purple clusters in the mellow sun, and the September touch of maturity gilded the waving fields. The sunset glory flashed in the flower-cups, and sprinkled the fountain spray with gold-dust, while the brown head caught up the sheen from the silver air, and sparkled as with a diamond wreath.

"I can never consent to degrade myself in the eyes of my friends, never! I love him, but I will not be his wife."

The face was very fair which uplifted from the white hands, and the large, weary-looking eyes glittered with tears, while the low voice murmuring the words, denoted by its intense slow utterance, that an ungente but conquering spirit was warring within against the gushing, tender love of her woman's heart.

"Josephine!"

The thick grape-vine rustled and parted. A manly hand pressed aside the tangled leaves, and a proud head framed in blue sky and verdure peered into the arbour.

"Josephine, may I come? It is sooner than you expected me, but I could not wait. Will you love me—will you be my wife?" and a single step brought him to her side. "Whence those tears, dearest. What has troubled you? Tell me all, my own."

Josephine sunk away into the blissful repose of her lover's arms. But only a moment was it repose. "Again the tumultuous conflict began, and she covered her face and wept upon his shoulder.

"What can it be, my darling, which makes you so wretched? Cannot my love soothe you, and make you forget to weep?"

How Josephine Huntley longed in that hour to be poor and humble; to be able to cast her happiness into the keeping of him whom she loved so deeply. But no, destiny would have it otherwise. Josephine could love deeply, fervently, faithfully, but she could not rise above the arbitrations of caste, and assert a noble pride of will, to secure even her own immortality! She was proud, yes, as a very empress, but alas! 'twas not in the loftier sense. Too proud to do right! This is degrading, and she felt it so. To be proud of gold and position—the world's opinion, and bow down beneath that pride like a despot's slave, while virtue, truth, and intellect stand by unhonoured, this is degrading.

Josephine ceased to cry, and withdrawing herself from Eugene Leonard's embrace, she wiped her eyes and tried to look brave and unconcerned.

He gazed into her face, a half-suspicion of the truth in his pure, soul-beaming eyes, and then as a wave of painful thought swept his noble brow, and settled into stern self-control about his mouth, he laid his hand upon her arm with a strange calmness.

"Josephine tell me, I cannot wait—tell me if you love me, and will be mine."

"No, no, I can never be your wife," and she shrank away with conscious guilt.

"Cannot be mine! Oh, Josephine! do you not love me, or have I poured out my soul's wealth upon one who spurns it?"

A shiver passed chillily through his frame, but he was instantly calm again.

"Oh, no, no, I cannot have you think that, but I can never be your wife."

He flew to her side again and pressed her to his bosom. She did love him—this was enough.

"Why not, my darling, why not?" he cried, passionately.

"Because I am too proud," with a superhuman effort she uttered, rising and waving him from her.

"Oh, oh! this is cruel. Josephine, is it me or my poverty you despise? You do not love me like a true-hearted woman, or it would be neither."

He rose, and throwing back his dark hair, took his hat from the turf, where he had thrown it; and extending his hand in mock-composure, said, clear and steadily, while he took her arm:

"Good-bye; I will never ask you again to love me. God grant you may be happy!"

He was gone, and Josephine sank to the earth still and senseless.

Despair, succeeded by contempt for the being he had well-nigh worshipped, for some time sank him into wretchedness, but self-respect and the engrossing duties of his profession served at last to mitigate the pang which had cost him such bitterness and suffering.

At the lonely window of a cloister in M—— sat a worn but beautiful woman of twenty-five years. The autumn evening was falling, and dusky shadows were grouping like phantoms within the walled courtyard and over the grey stone battlements. The apartment was dim and cheerless, and as the wan face peered out listlessly into the twilight, exhibitions of intense sorrow were unmistakably visible upon the languid features.

Seven years have elapsed since Josephine Huntley's pride triumphed over the purest affections of her heart. Her love for Eugene Leonard was too deep to permit her for an instant to regard favourably any of the numerous admirers who, attracted by her wealth and position, eagerly sought her hand. From the moment he left her, she had been wretched; for she knew she had bartered away the happiness of a life-time for a senseless and wrecked vanity.

Eugene was a young and indigent lawyer—Josephine the only daughter of a proud and aristocratic millionaire. Her pride of position was equal to her despotic father's, and so she sacrificed her love to its dictation. Within a year her father died, and in despair she entered a convent, where she had since remained. Trying to consecrate her life to benevolence and deeds of charity, she had acquired to some degree a spirit of contentment; but it was only the contentment of hopelessness. She could not forget that all her sufferings and heart-breakings, with all the unhappiness of another, were the purchase of her own love.

Thus she sat thinking by the lattice-window that very evening, forgetting that her uttered vows forbade those regretful memories of the past, and shut her out from all the tenderness of human love.

Removing a thin white hand from her tear-glistening eyes, she was about rising from the window, when a small stone, with a bit of white paper attached, fell at her feet. Casting her eyes again from the lattice in amazement, she looked anxiously into the twilight, as if expecting to spy a crested knight crouched amid the profuse shrubbery below. Nothing unfamiliar, however, met the searching glance, and turning within and securing the precious missive, she waited impatiently till lights were brought.

Left alone again with the freedom granted the elder and tried sisters of charity, she tore open the mysterious note, and read with emotions of joy and wonder impossible to depict:

"JOSEPHINE.—I once promised never to ask you again to be mine; but I have seen you suffer, and watched the light of joy go out from your heart till I can endure it no longer. I have tried to forget you—tried to believe you unworthy, because of your cruel pride, of my idolatrous love. I cannot convince myself of your heartlessness. Do you yet love me? Will you be my wife? I am rich, and with your love should be perfectly blest. I wait outside the courtyard for your reply. If you will be mine, we will arrange it cautiously for your escape,

"YOUR OWN EUGENE."

For some moments she was overpowered, and sank back in her chair dumb with the threatened happiness so long buried in the recesses of the wretched past. Finally she snatched a pencil from a table at her side, and upon a scrap of soiled paper dashed the words:

"I love you, love you fervently, as I have always done. I thought years ago you had ceased to care for one so weak and wicked. I am yours, yours, but be cautious in every attempt at my escape, and we may succeed."

Without a signature, she tied it about the stone and flung it over the wall.

A beautiful day, one week after, saw Josephine Huntley fifty miles from M——, the bride of her early love. And now twenty years have sped, and as she sits beside her pleasant hearth, with the light and bliss of thankfulness in her still brilliant eye, and the love melody in her heart, she tells me the story of her wrecked happiness, the wondrous long-suffering of her noble lover, and the unmerited blessing which at length had crowned her life.

G. G.



## ALMOST A CRIME. A STRANGE STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

"ISAIAH F. BUFFINTON, of Pelham, was murdered by some unknown person, on Saturday evening, not quite a mile from his own house, while returning from a visit to his brother. The murder was not committed for money, as Mr. Buffinton's pocket-book, gold watch, and valuable diamond ring were undisturbed. Mr. Buffinton was about forty-five years of age. An inquest was held yesterday afternoon, at which it was proved that the deed must have been deliberately committed, with intent to kill."

"Horrible!" cried Lettice Marsh, her teaspoon falling from her trembling fingers; "and to think he was here on a visit only the week before! Poor, dear gentleman!"

Vincent Marsh, laying aside his paper, and taking a few sips of coffee to restore his nerves to their usual calmness, said:

"Let me see, Todwell is his brother—married his sister, didn't he? Dear me, a man can't go a few steps after dark in a country-town. It strikes me Todwell is scarcely a mile from Parks Place."

"Hardly," said his father, a venerable and staid-looking man. "I do wonder where his property will go? Ah! Lettice another chance lost. I do believe the man had intentions."

"Nonsense!" said Lettice, bridling a little. "Everybody who knows me, knows that I shall never marry—never, never!" and she gave a little sigh, as if to bind the promise made once to herself. "Everybody knows my heart is in Joseph's grave."

Joseph was an ancient lover, who died on the eve of his marriage with Lettice.

"Couldn't it possibly be dug up, aunt?" asked the younger man, with a sly sort of smile.

"Hush, Vincent! you turn everything to jest," said his aunt, severely.

"Well, aunt, I only asked, because I think you are still pretty enough to win a heart to go with it; and seeing a softer expression steal over the really comely features, he knew himself forgiven. "But about the murder, for it really is very dreadful, and I don't blame anyone for being shaken. Here is a man walking but a few yards comparatively along the public road most probably. I wonder whether he was shot or stabbed?" he suddenly queried. "It doesn't say."

"Stabbed, likely," said his father.

"And then it was for revenge. An ordinary thief would have waylaid him when his pocket was full, and never would have spared his watch and ring, worth, as they probably are together, hundreds."

"It was a beautiful ring," said Miss Lettice, regretfully.

"And he wasn't slow in displaying it, either. By George! I wish I had that ring. What a show it would make when, in some eloquent appeal, I thrust it in the eyes of the jury. Smaller things than that have made men blind," he laughed. "I wonder who'll have the property?"

"I dare say his heirs are glad he's gone, whoever they may be," said Miss Lettice, pensively.

Vincent winced a little under this, for he was, as he well knew, should no change occur by which new claimants might come upon the scene, his aunt's heir as well as idol.

"Depends on what sort of a person it is," said the elder Marsh, coming to his son's rescue. "Mr. Buffinton always seemed to me a very fine, respectable gentleman, but I have heard some hard stories of him. He was very wild and gay in his youth."

"And lapsed into a steady, staid, and rich old fellow," said Vincent. "I would never pardon his biographers if they alluded to the past."

"He was handsome," murmured Miss Lettice.

"Resplendent, in youth," said her brother; "but the fact is, he did once, if I am rightly informed, behave very dishonourably."

"Ah! did he fail?" asked Vincent, toying with his fork.

"No, he never failed, I believe," said his father, with some latent meaning lurking under the surface of his speech, "in anything he undertook; and yet he did make one lamentable failure, for he brought a stain upon his honour. It was years ago, twenty or twenty-five. The rumour is that he deceived some girl by a false marriage, and then deserted her, like the scoundrel he was. She was ruined, of course, and so skillfully had he managed that she could get no possible redress. It crazed her for a time, but, as the story goes, she came out of it; and after awhile somebody who was willing to believe her, because he had loved her hopelessly for years, made her an honourable offer, and she was married. She had at that time an idiot child—happily it died—the perpetual reminder of her terrible sorrow. After that her history seems to be lost sight of. Whether she lived or died, I don't know. But from those who have seen her, I hear she is very beautiful."

"Why, Thomas, is this all possible?"

"I don't doubt it, sister Lettice."

"And you could receive that man as your guest?" she almost gasped.

"Of course; everybody else did. All this is presumed to be forgotten, and I think it was never much circulated here. I happen to have heard the story from some one who came from his native town, or I might have still been in ignorance of it."

"Then it is very easy to see who killed him," said Miss Lettice, with lips compressed and a savage little nod of the head.

"Why, you don't think—!" Vincent ejaculated.

"That woman did! and who can blame her? I don't. You see, nephew, the money was untouched, the watch and jewels; it was no vulgar murderer. All these long years she has been waiting—don't you see?"

"Why, not exactly," said Vincent. "I should say her revenge had had time to cool."

"Do you think a woman could ever find time long enough to forget? No. I tell you, she has nourished and cherished this anticipation all these years, until it has grown into a settled purpose—a religion, I might almost say. Great Heavens! what thoughts have hers been since that terrible night. I wonder how it seems, the gratification of revenge? There must be in it a savage, sullen joy, an awful comfort."

"Why, aunt, you are growing eloquent. I have half a mind to send for you when I have a special case to plead," said the young lawyer, looking at her with a real admiration. "However, a murderer is a murderer. I don't know about the joy. The Stagyrite has told us that the aim of all tragedy is to purify the passions by pity and terror; but the pity in the breast that could guide the knife to a heart that had ever so harmed it, instead of leaving its cause in the hands of eternal justice, must be far overbalanced by the terror consequent on the perpetration of crime. If a woman has done this deed, even a wronged and outraged woman, I am sorry for her. What say you to riding over to the place? it is only five miles. We ought to pay due respect to the memory of one who, as far as we know, was an upright man, and a good neighbour."

Aunt Lettice shook her head, then looked eastward, where the morning sun, streaming over beds of fragrant flowers, came laughing broadly in at the great bay-window, kissing into almost life the bright clusters that were woven into the carpet, and then she said, hesitatingly:

"Well, nephew, I don't know but I will. Still, if I knew that was true, I would never even go near."

"Yes; but you don't know, or we either."

"Very well; you may order the horses, then, and—stop! As I am going so far, I might as well go into town and speak for some new furniture for the wing that has been nearly finished."

### CHAPTER II.

THAT was a woful Saturday night in Pelham, though none knew or realized it, least of all sweet little Nellie Blush, who lived with her mother in a pretty suburban cottage near the town. Pretty, I say, for though the cottage was very old, and consequently picturesque, with its brown and green moss clinging to the long unpainted boards, yet Nellie and her mother, who had lived in Pelham nearly ten years, had trained countless vines, glorious with roses and other climbing blossoms, where vines could grow, and "pretty as Widow Blush's cottage" became a common word of praise. Travellers hurrying through the town would drive or canter more slowly as the pretty place came in view; or perhaps they lingered a moment to catch a glimpse of that lovely face that sometimes smiled in the window, beautiful as if it had caught its tint from the carmine of the roses, and the pure white from the fair bosoms of the lilies. The garden, too, was almost a miracle of colours and odours. At weddings, the white blossoms came from Blush cottage, as many people called it. She lived during all the summer time among her flowers, and in winter her little south room was a conservatory. And yet to everybody, except perhaps to her child, she was a singular woman.

Tall, her features harsh, though handsome; her eyes kindled only at times by the light of remembered joys; her hair, though she could not be more than forty, so white that you could scarcely tell its parting from the pale forehead; lips that were often compressed as by stern thought; and a habit of talking to herself at all times, and frowns that came over her forehead as suddenly as the clouds sweep over the face of the sun, made her seem different from ordinary humanity. It may be that her daughter had thought of these things, but use had accustomed her to her mother's moods, and she loved her with a worshipping fondness that was scarcely less than idolatry. But oh! how she watched over that child of her love! They always went together. The widow had so trained the pliant nature that the child could not be happy out of her sight. It seemed as if her very soul had fastened upon the vitality of the girl, and thus made her presence a

continual necessity. Nellie was so beautiful that she was constantly liable to admiration, but she did not know it.

Among her other strange freaks, the widow had taken it into her head to impress upon her daughter a fact which was not a fact, but which seemed almost by her pertinacity to grow into one, that she was not handsome. Every one knows with what success an impression of this kind can be made—can be so welded to the texture of the mind that no human ingenuity, flattery, or praise, can ever separate them. Nellie thought herself rather plain. A something that gave only an archness and piquancy to her face, her mother taught her was almost a deformity, while one little fair-shaped mole, nearly touching the eyebrow, was made the peg upon which to hang all these absurdities. And yet Nellie never sighed over the conviction that she was not handsome, for she had a happy heart, and in its corridors the great Master of passion had never struck the chords of love.

Secure in the beautiful and clinging affection she felt for her mother, she looked not nor longed for the incense of any other idolatry. At church she tried to listen to the minister, and mind her prayer-book. But her eyes were not confined by a thick black veil, as her mother's were, and how could she help stealing forbidden glances now and then? Three years before, there had sat in Mr. Buffinton's seat a proud young man—if we may call him that, for he was fast verging on to twenty-one. He had been nothing to Nellie, but alas, she had been everything, and more, to him. For years, seeing her only on the sabbath, and occasionally, he had worshipped her, even when she was a child, for Nellie was now only eighteen. Something had been done or said about Nellie, by her mother and his father, to this passionate, proud young man, which sent him from home, nearly broke his heart, and made him a wanderer. Nellie had quite forgotten that he ever existed. Since then Mrs. Buffinton had died, and now her only daughter was keeping house for her father, and fighting off everybody that might be thought to have designs on the still handsome widower.

Thus matters stood on that Saturday night. All day the widow Blush had been restless and discomposed—being merry and gloomy by turns. Even Nellie, accustomed as she was to her strange moods, saw that something was amiss, and softly sang over her work to try and cheer her mother. In vain. As the day wore on, she grew sterner and more absent, replying in monosyllables or half-formed words that sounded almost as a strange language. Sometimes the labouring breath swelled her bosom to harsh, sighing sounds that quite alarmed her gentle daughter. At noon her mother went out, returning soon with the news that one of the good women of the village was sick.

"Shall you have to go to-night, mother?" asked Nellie, for her mother was always ready to perform such labours of love, and her services were often required.

"What if I do?" was the quick, almost harsh reply.

"Nothing, of course—only can't I go with you, and help you?"

"No, it's a small place—the Bruce's. There are ten in the family, every nook and corner full. Why, are you afraid for the first time in your life, to stay at home, and Luth and Lueth let loose?"

"No, mother, I'm never afraid, you know," said Nellie, a little grieved at this implied rebuke; "but I had a feeling that it would be better for you if I went," she said, innocently.

The dark eyes of the widow gleamed again, as, taking one step, she placed her heavy hand upon the girl's shoulder, and looked burningly into her eyes; then, turning away, she muttered, under her breath, "No, what can she know?" and laughed—a careless laugh she tried to make it, but failed miserably.

"Why, I don't know," she said, laughing again at the pained look in Nellie's face. "Some queer thought came in my head—my head has ached badly to-day—it is confused—dark, dark and confused. Nellie, you will not feel unhappy to stay here alone, will you?" she asked, tenderly.

"Why, no, mother dear, of course not. With my reading and knitting, why should I? But if you must go, why not lie down a while? I will call you when you wish."

"No, no, I need no rest; I shall be better soon. If any one calls during the evening, just say that I'm gone to a sick neighbour."

Then, going into her own room, she closed the door, and threw herself prostrate upon a lounge, seemingly in deep and tearless agony, for she clutched her hair as if she would tear it out by the roots, and swayed her body to and fro with such violence that the blood rushed into her face.

"It must be done," she muttered. "I can't be tempted by these awful warnings any longer. Can I forget how foully, how bitterly he wronged me? No, I have tracked him here—I have waited patiently for the time I saw in my visions. It has come, and I will not spare him—I will not!"

With clenching hands and a resolute eye, she lifted herself, towering into grand proportions, as her form dilated with the terrible magnitude of her contemplated crime.

"I may be back at twelve—I may not come till morning," she said to Nellie, as she prepared to leave the house. "The dog will keep you company, and you can put him outside when you go to bed."

Surely a prettier picture never was seen than that one, framed with evergreens and flowers. The lovely face, as pure and guileless as that of an angel, for the child scarcely knew of wrong, her curls blown loosely over her simply white dress, the great dog, glossy and graceful, in whose burning eyes there is a soft intelligence as he lifts them to her face, and whose low passionate whine whenever she speaks to him seems something almost syllabled with love—a beautiful picture, surely, as whoever sees her thinks, consciously or not.

The young girl looked the door, drew her little table forward, and took from the swinging basket underneath, some pretty fancy-work. Lu settled himself at her feet, laying his head against the hem of her garment, and thus they kept each other company. By-and-bye the dog fell asleep, but he seemed fearfully uneasy; every few minutes breaking out into a low, mournful howl, that made Nellie shiver and look at him. Presently she waked him. The dog started to his feet, and stood looking at her, she fancied, with a strange, dumb anguish in his eyes.

"What is the matter, Lu?" she asked, patting him on the head.

Again he gave her a piteous, appealing glance, then walked to the window, and howled again.

"Don't make that noise, Lu. Do you know I am very nervous to-night?" she asked, following him. "What have you been dreaming, poor fellow, poor fellow!"

She stroked his head, but still the dog, under his breath, kept up that melancholy whine—a most appalling sound.

"Lu, will you be silent? I shall put you out of doors if you don't keep still!" she said sternly.

The dog turned away as if he felt the rebuke, curled himself up, and lay down, his still watchful eyes glittering, with a something uncanny in them, whenever Nellie looked up from her book. Strange to say, an uncomfortable feeling had taken possession of her, destroying all the quiet of her happiness. A shadow startled her; the sound of wheels paler her cheek; she grew as restless as the dog had been.

"I've a great mind to let him stay in all night," she said to herself. "What can make him behave so strangely? He never did before. Lu, do you know you've made me very uneasy this evening?—I shall tell your mistress when she comes home, and you must be punished, naughty dog."

The creature fawned on her, rolled at her feet, expressing, by every conceivable sign, his contrition for his unhandsome behaviour; but ever and anon he gave that low, painful whine which draws so strongly upon the human sympathies. Nor would the dog leave the room when the bedtime came. Half-angry and quite irresolute, Nellie stood watching him, the night-lamp in her hand.

"They say when dogs behave that way, it foretells trouble, danger, or death. I wish mother was at home."

Another hour, and the little cottage was quite still. A lamp burned in the outer room, a precaution always taken when the widow left the place at night, and Lu slept upon the hearth, restless and whining in his dreams. His gentle mistress, on a low bed in an adjoining apartment, was already in the land of visions, a sweet smile upon her pretty lips.

It was a rude awakening—Luath howling, something falling heavily upon the floor, and the voice of the widow, harsher than usual, chiding the dog.

"It is mother!" thought Nellie, reassuring herself as she listened. "Yes, it is mother's voice. I wonder what she'll say at my keeping Lu in, and the fruit almost ripe?"

At that moment the clock from the kitchen struck one. The latch was lifted, and her mother entered, her face intent upon the bed where her child slept. And such a face! The sight of it deprived the girl of all power of motion. She could only look, while terrible thoughts with the rapidity of lightning flashed through her brain. Had her mother seen some dreadful vision, that the face was so ghastly white, the brow contracted, the lips shrunken and plastered against the glittering teeth? An unbiased witness would have pronounced her stricken with some mortal anguish, and indeed, the pale light, now lifting its flame, now flickering and fading, gave an expression to her rigid features that was absolutely appalling.

"Mother!" shrieked Nellie, lifting herself upon her elbow.

"Lie still—go to sleep again. Sleep, sleep! What must be the eternal sleep?" said her mother; adding presently, "You kept the dog in?"

"Yes; he acted so strangely," said Nellie, half-sobbing. "He whined, and wouldn't keep still, howled

and cried, for there were tears in his eyes. I could not get him out, for you know he is stronger than I."

"He must be punished. The house is not his kennel. He thinks, if a dog thinks at all (and a mercy it is if he can not) that he has mastered you, and I shall have trouble. It must not happen after this. The fruit-thieves are busy. I saw a man skulking along by the red elm. He had a sack with him of some kind, for fruit, I suppose. It's an awful night."

"Awful! why, mother, the moon is out."

"Yes, but the moon lights the earth only, while the soul walks in darkness. What is the matter, my darling?"

Her voice grew tender again.

"I don't know, mother," sobbed Nellie, "but—you—you frighten me!"

"I frighten you! My child, my only one, my blessed baby, why should you be frightened at your mother?" and winding her arms about her, she leaned over the bed and drew the weeping girl to her bosom, murmuring, in an undertone, "Oh! could I keep you here for ever—for ever!"

"I suppose I am silly," sobbed the frightened creature, "but Luath behaved so badly—and seeing you so pale—"

"Forget it all, my darling—forget it all. Only love me—love me, my child, whatever may come."

"I do love you, dearest mother! but are you sure you are not ill?"

"Quite sure, darling, and now go to sleep. It is late—very late."

"Mrs. Bruce—how is she, mother?"

"Better, my darling, or I should not have come."

And that next morning! What was there so inexplicable in her mother's face and manner? Sometimes a sudden triumph lighting it, then deepened with gloom, or pallid as with fear—yet with all a settled expression of rest, so perfect that it almost changed the woman into another creature. Her voice was soft even to whispering. Nellie saw all, and wondered, but was silent.

Towards night a neighbour came in, her very face a budget of news.

"Have you heard," she began, in a low, mysterious voice, as the widow, in the act of lifting her hand to the mantle, turned slowly round and confronted her with staring eyes and blanched face, "of the murder?"

"A murder!" echoed Nellie, wondering why her mother sank nerveless into her seat, without getting the article she wanted.

"Yes, an awful murder. Mr. Isaiah Buffinton, the rich Mr. Buffinton, you know, was found dead, just at the back of the red elm in the old pasture belonging to Deacon Haven. It's the first murder for forty years, and people feel dreadful about it. Mrs. Blush, you're not looking so well as usual."

"No—I was up last night—and—besides, am very unwell. Nellie, speak to Lu—stop his barking; it's unpleasant."

Nellie lifted herself mechanically, never taking her eyes from the face of her mother till she turned to reach the door. Some singular presentiment seemed slowly benumbing her faculties, so that she moved like one in a dream. There was nothing definite about the feeling—she was only conscious that something had gone wrong—that the pleasant routine of their simple life was broken up; but why or wherefore she could not tell.

"And whoever killed him did it certainly out of revenge," continued the neighbour, "for nothing about him was touched, and he had nigh a hundred pounds in his pocket."

"Are they looking for the—the murderer?" asked the widow, turning her face steadily away.

"I expect so—but who could it be? Nobody here, I am certain, for who would harm him? he was such a good man! Why, nobody that ever went to him for help was turned away. Only think what a fortune he's left. They say the poor lady, his daughter, is in convulsions, that she goes right out of one fit into another, and there's hardly hopes of saving her life—poor thing! She worshipped her father; I believe she kept single for his sake, for she's going on thirty; and there's his son in California—it's dreadful! Not a soul of his own, as it were, his own flesh and blood, to see to him—it's dreadful!"

"It is dreadful," said the widow, hollowly, and looking up, she caught Nellie's eye fastened upon her, wide and staring. At that encounter the blood ran in a crimson channel over throat, cheeks, forehead, and then receding, left the whole face a dead colour, more terrible and ghastly than that of a corpse. As for Nellie, her heart stood still at that glance. Then she went on with her work, her very brain in a whirl, her faculties so confused that she knew not which end of the needle she was trying to thread, labouring assiduously at the point. What did it all mean? Her mother, years ago, had spoken of Mr. Buffinton with bitterness, that she had not remembered till now, though of late she had never reverted to him. What did it mean—that midnight coming—the pallor and the agitation? O—J. terrible, terrible to her young heart those first

deadly suspicions, coming dimly, increasing in force and depth till there was a ringing in her ears and a blindness in her sight that made her sick and faint. The neighbour and her mother kept on talking; she could hear only a confused din. She dared not look at her mother again. She wondered how she could be so calm—could speak with any composure. Then came the good-byes, and for the first time she lifted her head.

"Mother, it—it was terrible!" she faltered.

"What was terrible, child?"

The mother's eyes avoided hers.

"The—murder!" said Nellie, in a low voice.

"It was justice!" exclaimed her mother, sternly; "if that man had died in his bed I should have doubted that there was a God!"

"Oh, mother, mother! I can't bear to hear you speak so!"

"You know nothing about it, child!" said the widow, harshly.

"I remember you used to hate him; did he ever harm you?"

"Did he ever harm me?" the cry was low and passionate—awful beyond description. But recollecting herself, the woman changed her voice—"his past is sealed for ever. Child, what is that awful thought? I see it in your eyes—speak—speak!"

"Mother—last night—you—oh! my heart turns sick! What if another had seen you as I did?—Oh! God! I have killed my mother—oh! mother—mother!"

"Hush!" said the failing form, the face growing so dead-white, became rigid in a moment. "What! have I fallen so low in the estimation of my child?"

"Mother, forgive me!" cried Nellie, "it was cruel of me; but, indeed, my brain is so perplexed, and the words you said, and the—oh! don't look so at me, I will never say it again!—she half-shrieked, falling at her mother's feet.

"Will you promise me that?" cried the widow, in a hoarse whisper, "promise me never, never, never again to revert to this horrible matter? never to mention what you saw that night? never to speak his name, or mine in connection with it, for ever and for ever?"

Nellie, shaken with an awful sorrow, had hidden her pallid face in her mother's lap. Her hands were clenched like one in extreme bodily anguish, her frame was convulsed with sobs.

"Yes, mother, I promise you—I promise," she sobbed. "Oh! mother! you know—you know that I believe you," sobbed Nellie, growing calmer as she arose from her knees; and still she meant rather that she longed to believe—that, against all proof to the contrary, she must believe, rather than that with her whole heart and soul she did believe, for there was yet a darkness upon her mind's vision—there was a cloud of suspicion hanging like a curtain before her, enveloping her in its mazy folds. Oh! how her poor young heart ached! And why was she never to mention the fact that her mother had been out that night? Had she not then gone to the cottage of Mrs. Bruce at all? She believed not, sorely as it shook her faith in one she had so revered. The shock had been so sudden and so terrible, that all the world seemed dark to her. She had suddenly grown old.

#### CHAPTER III.

It was a sad house at Parks Place—for so Mr. Buffinton's residence was called—on that eventful Sabbath night following the murder. Miss Cecilia Buffinton waited up for her father on Saturday night, sent a servant to her uncle's early on Sunday morning, and on receiving the alarming information that he had left there near eleven o'clock the preceding evening, she had sent to her friends and relatives, and a search was instituted immediately, which resulted in disclosing the awful fact of the murder.

The intelligence was carelessly transmitted, Miss Cecilia getting the note intended for the housekeeper. The shock threw her into terrible convulsions, and by the time her father's body had arrived, she was hovering between life and death. Mr. Buffinton had been beloved by his dependents, and worshipped by his daughter. Now there was no hope of her life, and the old housekeeper went disconsolately about, preparing the house for the funeral. The doctor, a pompous man in gold-framed spectacles, came down-stairs into the room and looked at the corpse. Perhaps the most he thought over the inanimate body was that he had lost a good customer. The housekeeper went up to him with a weebegone look, asking about his patient up-stairs.

"I'm afraid I can't save her," he slowly ejaculated, and turned quietly away.

"Oh! who could have foreseen all this woe last Saturday morning?" moaned the aged woman, the tears falling down her cheeks as she went away to her own dominions, wringing her hands piteously.

The house was thronged at two o'clock in the afternoon. Vincent Marsh, the young lawyer, was there, with his Aunt Lettice. The attention of the latter was repeatedly drawn to a young fair face, upon which



was visible an unusual restlessness and anxiety, and who watched, shrinkingly but continually, the woman at her side, whose countenance was dimly visible through the thick black veil—only the piercing dark eyes, under brows that seemed to frown, being distinctly outlined.

"I wonder who they are?" she whispered to her nephew, "that sweet-looking girl, and that evil-eyed woman?"

"What! have you got at the clue already?" asked the young lawyer.

"Perhaps so," was the whispered response; "but I do wish I knew who they were."

"Well, I can tell you," said her nephew, returning from a short tour of observation in the hall, which was quite crowded, "it is the Widow Blush—queer name, isn't it?—and her daughter. They live about a mile from here, and are well spoken of."

"Has she been long in this village, I wonder?" she asked again, still watching with severest scrutiny the singular face under the thick veil.

"Some years, I think—but come; let your romance rest for a while; they are going to call out the mourners. Perhaps our widow will go. That is indeed a singularly beautiful girl, but with so distressed a face that it really pains me to look at her."

"I was thinking the same thing," said his aunt. "I don't know why, but I feel mysteriously attracted towards that woman and her daughter. It is not for nothing, I am sure. But see—the mourners are nearly all gone. Shall you go?"

"Me? no; I have been appointed to read the will when they come back. There, the room is empty, now, all but the widow and her daughter. They seem intending to stay."

It was indeed so. The widow sat like a statue, and at her daughter's repeated questions, averred that she wished to stay awhile—at any rate till the housekeeper came, whom she knew and would speak with. Nellie was dissatisfied, but, nevertheless, accustomed to unhesitating obedience, sat still, her mind full of painful thought; for she had felt that, as time rolled on, her impressions were strengthened. In dreams she heard her mother mention his name—the name of the murdered man—with threats and unholy imprecations. She had seen the change in the widow's face and form in only that short time. In fine, horrible as was the thought to her, and fraught with fear of utter destruction ultimately—the wreck of her peace of mind, the violent but just death of her mother—she could not thrust it away; it had fastened upon her consciousness, so that night after night she lived through the horrible scene in her dreams. After the return of the mourners, the will was formally read. It bequeathed nearly all the personal property of the deceased to his son, at present in California; gave liberal bequests to his daughter, who was to keep the farm, to his housekeeper, and only sister. One clause, however, struck them all with astonishment, two thousand pounds he left to a lady formerly of the name of Briars—Mary Ellen Briars—or, should she be dead, to her heirs, if any were living; in default of either, the money to be given to the town, and appropriated for a public school.

Nellie clenched her hands so tightly at this, that the nails were indented in the delicate flesh, and nearly drew blood. Mary Ellen Briars was her mother's maiden name. She dared not look towards her; a sickening as if unto death stole over her, and made her long for the grave, annihilation—anything but this strange, appalling fact, that might mean so much.

"I know that woman twenty-five years ago," whispered Miss Lettice to her father, who sat near, "and my suspicions are correct. That face, the little I see of it, can be no other than hers, altered as it is. Perhaps no one would remember it but me—you know I have an aptitude at detecting likenesses which, perhaps, few people have."

As for the Widow Blush, how did she bear herself at this trying juncture? At the first mention of the name she had started, but the movement was so imperceptible that possibly no one noticed it. Whether she grew paler or not it was impossible to tell, for she was dead white already under that close veil. At all events she gave no sign, but sat like a statue, cold and still, looking neither to the right nor the left, an immobility in her very posture that made her look like an image of wrought iron. Going home, neither she nor her daughter spoke of the matter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Nearly a year had gone by. Vincent Marsh and his aunt sat talking over the events of the past one pleasant twilight.

"Strange, is it not," he asked, "that the murderer of Mr. Buffinton has never been discovered?"

"Not strange at all, I think," said his aunt. "By the way, what a change has come over that widow. She seems ambitious, too, for not everyone is allowed the pleasure of her daughter's society. There is a stranger lately come, who, they say, is often with Nellie."

"It is rather singular that you mistook her for that old friend of yours, at the funeral," said Vincent, thoughtfully.

"I did not mistake," said his aunt, in a low voice.

"Why, you say she denies that she ever knew you."

"She will not acknowledge it, but she has never denied it."

"And do you still think her the same?"

"My opinion is unchanged," said his aunt.

"And do you believe she was the woman he wronged?"

"Yes."

"Your positiveness involves a frightful suspicion."

"Miss Lettice was quite silent now."

"In your visits have you found any clue?"

"Hush, Cecil; I told you, long ago, never to speak about that matter," interrupted his aunt; "leave it to Providence, who in time will bring the guilty to account. All I can say is, the widow neither looks nor acts like one upon whose soul rests such a fearful load of crime. By the way, I wonder when young Mr. Buffinton is coming home? Does anybody know?"

"I think not; the house is for sale, I understand."

"By his orders, I suppose."

"So his agent says;—but I have an appointment; and with an adieu, he left the house."

It was as Miss Lettice had said. Nellie and her mother lived in more style than formerly. The widow appeared of late like another woman, and Nellie seemed to have grown much older and more thoughtful. To the eye of a constant observer, there was a singular sympathy between them—on the part of the mother, loving and tender and fearful; on that of the child, pitiful, almost to sadness. It was an awful shadow that darkened her young life, but Nellie yet believed her mother an avenger. Not that she acknowledged it to herself—she never did even in thought—but the ineffaceable impression was there, never to be removed save by some miracle.

A stranger had come to the town, about whom everybody was talking. Dark, distinguished, and eminently handsome in his appearance, he seemed to be an incarnation of all manly virtues. He saw Nellie, and loved her. Her strangely isolated life had prepared her heart for the first chance seeds of affection that might be wafted thither. She longed, perhaps unconsciously, for a love without doubt,—for a kindred heart which she could perfectly trust. She did not know how strongly her soul had gone forth to meet this dark, handsome stranger, till after she had given her very life into his keeping. Her mother, rejoiced to see her roused from the apathy in which she had fallen, looked on with a pleasure not unmixed with intense anxiety,—and when the young man presented himself before her with the question whose answer would decide his fate trembling on his lips, she gave an unqualified consent.

"My darling, as I have decided to be a farmer, what do you say to my purchase of Parks Place? I have money enough to enable me to become its proprietor, and, I hope, skill enough to manage it," he said, one day.

Nelly had grown deathly pale. Her voice came low and brokenly.

"I would not live there for worlds."

"What! because its late owner came to an untimely end? Are you superstitious, then? Do you believe the place is haunted? Why, darling, you tremble. I will give the project up; but tell me your reasons."

"I never shall forget," gasped Nellie, "the day he was buried. The house leemed then like a tomb—I could not live here. Rather in the meanest cottage in Pelham. I could never, never be happy there."

"You shall have your own way, dearest. But had you any dislike to the family, to any of its members? Any prejudice of long standing—or had your mother? She did not like the old gentleman very well, I believe? Was it anything serious, or don't you know?"

"You must not ask me—I know nothing," cried Nellie, nearly distracted by this close questioning.

"Because, my darling, now that I have won you, now that I know you are mine, my promised wife—now that I am fully assured that you love me, for myself alone, let me whisper—first, on my very knees, asking your forgiveness for what may seem deceiving you—that I am George Buffinton; the son of that unfortunate man, the heir to all his estates, the—good God! Nellie, what have I said? Why do you look at me so? Oh, she is dying! help—I have killed my darling."

The mother was not far off. She came rushing into the room. Nellie lay in a dead faint in the arms of her lover. Breathless, white, horror-struck, she listened to his passionate confession, and moaned with a heart-breaking sound as she took her child from him, and carried her into her room as if she had been an infant. Hours, almost days of insensibility succeeded, then a long, dangerous fever, from which she recovered only by the most devoted care, after which she reclined, with scarcely the strength of an infant, on her couch daily, and it was whispered that the beautiful girl would soon

die of consumption. Meanwhile the matter created much talk. George Buffinton had made himself known, was recognized, admired and pitied. He looked so forlorn and melancholy, they said, going in and out of that darkened home. Hours he spent by the bed of the sick girl, loving her only the more passionately as she seemed to fade before his eyes. As for her, she only prayed for death, almost battling against returning strength with all the might of her sick heart. Beautiful flowers bloomed around her daily, the gift of love. Her mother, growing pale and wasted, watched over her, and prayed for hours, till her very strength was prostrated, for the boon of restored health for her darling.

One beautiful twilight, George and Nellie sat together, she not yet strong enough to lift her head, reclined partly against the lounge she had scarcely left to walk across the floor—he on a low seat at her side.

"You are looking stronger, my pale darling," he said. "By the time the roses are blown, I hope to see some colour in your cheeks."

She shook her head despondingly.

"You will force me to think you are tired of life," he whispered, mournfully.

"I am, I am—oh, for the quiet of the grave!" was her anguished cry.

"Nellie, am I, then, nothing to you?"

"Oh, much, everything; but—but I cannot, must not tell you how unhappy I am," she murmured, hiding her face in her hands.

"And you have no wish to live to love me?" he asked, his voice sinking.

"You torture me."

"Nellie, you have some secret which I cannot share."

She was silent.

"You will retract your promise—you will not marry me—you wish to destroy my happiness—perhaps my life."

She shuddered from head to foot. In her prostration both of mind and body, she might have told him all but for the opportune entrance of her mother, flushed and excited. Scarcely greeting the young man, she said, with something of her old, peremptory manner, "Your will leave us alone, Mr. Buffinton;" and without a word, he obeyed. Nellie's anxious eyes watched her mother's every movement. The widow threw her bonnet off, knelt down by the side of her child, and exclaimed, with strong emotion:

"At last, thank God, my prayers are answered. My child will no longer despise me."

"Mother!"

"How could you help it?" I have felt in my very soul that you thought your mother a criminal."

"Oh, mother!"

"Hush, darling; you were not far wrong."

The wild eyes dilated.

"Nor far, for though not in deed, in thought and intent I was a murderer." She hid her face with a heavy sob. "Yes," she continued, "that night I went out with murder in my heart, but the vengeance was completed by another. I found that man dead!"

"Oh, mother! what does all this mean?"

"Be calm, my darling Nellie—how could I deny that I was a murderer, for in my heart had I not killed him? But I have prayed to God, night and day, merely to take away the triumph of my heart, that he was killed at last. And when I saw, knew, felt how you regarded me, I have prayed night and day, ay, and every hour, for proof, that in my child's eyes I might be exonerated. This very hour it has come!" she cried, with a wild look of triumph. "See!" and she displayed a letter; "listen!" and she read:

"I, Michael Burns, confess, in this my dying hour, that I murdered Isaiah Buffinton, in cold blood, because, years ago, he ruined me. I told him that if he did not make restitution after the third warning, I would take vengeance, but what did he, the rich man, care for me, the poor one? That Saturday night I met him, and he knew me. He acted like one paralyzed, for he did not stir or cry, and I killed him at the first blow. What did I want of his money? I wouldn't stain my fingers with it. He had a bit of paper in his hand. I don't know why, but I took it and thrust it in my waistcoat-pocket. Presently I heard some one coming; it was a road that was seldom travelled, and he was a fool for going that way, and tempting me to my sin. I hid behind the red elm, and I saw a woman. I knew her, for I had worked for her more than once. It was the widow who lived on the high road. She went up and stood there, and was frightened, and fell down in a swoon, I suppose. Well, I made my escape to Canada. Long time after, I read that paper, and it asked for a meeting at the red elm, and was signed by a woman's name. I make no doubt but that was the one who came there to meet him—no doubt in the world. I might have ruined her, but I was not villain enough for that, bad as I was. I kept the note, and dying I sent it back. It won't do me any good—it may not do her any good—but God only knows. And now may he forgive a terrible sinner—not but what that man got his deserts; but, maybe, God would have punished him, and what right had I to take the ven-

geance out of His hands. God be merciful to me a great sinner!

"Signed for Michael Burns, by his Priest."

"Oh, mother, mother! I shall live now! Oh, my poor mother! How could I doubt you? How you have suffered!"

And there she listened to all her mother's story—and there George Buffinton found them, at peace with each other, and Nellie restored to him.

If at the wedding it was remarked that the widow looked almost as handsome, and fully as joyous as her daughter, none knew the cause. None dreamed that it was the divine power of forgiveness that had restored youth and joy to her once withered heart. As for the true facts of the murder, they were never told till now. They could do no good to the living, surely not to the dead.

"I begin to think I must be mistaken," said Miss Lettice, to her nephew, on the reception of the wedding cards. "Surely the daughter could never marry the son of a man who had wrought such woe."

Three years before, it had been utterly impossible, but now, as the reader knows, old things had passed away.

M. A. D.

PRIVATE letters from Paris state that Mr. Slidell has been favourably received by the Emperor at Fontainebleau. The recognition of the South by France would it is said, take place if England or some other power, such as Spain, would join in it. It is further rumoured that Mr. Slidell is about to proceed to Madrid.

A GENERAL belief is entertained throughout Finland of impending war. Cannon of new construction and of large calibre have been mounted upon the ramparts of Sveaborg, the magazines are replenished, and reserves and superior officers of the artillery and engineers come in daily.

LEGAL.—A curious case was tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, when a Mr. Hodgman sued the West Midland Railway Company for injuries received by a race-horse, which was about to be brought up on the line from Worcester, but as it was entering the carriage a noise was made that startled the animal; he struck his fetlock against an iron girder, and received a wound which rendered him useless. The company pleaded that they were not responsible for the noise that was made, or the skittishness of the animal; but the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with damages to the extent of £1,000.

It is truly delightful to find how the popularity both of the Prince and Princess of Wales is daily increasing. The secret of it is, the thorough English feeling that pervades their conduct. A recent trait of his Royal Highness merits to be recorded. While riding through Pall Mall, a young friend who had been on very intimate terms with the Prince, made him a respectful bow as he passed. "Why, that is—" (mentioning the name)—"how ill he looks!" said his Royal Highness, checking his horse, and shaking hands with his old chum. "Why, what is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Nothing, your Royal Highness, except that I have struggled hard and cannot get employment." "Is that all?" responded his Royal patron. "Call next week at Marlborough House, and I will see what can be done." The young man did call, and was speedily informed that a situation had been found for him.

THE FEAST OF APPLES.—There are many holidays observed by the Russian Church, but the most prominent are the Honey Festival, on the 1st of August, and the Apple Feast. Both are pleasant festivals, and much regarded—at the former the honey is blessed, and at the latter the apple. No Russian ever thinks of eating an apple before the 6th of August (old style), when the day's ceremony has blessed the fruit, a restriction which must be attended with very good results in a country predisposed to cholera. The Cathedral of the Repose, Uspenski Sahor, was the first entered by Mr. R. S. Graves, author of "A Yachting Cruise in the Baltic;" and the congregation was pressing forward to the priests, who stood in front of the ikonostast. The leading priest, most magnificently dressed, held a gold and diamond-studded cross to all who presented themselves to imprint upon it their eager kiss. On his right stood another, who had dishes of blessed apples on a table before him; and we observed that all who had kissed the cross received an apple.

A SINGER ON HORSEBACK.—The following is an instance of what unreasonable demands singers will sometimes make:—"Not long since the theatre of Hanover was preparing to perform Richard Wagner's *Rienzi*. The rehearsals were almost terminated and nothing remained but to fix the day for the first public performance, when Niemen (the tenor heard at Paris in *Tannhauser*), who was to appear on horseback in *Rienzi*, declared that he would not sing unless the King of Hanover's white horse was placed at his disposal. 'Why, my dear M. Niemen, what can you be thinking of? You cannot have His Majesty's horse!' objected the manager. 'That is your concern,' said the other; 'I will not

sing unless I have the King's white horse.' As all the manager's arguments proved of no avail against this extraordinary pretension, the case was made known to his Majesty. The King smiled and gave orders that the horse should be placed at the singer's disposal. When Niemen was informed of the King's consent to his demand, he exclaimed, 'But that is not all! I must ride the horse for at least a week in order to get used to him.' This, too, was granted, and during the whole week following Niemen might be seen every day, about noon, gravely parading the most aristocratic quarter of the city, mounted on the King's charger."

"M— was a man of the coolest nerve, of the most imperturbable self-possession. It was his habit to sit up reading in the chamber of his invalid wife, after the latter had retired to bed. One night, Mrs. M— having fallen asleep, the door opened, and her maid, Lucy, who had been sent home ill to the charge of her friends, a few days before, entered the room. Perfectly conscious, as he declared, from the first, that the object he beheld was no longer of this world, the steady soldier fixed his eyes on the apparition, careful only to catch its every movement, and impress the unexpected scene with accuracy on his memory. The figure moved slowly to the side of the bed—gazed with a sad and wistful expression on the sleeper's face—and then, as though reluctantly, died away into the gloom. Colonel M— then awoke his wife, and related what had occurred. Together they noted the precise moment of the vision. It proved to be that at which the poor girl had breathed her last, murmuring her mistress's name."—"Strange Things Among Us," by H. Spicer.

#### THE COTTAGE UNDER THE HILL.

No lordly elm-trees are awaying there;  
But the rustic oak and the cedar fair,  
That grow by the winding rill,  
Their tall heads wave on the summer air,  
O'er the cottage under the hill!

The robin loves at the twilight hour,  
Ere he fitteth away to his roosting bower,  
His evening song to trill;  
And the wild bee sings from the violet flower,  
By the cottage under the hill!

The wild vine hangs from the moss roof low,  
And always with a motion sweet and slow,  
As over the grass so still  
The western zephyrs softly blow,  
By the cottage under the hill!

When the shades of night creep over the lea,  
Three prattlers group round a strong man's knee,  
And their eyes with weeping fill,  
As he telleth of her who sleeps under the tree,  
By the cottage under the hill!

No gold and silver are stored within,  
But a crowned monarch would sigh to win  
The peace so holy, still  
That bodeth far from the court of sin,  
In the cottage under the hill!

W. C.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—The cost, amounting to £600, of the Bude Haven, Cornwall, new lifeboat establishment, has been presented to the National Life-boat Institution by the surviving children of the late R. T. Garden, Esq., of Rivers Lyons, Ireland, as a memorial of their beloved mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Moor Garden. An inscription recording this philanthropic gift has been beautifully carved in stone, and placed over the doorway of the lifeboat-house. The lifeboat is 33 ft. long, and rows ten oars, doubled banked.

A VERY elegant shawl-box has been designed and executed for the ladies of Shetland, and is intended to convey to the Princess of Wales a gift of Shetland wool fabrics. The box, which is about two feet long by one and a-half broad, is lined with white kid, covered with violet morocco, very neatly bordered and embellished. On the centre of the lid is the shield of the United Kingdom in the Scotch manner, and the Prince of Wales's feathers and initials "A. A." and the shields of Brunswick and Denmark, as quartered by the Royal pair, are impressed on the top and front, and the Scotch thistle forms the border.

BISHOP BLOMFIELD used to tell a story of one clergyman whom he had reproved for certain irregularities of conduct which had been brought to his notice by his parishioners, and who had replied, "Your lordship, as a classical scholar, knows that lying goes by districts; the Cretans were liars, the Cappadocians were liars, and I can assure your lordship that the inhabitants of — are liars also." Intoxication was the most frequent charge against the clergy. One was so drunk, while waiting for a funeral, that he fell into the grave; another was conveyed away from a visitation dinner in a helpless state by the bishop's own servants. A third when rebuked for drunkenness, replied—"But, my lord, I never was drunk on duty." "On duty!" exclaimed the bishop, "when is a clergyman not on

duty?" "True," said the other, "I never thought of that."—*Life of Bishop Blomfield.*

THE New Zealand chiefs, at the dinner to which they were invited by the Duke of Newcastle, were particularly struck with one dish which, of all others, they considered godlike. It was lobster salad. They were also astonished at the duke talking while eating, and informed his grace that in their country men ate first and talked afterwards, and it was wiser, but they would follow the British example, and the polite people jabbered away. The British Government does not pay the expenses, as stated; but a few gentlemen who are patriotic enough to wish to give English influence in New Zealand a fillip by this means, have put down £2,000 for the expenses—not that these chiefs are poor, as two or three of them own from 30,000 acres each, which is worth about £3 an acre.

#### A NEW BRANCH OF AN OUTFITTER'S BUSINESS.

GLASGOW papers state that a day or two ago, a hearty farmer, accompanied by a young lady, also in the bloom of health, called at an outfitter's warehouse to purchase their marriage "braws."

In the course of conversation that ensued over the goods shown them, the Benedict stated that he was anxiously desirous, could it possibly be accomplished, to have the momentous little ceremony gone through before they left Glasgow, and, with this intention, had brought from home regularly certified marriage lines. The only difficulty they had to surmount in carrying out the arrangement, which he was very anxious should be carried out, on the principle that "delays are dangerous," was his non-acquaintance with any Glasgow minister; and with all the earnestness that the exigence of the position might be supposed to call forth, he asked to be directed to some clergyman, who would in proper "book" fashion, consolidate the union.

The bride, though becomingly silent, by silence gave consent to the expressed wish of her fervid innamorata, and just as the discussion how to do it was going on, by strange, and what those most concerned may be inclined to call providential good-luck, a reverend city clergyman, residing not a hundred miles from Abbotsford Place, happened to make a business call at the same warehouse.

The fervent bridegroom was introduced to the reverend gentleman by one of the firm, and he was appealed to officiate. After making inquiries as to the position of the "contracting parties," and finding everything *en regle*, the reverend gentleman consented to do so. The use of the showroom of the establishment being offered for the occasion, the proper marriage forms were procured from the nearest registration office, and the interesting ceremony was at once duly performed, which wound up the affair in a satisfactory manner.

#### WANTED A HUSBAND.

A WIFE-HUNTING widower of over-mature years became the butt of some practical jokers at Stamford. It appears that a few young men, eager for extraordinary amusement, inserted an advertisement announcing that two young ladies, of moderate fortune, were desirous of changing their condition, if they could meet with suitable partners, and candidates for matrimony were invited to address letters on the subject to the Post-office, Stamford.

Among the suitors who answered the advertisement was one whom the conspirators deemed an eligible fish for the hook. A correspondence was opened, a photograph was sent to him, and an assignation for twelve o'clock was mutually arranged.

Punctual as the dial to the sun, the Lothario, a gay spark of some seventy summers, appeared at the inn indicated as the rendezvous, and inquired for the lady. He was shown to a private room, into which he limped with the aid of a stick, and was told the damsel would soon be in attendance.

In the meantime, an industrious old widow, who deals in poultry, was hastily summoned to the house on business; and on her arrival, much to her surprise, she was led into the private room, and introduced to the suitor, with her basket on her arm, as the young lady who had advertised for a husband.

The astonishment and chagrin of the Lothario at this denouement found vent in language not quite pleasant to "ears polite;" and as there were spectators of the scene who opposed the departure of the old man until he had satisfied the lady with the poultry basket that his intentions were honourable, he bawled loudly for the police. At length he was liberated, and he hobbled off amid the jeers of a group of gossips, declaring he would forthwith proceed to the mayor, and have the authors of the hoax adequately punished.

He shortly after made his way to the Midland railway station, and took his seat in the train for the town from which he came—Oakham. We understand that about 140 letters were received from aspirants for the hands and hearts of the fictitious advertisers, many of them containing *cartes de visite* of the wife-hunters.





[ADELINA PATTI.]

## ADELINA PATTI.

THE successful career of Madlle. Patti in this country, since her introduction to the musical world on this side the Channel, has been uninterrupted, and the magic of her voice, and fascination of her action, have established her as supreme in her art. The enthusiastic applause with which she is nightly welcomed at the Royal Italian Opera, at once vouches for her undiminished vocal power, and high artistic excellence upon the stage, of which she is the grace and ornament.

Adelina Patti was born at Madrid, in April, 1843. Her mother was the *prima-donna* of the Italian Opera Company, then performing there, and on the evening before her *accouchement*, appeared as Norma. The maiden-name of the mother was Barili. The parents of little Adelina, a year after the birth of our *artiste*, paid a visit to America. There Adelina, when only four years old, sang in the family circle; at nine, she appeared publicly; at twelve she went on a tour with the violinist, Paul Julien, and sang at different places in the Union. She appeared on the stage for the first time in New York, in November, 1859, as "Lucia." The first season was a hard one for her, being obliged to sing twice, and even four times a week. Her repertoire naturally was quickly extended, and embraced, besides "Lucia," the "Sonnambula," "I Puritani," "Don Juan," "Moses," the "Barber of Seville," "Don Pasquale," &c. In the summer of 1860, she first rested from this arduous campaign. In the autumn she again sang in New York—the Prince of Wales was already there—and filled every one with delight. She then went to Philadelphia. There she appeared with Charles Formes (Plunkett) in "Martha." In New Orleans she acted at the French Opera. Here, with her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, she was called on to introduce Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" on the stage. She then held at the same time proposals from Mexico and London. She decided for Europe.

In the winter of 1861 she belonged to an Italian Opera Company, which gave representations in the Court Theatre, at Berlin. Besides her, Merelli had engaged at that time the two Signoras Marchisio, and the Signora Zeglia Trebelli. By the side of these formidable rivals, she kept her place in the public favour. Gumbrecht had heard Sontag, Castellan, Viardot, Fortuni and Arlot as Rosina, but assures us that, "by the

side of all these illustrious predecessors, the Rosina of the guest asserted her own worth.

"Again we had the opportunity to enjoy her masterly. Indeed, in our reports, there has been much said of complete trills, sparkling scales, and other faultless colouring. Every new proof of such mastery demands, however, a new expression of wonder. The Rosina melody forms, as it is well known, the modest background for much variegated floral taste. It is not, therefore, to be objected if the songstress throughout fairly carries us away, and substitutes for the original, in part, quite antiquated figures—others of greater art. In this manner Patti preserves her original freshness and youthfulness. But in a higher degree is this the case through her liveliness, in every particular of the representation. From beginning to end, stands opposite to us a maiden form in Bartolo's pupil, who is no less conscious of her beauty than of her understanding, and in possession of this double power exercises over all others of the piece, an irresistible control. Her battle words and points of wit and humour crowd upon each other in an unbroken stream. The—

ma so me toccano

in the first aria was the boldest, most energetic declaration of war which ever feminine art and cunning addressed to an antagonist. In the spelling exercise, and afterwards in the billet scene, the acting disclosed the most charming arts of coquetry. Inimitable was the haughty expression—

on sapprei, non vorrei mi vergogno."

Thus far Gumbrecht. We entirely agree in his criticism, and wish the amiable, unpretending songstress, health and happiness in her future career.

Of Madlle. Adelina Patti, the *Algemeine Zeitung*, of April, 1863, says:—"This charming young *artiste* who has busied so greatly the musical world of Paris this winter, and delighted the *habitués* of the Grand Opera as well as the Court, resides at present in Vienna, and as one of Merelli's operatic company at the Karl Theatre, charms in such a manner the élite of Viennese society, that the glories of the Italian Opera appear to have again returned to the stage of the Imperial Opera House, rightly deserves a notice of her career."

On May 15, 1861, it was critically observed: "We have now arrived at the conclusion that the one who would appear before an impartial and indulgent public for the first time gains, in no surer way, the honours

of the lyric stage than when her appearance is not industriously announced beforehand. Mr. Gye has this time taken the proper course, and especially as it regards the very young lady who made her appearance for the first time yesterday evening in 'La Sonnambula,' and who produced such a sensation as has not been witnessed for years. The house was one of the most brilliant, being an extra representation—a 'subscription night.' The *artiste*, who, until last evening, was almost unknown in Europe, to-day will be the theme of London circles. In the pitch, in the rise and swell of her voice, in equilibrium of cadence there may be deficiency more or less, but as a counterpoise to this indisputable deficiency she can place in the balance a charming witchery in every accent of her voice, a thoughtful earnestness in every look, a soul-like element in every motion and posture, which without question give the stamp of a true, original, and above all, of a chosen artist nature." The report speaks further of her ready artistic talents coupled with an agreeable person, and describes her entire appearance as genial. And yet the *artiste*, who, by a single stroke, made this immense moral conquest, was the youngest of those that London had yet seen in this part—might well, for example, be, from that night, the daughter of her Elviro (Signor Tisierini). The organ of the young songstress is a high soprano, symmetrically formed, fresh, expressive in every note, powerful even to F in alto. (Dr. Zellner calls her a two and a half octave syren.) Davison finds her expression wonderfully distinct; the flexibility of the voice, the bravura, the intonation excellent. What most struck the critic of the day was the complete self-possession and security with which the youthful songstress made her first appearance to a new public, on one of the first stages of the world. Patti was called four times on the first night.

## THE HEIR OF FRANCE.

THE Prince Imperial, says a letter from Paris, is now seven years old, not very well grown, or what would be called a fine boy for his age, but healthy, and with an interesting countenance and very *gentil* manners.

On the occasion of his birthday, the other day, he attended the theatre with the Emperor and Empress, and after the performance walked about among his little brother soldiers in the pit, distributing barley-sugar, and followed by his two small aides-de-camp, all in uniform.

He is very affectionate, and fond of paying little attentions towards those with whom he is allowed to associate, sending them bouquets of his own gathering and letters of his own composition on their *jours de fête* with great regularity. His *institutrice* from his infancy is an Englishwoman, recommended originally by the Queen, and formerly in the household of the Duchess of Argyll.

To those who believe that the Empress's Ultramontane tendencies are very strong, and bear much weight in the councils of State, it may be surprising to hear that this lady—Miss Shaw—is a strict Protestant, whose attendance at her own church is entirely sanctioned by the Empress, and who is permitted so far to influence her pupil as to induce him to pass his Sundays altogether in English fashion. Several times the little fellow has been known to say that he would not allow people to work on Sunday, as they do in France.

Since his seventh birthday a tutor has been appointed for him—a young man, M. Mounier, chosen apparently solely for his good moral qualities. The little Prince, however, still spends the larger portion of his time with his governess, to whom he is greatly attached, and to whom his parents allow almost entire authority over him.

Another lady attached to the Court having induced him to disobey her on one occasion, the recurrence of such an accident was provided against for the future by the lady being no more invited to attend on the Prince. The Emperor's fondness for his child appears to be extreme, and the little fellow seems never so happy as when standing by his father's knee while he points out to him whatever may be likely to amuse the boy's imagination.

THE LAST DAYS OF A BEAUTY.—Of the early part of George the Third's reign there were not two beauties who painted, patched, and powdered more, or who needed it less, than Mrs. Hobart and Lady Coventry; the former all in gauze and spangles, "like a spangled pudding," as a fine gentleman remarked; the latter, in a light blue dress, covered with round spots of silver, which made her look, according to George Selwyn, "like change for a guinea." Poor Lady Coventry! As long as paint could deceive her, she was slow to believe in consumption; but when the terrible truth forced itself upon her, she lay all unpainted and unpowdered, gazing into a pocket-glass until she could bear no longer to contemplate the breaking up of the wreck of herself. Nor would she offer that melancholy spectacle to the sympathy or indifference of others. She passed from couch and pocket-mirror to the bed

and closed curtains; and with no other light than that of a spirit-lamp beneath a kettle in her room, she received visitors and the ministrations of her servants, never doing more than passing her small hand between the curtains, which hid for ever the living pale face of the once supreme beauty.

### HESTER NEAL'S FORTUNE.

HESTER NEAL was nineteen years old, and a beauty—a beauty in more senses than one. She was fair of form and feature, with most provoking dimples in her rosy cheeks, and with bright smiles lurking around the corners of her blue eyes, and wreathing her handsome mouth. Her sunny hair hung in glossy ringlets from her finely-formed head, and when she laughed outright the ringlets shook like curls of golden floss. A happy, loving girl was Hester Neal; and her presence in any company was like a flood of warm sunlight.

Hester was an orphan; but her orphanage had never been a source of lasting grief. Her father died when she was a mere infant—he was a sea-captain, and was lost in a storm. Her mother died when she was only three years old; and she had since been upon the hands of friends and relatives. At the age of ten years she was adopted by her father's only brother, Robert; and since that time she had found a home with him.

Robert Neal had been brought up upon the ocean, having passed through all the grades, from cabin-boy to captain; and at the age of sixty he retired from his profession, and settled down to enjoy a fortune. He had no wife—no family—and his only near relative living was Hester. So he took Hester to his home, and loved her as though she had been his own child. In fact, the bright-eyed, laughter-loving girl was all he had to love, and upon her he poured out the whole wealth of his big, warm heart.

Robert Neal was worth a hundred thousand pounds, at least; and Hester was his heir.

When we remember that Hester Neal was beautiful and good, and young and intelligent; and, moreover, heiress to a large fortune, we shall not wonder that she had plenty of suitors. She could count them by the score—old and young, rich and poor. As time passed on, and the responsibilities of her womanhood began to claim attention of her judgment, the circle of her suitors was gradually narrowed, until at length there were but two left whose claims had not been fully settled.

Byron Pearson had just established himself—or, rather, his relations had established him—in a business. He was a handsome, dashing, fly-away sort of a fellow, four-and-twenty years of age, and was, most emphatically, a ladies' man. He possessed talents, and a good education; but those who took the trouble to look carefully into his character found little to admire, and but very little upon which to found a future manhood of usefulness. Byron Pearson was very urgent that Hester should become his wife.

Paul Deering had no friends able to set him up in business. He had served his apprenticeship at the trade of a carpenter; and had, at the age of three-and-twenty, built him a shop, and commenced work on his own account. Some thought he was not so handsome a man as was Byron Pearson, while others thought him handsomer. He was a stouter man, and larger—larger hands, and a larger head. He was a strong man and healthy; and his affections were all in the right place. And Paul Deering had dared to ask Hester to love him. He had not yet dared to speak of marriage, but he had tried to win her love.

Paul had worked through the summer months for Robert Neal—building an addition to the house—and had thus been thrown much into Hester's society. He had learned to love her with a warm, devoted love, and he fancied that Uncle Robert would not refuse to receive him as a suitor to his niece. At length he asked the old man if he might try to win the girl's hand.

"Win her if you can," was the uncle's reply. "She is her own mistress, and shall choose her own husband."

But Hester could not readily promise to return Paul Deering's love. She rather turned the attentive ear to the more flattering words of Byron Pearson. Already did Pearson sport a carriage, and she fancied that he was more polished and refined than was the humble builder. And then Byron Pearson moved in a higher circle of society, and was more conversant with the fashionable world. He sang choice selections from the best operas; talked French and Italian; played upon the pianoforte; and criticised all the most noted actors and actresses.

In short, Hester Neal's head was turned—the head more than the heart—and she sought to avoid the society of Paul Deering. In the calm, quiet hours of evening, when she was alone with her own thoughts, she could not hide from herself that she loved the humble builder. He was true and honest, and his love was firm and pure. As she brought his noble, stalwart

frame to mind, she knew that his would be the bosom upon which she might rest with confidence, and his, too, would be the arms that might sustain and protect her. But when she met Byron Pearson, her sober thoughts flew to the winds, and she was charmed into the belief that he was the man for her husband.

If Uncle Robert had helped her, she might, possibly, have made a different choice; but, just then, he seemed to have something else to attend to.

"Mr. Neal, is your niece going to marry Byron Pearson?" asked the clergyman.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Uncle Robert.

"She may do such a thing,"

"I hope she will not," pursued the inquirer. "I do not think the young man is fitted to make her a proper husband. I do not like his habits."

"Tut, tut," laughed the old captain—"he's only sowing a few of his wild oats. He'll come out all right in the end. But, you see, parson, I don't like to interfere in such matters. It isn't safe. Hester has sense, and she must choose for herself. I know how it was when I was young. Put a bride on, and I'd be sure to kick. It isn't well to meddle too much with the love affairs of a young girl. Let Hester make her own choice."

Uncle Robert was emphatic, and the clergyman had no more to say.

There was one very powerful help towards Byron Pearson's suit which we have not noticed. Half the marriageable girls in town were trying to catch him; and Hester knew that they envied her because he was offering himself for her acceptance. Some might call it a weakness in her character because she allowed such a thing to influence her; but many of us, who pride ourselves upon our sound sense, have just such weak spots.

It was October, 1857. It was a terrible time for business men, and a terrible time for many men who had retired from business. Byron Pearson seemed inclined to hurry matters. He asked Hester Neal to be his wife; and he was anxious that the knot should be tied before the snow came. Hester could not give him an answer until she had spoken with her uncle. It was in the evening that Byron made the request. On the following morning Hester laid the case before Uncle Robert, who seemed to be getting ready to go away.

"Wait until I come back," said the old man. I am going to Liverpool on business; and when I return I will give you my answer. Will that do?"

"Certainly, uncle. But I hope you are not going to be gone a great while."

"Only a few days."

Uncle Robert was gone three days. It was late in the evening when he returned, and he looked sad and gloomy. As he sank into his great easy chair, a groan escaped him, and something very much like an imprecation fell from his lips. Hester was by his side in a moment, with her arms about his neck.

"Uncle Robert, what is the matter? What has happened?"

"Are you ready to listen to bad news, Hester?"

"Bad news, uncle? You are alive and well—what should I fear?"

"Sit down, darling, and I will tell you all."

She sat down by his side, with one arm still around his neck.

"Hester," he said, with strange earnestness, "have you not heard the mutterings of the distant storm?"

"What storm, uncle?"

"The storm that is sweeping away banks and business."

"O yes, uncle. I have read about it in the papers. Is it as bad as is represented?"

"Worse, child—worse! The banks are suspending, and business is staggering. Hester, three days ago I believed I was worth over a hundred thousand pounds. At this moment I don't believe I am worth a penny!"

Hester Neal started with astonishment. How could her uncle have lost his property if he had not been in business?

"My darling, were you aware that I had been lending my name to my old friends, Brown and B—?"

"I knew you had been helping them."

"Aye—I even went so far as to place all my money in their hands. They had my money and my paper to the amount of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds."

"And they —"

"They have failed, Hester!"

"And you?"

"My property is all gone—even to the last shilling."

A few moments Hester Neal sat like one upon whom a stunning blow had fallen: Then she arose, and, throwing the sunny curls back from her brow, she wound her arms about her uncle's neck once more, and kissed him.

"Dear uncle, I am sorry; but what is done cannot now be helped. The sun will shine again, and we shall be as happy as ever."

"Ah, my child," said the old man, shaking his head, "you don't think what you are saying."

"I know it will be very hard for you, uncle; but you shall not want. My home shall be your home."

"Your home, Hester?"

"Yes, uncle. I will tell Byron that if he takes me he must take you, too."

"Ah, my darling, I fear that would frighten him away from you for ever."

"What —?"

"Tut, tut," interrupted the captain. "Don't be too indignant."

"Oh!" cried the fair girl, her eyes flashing and her lips tightening, "if Byron Pearson could be frightened away by such a prospect, I should let him be frightened, and then thank God that I was rid of a coward! But you misjudge him."

"Perhaps I do, Hester. But still, there is no need of putting the young man to such a test. Mr. B— will, in the end, save a few thousand pounds, and of that he will give me enough to live on. But I must leave this house. It is mine no longer."

In half an hour from that time both uncle and niece were as gay as though nothing had gone wrong. Uncle Robert was sure that enough would be saved to support him; and Hester knew that she could bear up cheerfully and bravely.

It was on Thursday that Robert Neal returned from Liverpool. On Friday morning the local newspaper contained the following item:

"We are deeply pained in learning that our valued fellow-citizen, Captain Robert Neal, has been called upon to suffer by the financial shock that is now convulsing the business community. By the failure of one or two heavy shipping houses in Liverpool he has lost all his property. He has our heartiest sympathy in this his season of trouble."

That evening Hester expected that Byron Pearson would call for a final answer to his proposal; but he did not come. He sent a note, however, which Hester received by the hands of the postman. It read as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS NEAL,—Clouds are gathering thick about me. Until this crisis is past I dare not venture upon the sea of matrimony. It pains me to write thus; but, in justice to all concerned, I am forced to ask you to consider our relations for the future as only those of friendship; or, at least, until something turns up to favour me with an advantage which is not now present."

"Believe me, as ever, your sincere friend,

"BYRON PEARSON."

Hester showed this missive to her uncle. He read it, and returned it, simply remarking:

"The time will come, Hester, when you will care no more for the man who can thus—"

She stopped him by a wave of the hand. Then she twisted the paper into a roll and held it to the lamp, and when it had burned to the tips of her fingers, she cast the charred fragment upon the hearth, and crushed it with her foot. After this she went away to her chamber, where she remained through the night. If there were any guardian spirits about her couch, as she laid her head upon her pillow, they must have seen her weeping; and they must also have heard her pray to God for strength and guidance. But in the morning, when her uncle met her at the breakfast-table, she was bright and hopeful. She was not so cheerful and smiling as was her wont, for the ache was not wholly gone from her heart; but she had no thought of repining. The love had not been very deep, nor very strong, and the sundering of the bond did not give her much pain. It touched her pride more deeply than it touched her heart. Two days after the reception of the note she was forced to the conclusion that she had been very near doing a foolish thing. As she sat alone in her chamber, and listened to the ringing of the Sabbath bells, a sense of calm, serene repose rested upon her spirit, and she thanked God that she had been saved from marrying a man who had proved himself so utterly heartless. She had loved him a little; but there had been a deeper love in her soul—a quiet, indwelling love, over which this glossy, upspringing passion had thrown a glittering veil for the season.

She met Byron Pearson several times in the street, but he avoided her, and bent his head with a cowardly, sneaking look.

In three weeks, Byron Pearson published his intention of marrying with a middle-aged maiden who was supposed to have some money. In due time they were married; and in ten days afterwards Pearson failed in business, which circumstance led people to believe that he did not obtain much money by his marriage. When his creditors came together for a settlement, it came out that he had been doing business for several months by fraud, and that much of his money had gone at the gaming-table. In short, it was openly proved, what many had suspected, that he was a reckless, dishonest man.

It was Sabbath evening—a bright, moonlight season—Hester was coming out from the church; as she moved away from the porch, she heard a step by her, and a voice sounded in her ear:

"Hester, may I walk with you?"

As kind and as gentle as in other times! There was music in the tones, soft and deep.



She looked up into Paul Deering's face; and, without a word, she took his arm. It was the first time she had seen him since the great change. He had been away at work in a neighbouring town. For a few moments the thrill that shot through her frame deprived her of the power of speech; but by-and-by she recovered herself, and they were soon conversing quite freely. Paul asked after Uncle Robert. He was sorry for the old man; and his tones, as he said so, proved that he was sincere. At length they reached Hester's home.

In a low, hesitating tone, he gazed into Hester's face, and said:

"Hester, I cannot stop now if I may not come again." He hesitated, and trembled, and a tear rolled down his cheek. "Oh!" he cried, while the deep passion of his heart gleamed upon his handsome face, "if this could be the opening hour of a joy that should be mine through life!"

He stopped, and bent eagerly towards her. Hester Neal did not take long to consider. The old love—the deeper, enduring love—burned in her heart, and shone in her moistened eyes. She could not be false to him—false to herself—any more.

"Paul, if you can forgive me, and love me, I will love you with my whole heart!"

A little while of rapture which language cannot transcribe, and then Paul sat down with Hester's hand clasped in his own, and they talked of the future. He had been favoured by fortune, and was amply able to go to housekeeping. He could not yet build him such a dwelling as he should like; but in a few years, at the farthest, he could do so.

On New Year's Day, Paul and Hester were married. Uncle Robert gave the bride away, and of all the happy ones, he seemed the happiest. No one would have supposed, to see him with his face all smiles and joy, that he had ever met with calamity.

After the guests had all departed, and Uncle Robert was left alone with the happy couple, he informed them that he wanted their attention to a little matter of business.

"I am going back to live in the old mansion," he said, "and I want you to come and live with me. Will you do it?"

Of course they could not say no. In fact, they had no wish to say so. They cared not so much to live in the handsome house, with its parks and gardens, and great old trees; but they knew that it would be very pleasant to have Uncle Robert for a companion.

"We will go with you," said Hester, with her arms around the old man's neck. "We will live with you a little while; and then you shall come and live with us. In a year Paul will build a house of his own, and one of the brightest prospects of our future is that we may give a home to good Uncle Robert."

The old man kissed her, and blessed her; and promised her that he would live with them as long as they would keep him.

And so they settled down in the grand old house; and the winter passed away.

One day in spring Uncle Robert saw Paul in close conversation with a man who owned a number of lots of land in the town. He found his niece in the sitting-room, and asked her if she knew what Paul wanted with Mr. Jones.

"He is talking of purchasing some land of him," replied Hester.

"What does he want land for?"

"Why, he thinks of building this summer."

"For whom?"

"For himself—for us."

The old man walked across the room several times, and then sat down by Hester's side.

"Hester," he said, very seriously and distinctly, "look at me, and answer me. Are you not very happy?"

"Why, uncle—what a question!"

"Answer me. Are you not very happy?"

"Oh, who could be happier!" And the proud, joyous flush upon her dimpled cheeks gave token of her full meaning.

"Don't you love your husband?"

"Why, uncle?"

"Will you answer me? Don't you love your husband?"

"With all the love that my poor heart can feel!" Her words were solemnly spoken, and the light of her eyes grew softer and deeper.

"Do you ever wish that you had married another?"

Hester started as though the question had shocked her. She gazed into the old man's face, and she knew what he meant. Then she laid her hand upon his arm, and fervently said:

"Uncle Robert, every morning and every evening, and many, many times in the day, do I thank God that I am the wife of Paul Deering!"

Robert Neal wiped his eyes, and cleared his throat; and then he kissed his niece, and drew her near him.

"Darling," he said, "Paul will not buy any land of Mr. Jones; he will not need it. He must not build a house for himself, he does not want it. Listen to what

I tell you. One year ago Brown and B—— had a hundred and thirty thousand pounds of mine; and last October they failed—failed, just as I told you they did. But, darling, I didn't lose anything by them. Before they gave up they secured me to the last shilling. Brown and B—— were honourable men. I told you that this house was no longer mine; and I told you that I hadn't a shilling that I could call my own. I told you truly. On that time, when I went to Liverpool, I put every pound out of my hands. This house I conveyed to Miss Hester Neal. Then I took all the money I had, about a hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, and deposited it where it would be safe, in the name of this same Hester Neal. But I didn't leave it entirely at her disposal; for I fixed a reservation, by which, in the event of her marriage, I could take it all back. When I returned I got a friend to go to the newspaper office and cause to be published the little bit of news touching my misfortune, which appeared the next day.

"One moment, darling. Do you ask me why I did all this? Let me tell you. I feared that a storm was brewing over the head of my precious pet. I dared not refuse to grant her request, and yet I had no confidence in the character of the man who sought her hand. I did all this to test his worth. Do you blame me, my child?"

Down upon her knees sank Hester, with her face buried in her uncle's lap. She wept and sobbed, but not with grief. The emotions of that moment were overwhelming, but the flood was of joy and gratitude and thanksgiving—not for earthly wealth returned, but in memory of the death-track which had been avoided, and the blissful life which had been secured to her.

"So, my darling," said the old man, kissing her once more, "this house is yours; and as for the money, I shall not make much change in the old deed. Go and tell Paul that he need not buy any land. There—run away; I've got something else to attend to. Don't say a word. Run after Paul, and while you are gone I will over-haul my papers, and get your deed of this house; and I may find something for your husband."

Aye—he found the deed; and he found something for Paul—a certificate of deposit of fifty thousand pounds.

"Dear Paul," said Hester, as they sat alone in their chamber, "for your sake I am glad of this. Are you not glad?"

"My blessed wife," he replied, drawing her to his bosom, "I cannot yet bring myself to realize the full measure of this fortune which Uncle Robert has bestowed upon us; but of one thing you may rest assured. Not all the wealth of all the world could yield to my soul such heavenly joy as comes to me in the possession of the truth and love of my precious wife!" And she believed him.

S. C. J.

## DEARLY-BOUGHT SECRET.

### A LEGEND OF THE CALAVERAS HILLS.

ONE of the wildest districts to be found in the State of California is the hilly district in which are situated the natural bridges of Calaveras. For many miles around, the landscape gives evidence of some terrible convulsion of Nature. The mountains are thrown together in all irregular and uncouth forms; the gorges are narrow, and seemed by great fissures, through which mountain-torrents discharge themselves, laden with the gold-mixed debris of the hills. Vast fields of sand are interspersed with rocks, in the form of boulders, so thickly as to render the passing across them a painful task, and others are undermined by streams which impart to the whole country round about a cavernous and volcanic aspect.

When the early miners first penetrated to this district, its appearance was so bleak and forbidding that none could be found sufficiently daring to pause and pitch their tents. There seemed something weird and supernatural in the very atmosphere which sent a chill to the marrow, and the winds that whistled shrilly through the gulches and ravines appeared the echoes of so many phantom voices, warning the intruders to be off, on peril of their lives.

A mining camp sprang into being in one of the contiguous valleys. Pack trains, laden with goods of every description, began to cross the mountains, and groups of prospectors more frequently made their appearance. But, strangely enough, although the nature of the ground promised lucrative results, no adventurer took up his claim in those almost inaccessible retreats, which even the roving savages shunned as the appropriate dwelling-place of evil spirits. The matter grew to be part of the staple conversation at the camp, and, but for the circumstance that all its denizens were making their fortunes in a pleasanter locality, while there was still room for more, there would have been no lack of persons brave enough to test the producing capacities of the yet untried district.

"Yes; there was one, a certain Joe Humphreys, a restless visionary, who was never satisfied with doing

well, but was eternally meditating some plan by which a fortune might be made of a sudden, and without exertion. Joe had dreamed three dreams of an immense golden nugget, which he felt convinced he was to yet to find by groping among the stones of the forbidden locality; and so, abandoning his good-paying claim at the camp, he took to prowling over the desolate field in which he was convinced that his fortune lay hidden. He was thus engaged one morning, turning over stones and boulders, and occasionally resorting to his diving-rod, when a harsh, rasping voice screamed out to him, as it seemed, from the very bowels of the earth beneath him:

"What are you doing there?"

Joe sprang back a pace or two, with his knife brandished in one hand, and his revolver, ready cocked, in the other, and the look of one who thinks that his time has arrived. Almost at the instant, a gaunt, spectral figure, clad in rags, and glaring at the intruder through two wild eyes, peering from amid a tangled hedge of long, coarse hair, stood before him. There was nothing so very formidable in his looks, however, for his arms were at this moment filled with herbs, and Joe, his first panic over, recognized in him a poor, half-demented fellow, who, having ruined his health in the course of his mining adventures, made a sort of living by selling herbs to the miners, when he could find herbs to sell, and when he could not, resorted to the less independent system of begging. It was known that Dr. Barebones, as they called him, had a hut or cavern somewhere among the hills, but this was the first time that any of the campers had come within stone's-throw of his dwelling-place.

"What should I be doing here, you old scarecrow?" retorted Joe, bristling up, as he saw it was only the Doctor. "What should anybody be after, but gold, in such a spot as this here?"

"Why, I am not hunting for gold, and yet I live here. Strange fancy—isn't it? But I like it better than crowded places, where the men that put on the greatest sanctimony are the first to violate the laws of God and man, and to be poor and lonely is to be cursed of all. Ha! this is my patrimony, Joseph. How do you like it! I'm not afraid of any one jumping my claim, for there is not so much gold in all of it as it would take to gild the head of a pin."

"I thought different," answered Joe: "but the place does look forbidding enough, for sartin. What do you find here?"

"Yarbs."

"Nothing but yarbs? Well, that's rather scaly, Dr. Barebones. If that's all you find, I'd advise you to buy a pestle and mortar, and open a Galen's shop at the camp. It would pay you better, depend on't. But here's a dollar for you; and now I must get back, or some one'll be seizing my pile without asking leave. We'll meet again, doctor, and maybe I'll be the instrument of bringing fortune to your door."

That night, as Joe Humphreys sat before the stove at the Miners' Rest, the only tavern in the camp, relating his experience to a crowd of gaping loungers, all of whom were more or less under the influence of whisky, the door was opened, and Dr. Barebones entered, looking, if possible, more forlorn than ever before.

A party of miners and "professionals" were gambling at a table in the corner, on which glistened huge piles of money, in dust and coin. The doctor seated himself between the group at the stove and the group at the table, and bent a cold and apparently uninterested eye upon the game.

Joe went on with his story (reserving, however, the fact of a nugget of pure, glistening gold which he had found in the course of his researches that morning), and the game increased in interest. The betting became furious, and large sums of money changed hands. The doctor's eyes were suddenly lighted up with a sparkle of animation. He fidgeted restlessly in his seat, called for a drink and swallowed it, and finally, rising in a fit of uncontrollable excitement, rushed up to the table, threw down a heavy piece of gold, and exclaimed, to the amazement of all present:

"I'll go you a 'twenty' on the ace!"

The banter was accepted, and all sprang to their feet to see the fun.

The doctor won, then lost heavily, then won again, and so continued, until by midnight he had nearly emptied the pockets of the crowd, and in yet another hour was turned from the door of the tavern, the loser of all he had won, and some two hundred pounds of his own money into the bargain.

"Fool!" he almost shrieked, as he fled, with down-cast head, and his ragged garments drawn closely about his skeleton figure. "Fool that I was, to take part in a game to which I already owe my ruin. It must have been—it must have been the liquor. But I may yet take my revenge!"

The next day found Joe Humphreys groping among the rocks, and the next evening found Doctor Barebones again leaning over the gambler's table, absorbed in play. But this time the luck was in the doctor's favour; so much so, that he set out for his mysterious

retreat, some hundreds of pounds the richer for his two nights' adventure.

This time, the curiosity of the miners induced them to note the direction he took. It was a cloudy night, with occasional intervals of moonlight; and as the doctor, in spite of his seeming infirmity, sped like an antelope, it was found impossible to keep up with him. Several days passed, and Joe Humphreys, who had gone away prospecting, as usual, had not come back. The miners shrewdly suspected that "something was up," and organized an expedition to follow the "doctor" to his lair. They were obliged to travel some miles before they met with any indications of a trail; but at last, having struck a point about midway between the upper and lower Natural Bridge, they came upon the nearly lifeless body of poor Joe. He was barely able to articulate; but, pointing with his hand up the nearest hollow, he faintly murmured:

"The doctor's an infamous scoundrel. He has robbed and murdered me, and I dare say hundreds before me. Up yonder ravine you'll find him; but as for me, you may leave me alone to die; I can't live many minutes longer, and your time is precious."

He died almost as the words escaped his lips. The party pushed on, and, sure enough, soon found "the doctor" intrenched within an irregular fortification of rocks, from which he dealt deliberate execution upon the foe, while a tall, weird female at his side reloaded his rifle. Before the pile of stones, of which the doctor had constructed at once his fort and his habitation, yawned a pit, the bottom of which was filled with brush and rubbish—a bear-fall, apparently.

The doctor's position was well chosen, and he had dealt severely with the enemy, but at length a lucky shot pierced his brain, and he fell. The assailants sprang forward with a yell, and were speedily in possession of the inclosure, in spite of the desperate resistance offered by the woman, who clubbed a rifle and dealt many a vigorous blow before being captured.

Within, the habitation was comfortably furnished with skins and lounges, fashioned by the occupant's own hands. A child crouched in a distant corner, munching a fragment of hard bread. Near by was a rude garden patch, which the doctor had forced the woman, who appeared to be heartily tired of her bondage, to cultivate; and at the bottom of the hill were found a miscellaneous selection of human skeletons—the remains of prospectors whom this villain, to prevent the discovery of his secret, had secretly put out of the way.

The habitation was found to be literally stuffed with gold, in dust, scales, and nuggets, and on every side, indications of the same metal were met with in profusion. It turned out to be, in fact, the richest mining region in all the district. R. F. G.

**SINGULAR CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.**—A few evenings since, a family in the village of Pitlessie were somewhat surprised and alarmed at observing a figure in white perambulating the floor of their house during the night, and long after they had retired to rest. A little time, however, sufficed to clear up the apparent mystery. A young lad who resides at a different part of the village had, while sleeping, risen from his bed, and, drawing down the upper sash of his bedroom window, scrambled over the top of it, and made his way across one or two gardens, climbing the walls (which were of considerable height) apparently without accident or injury. It is also conjectured by some that he must have gone over a gate between six and seven feet high, the top of which was filled with iron spikes, but this is considered by others as somewhat doubtful, seeing he could avoid it on his way to the house which he entered. On arriving at this house, he gained an entrance by breaking one of the panes of glass in one of the windows. Of course the inmates were promptly on the alert, and had their unlooked-for visitor put to bed and otherwise properly attended to. He bore no marks of having sustained any injuries during the course of his midnight ramble, with the exception of a few scratches on the hands and arms, caused, in all probability, by the breaking of the pane of glass.

**A GREENLAND WHALE-FISHER'S IDEA OF A COLD BATH.**—"But it must be so cold," said Sylvia, shuddering, and giving a small poke to the fire to warm her fancy. "Cold!" said her father, "what do ye stay-at-homes know about cold, a should like to know? If ye'd been where a were once, north latitude 81, in such a frost as ye ha' never known, no, not i' deep winter, and it were June i' them seas, and a whale i' sight, and a were off in a boat after her; an' t' ill-mannered brute as soon as she were harpooned, up wi' her big awkward tail, and struck t' boat in her stern, and chucks me out int' t' water. That were cold, a can tell the'. First, I smarted all over me, as if my skin were suddenly stripped off me; and next every bone i' my body had gotten t' tooth-ache, and there were a great roar i' my ears an' a great dizziness i' my eyes, an' t' boat's crew kept throwing out their oars, an' a kept clutching at 'em, but a could no' make out where they was, my

eyes dazzled so wi' t' cold, an' I thought I were bound for 'kingdom come,' an' a tried to remembe' t' Creed as a might die a Christian. But all a could think on was 'What is your name, M or N?' an' just as a were giving both words and life, they heerd me aboard. But, bless ye, they had but one oar; for they'd thrown a' t' others after me, so ye may reckon, it were some time afore we could reach t' ship; an' a've heerd tell, a were a precious sight to look on, for my clothes was just hard frozen to me, an' my hair a'most as big a lump o' ice as yon iceberg he was a-telling us on; they rubbed me as misses there rubbed t' hams yesterday, and gav' me brandy; an' a ha' ne'er gotten t' frost out o' bones, for a' their rubbin', and a deal o' brandy as I've ta'en sin'. Talk o' cold, it's little ye women know o' cold!"—*Sylvia's Lover.* By Mrs. Gaskell.

## SCIENCE.

**MOVING A CHIMNEY.**—A remarkable work has been accomplished at Worcester, Mass. The chimney-stack at the ironworks of Nathan Washburn, which is 100 feet high, having in it 60,000 bricks, and weighing 170 tons, was moved a distance of 150 feet and turned partly round, without the slightest accident, and not even a brick was dislocated.

**INDUCED MAGNETISM IN TOOLS.**—All tools used in working metals, as those of lathes, planers, shaping and slotting machines, as well as drills, chisels, &c., become decidedly magnetic. This, however, does not exhibit itself uniformly. One of two tools—alike in every respect and used on the same metal—will often be a perfect magnet, the cutting point being the north pole and the opposite end the south; while the other exhibits northern polarity at both ends, and apparently to the same degree. The iron shaving cut by a lathe or planer is a perfect magnet—the south pole being the end at which the cutting tool first touches the metal and the north pole that at which it leaves it. Fine cast-iron turnings exhibit the same phenomena. In both these cases the induced magnetism remains for a considerable length of time.

## MAGNETIC STORMS.

No fact is more widely known than that a suspended bar of magnetized steel points in one direction, north and south; and yet the cause of this is one of the greatest mysteries of nature. Turn a suspended magnet east and west, and back its poles will come again, as if pervaded with instinct, to their normal position. A belief exists among scientific men and others that the earth acts as a great magnet, but how it has acquired magnetism, and how it is distributed, and what may be the causes of its many changes, are still unsolved problems in physical science. Magnetism is a force of nature, but what it is in essence we know not. The earth acts upon a suspended magnet in a peculiar manner by causing it to move in a certain direction; and it is subject to five different changes. For a period of about two hundred years the north pole moves slowly towards the west, then again it returns slowly towards its former position. It is also subject to an annual variation, a daily variation, and a variation caused by the moon; and most perplexing of all, it is subject to sudden changes of position called "magnetic storms."

The magnetic needle is like a wind-vane, as it serves to render visible the direction and intensity of that mysterious force which operates through the earth. Observations upon the magnetic needle reveal the fact that it will sometimes start and oscillate with great activity, without any apparent cause; and it has been noticed that magnets, in various parts of the world, are always thus agitated at the same moment—those in the American observatories and those in Europe throb in unison. These disturbances of the needle have been the subject of much study by several scientific men, and it is believed that these phenomena have a connection with movements in the sun. Prof. Schuabe, of Dessau, has been watching the disc of the sun for nearly forty years, and he has recorded the groups of spots which have appeared upon it. He has found that these occur in greater number, in periods of about ten years. They were noticed in 1848 and 1859, and in these two years, great disturbances of the magnetic needle were observed. A remarkable solar scene was witnessed in the latter year, on the 1st of September, by two astronomers, Messrs. Carrington and Hodgson, in England. They were independently observing the sun's disc, which at that time exhibited a large spot, when they saw a very bright ball of light suddenly break out over the spot, and move with a high velocity over the sun's surface. At that moment a magnetic storm took place, and the needle was agitated as if moved by a sudden living impulse.

Magnetic storms are always accompanied by aurora and earth magnetic currents. The latter are known to telegraph operators. They traverse the surface of the earth, and a portion of magnetism is taken up by the line-wires, seriously disturbing communications. It has been found that aurora and great earth cur-

rents recur at intervals of about ten years, with the spots on the sun's surface. It therefore appears that magnetic disturbances occur in the sun, in the earth's atmosphere, and in the earth itself, at the same time and at regular periods. The mysterious force, "magnetism," seems to pervade the entire solar system, and perhaps the whole universe. The next period of great magnetic disturbance will take place in 1869. In that year groups of spots will appear on the sun's disc; brilliant aurora will be noticed in the earth's atmosphere extending over the greater part of the globe (as in 1859, when they were seen as far south as Cuba); and the magnetic needle will be greatly disturbed by earth currents.

**STEAM TRUMPETS.**—A good deal has been said lately in London about "steam trumpets" as a mode of signalling on railways. It appears that these instruments are the invention of Dr. Upham, of Boston. About a year ago he obtained the use of two locomotives for the purpose of an experimental talk by the sounds of the steam-whistle. The inventor had attached several contrivances to the whistle in the shape of bells, trombones, and clarionets; and by means of these he was enabled to represent the sounds of the alphabet by very different sounds. He found that by their means he could convey a message to a distance of three miles which could be heard and understood even amid the more immediate sounds produced by the movement of a railway train. The doctor has, it is said, found it possible, by the simple trumpet, to transmit any message, however long or complicated, the distance of a mile. So far as the public ear is concerned, anything would be preferable to the present diabolical screech of the iron horse.

**SPECTRUM ANALYSIS APPLIED TO THE STARS.**—Newton admitted a sunbeam through a small hole into a dark room, and caused it to be bent out of its course by placing in its path a prism of glass. He was richly rewarded by the separation from each other of the different coloured lights which, by their united influence, affect us as white light. Each of these being bent from its course according to the velocity of its vibrations, the sunbeam is spread out, the rays that have travelled together to us from the sun diverge from each other, from the red, which is least diverted, to dark purple, which is the most bent aside. Conceive of a fan, the sticks of which are coloured red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, purple. Closed, it represents a sunbeam. Opened, the same sunbeam spread out by refraction through a prism. If in place of a round hole the light be admitted through a very narrow slit, so as to diminish the glare by the removal of the overlapping light, and certain other precautions be taken, it will be seen that the coloured rays of the solar fan are closely written over with dark lines. The whole of the spread-out sunbeam is full of dark lines, differing in thickness, and in shade of blackness, and arranged in different groups. Wollaston first saw them. Fraunhofer, in 1815, published a map of the solar spectrum with six hundred of these lines laid down. To the principal ones he gave the names of the letters of the alphabet, though he dreamt not of what those letters would spell if rightly combined and interpreted.

## MAGNESIUM.

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary thus describes a new process for preparing magnesium, which it is supposed will be applicable on a manufacturing scale, based upon the two following main facts: 1. That when a mixed solution of the chlorides of magnesium and of sodium is evaporated to dryness and then heated to redness a fused mass remains, which, heated with sodium, gives magnesium; and 2. That magnesium does not sensibly act upon iron when air is excluded and the heat is not raised excessively high. Hence it follows that iron vessels may be used in which to effect the reaction of sodium upon the "material," or fused mass obtained as described. These are the two hinges upon which swings the gate, which it is trusted will open a new room in the house of industry for the occupancy of man. The process being independent of the use of chloride of ammonium, saves the loss incurred when that salt is volatilized off chloride of magnesium: the enormous waste of the magnesium chloride which occurs in the old process is also prevented; nitrogen is not present in the "material," thus made, and the manipulation of the new process is so easy that it has been successfully conducted in my laboratory during my absence by an unskilled servant lad.

When clay crucibles are used for every operation, the size of the vessels can hardly be increased beyond certain narrow limits; and the magnesium obtained in clay vessels cannot be other than silicified. A good iron crucible, on the other hand, will last, with care, for more than a hundred operations, as my experience has proved; its size may be increased at will, and the magnesium (unlike aluminium, which may not be prepared in iron vessels), derives nothing from the iron. But there are two minor matters which require mention. The first of these is that the magnesia of commerce is unfit, owing to the presence of sulphates in it, for the production of magnesium; whereas, if the mother-liquors of sea-water are not accessible, magnesia re-



quires to be specially prepared in view of the manufacture of magnesium from it. This special preparation simply consists in the thorough washing with pure water of freshly precipitated carbonate of magnesia, then drying by pressure, washing again, and so on until the wash waters—properly acidulated—give no precipitate with chloride of barium.

The other point relates to a new method of obtaining anhydrous chloride of magnesium, which consists in heating the hydrated chloride up to redness in a current of perfectly dry hydrochloric acid gas, which carries off the water associated with the chloride. The fused chloride of magnesium thus obtained may be used for the production of magnesium, or as a bath, in which when crude magnesium is fused, it becomes freed from sodium, with which it is usually alloyed in its crude condition. The magnesium obtained by the foregoing process is still impure, and therefore may be distilled with advantage.

**SYSTEM OF ANALYSIS.**—The great object of the system of analysis which I have now briefly described is to reduce the whole science of jurisprudence to a single expression, by adopting the human individual as the unit, the determination of whose status is its final object and from whose various situations the entire series of its problems must arise. We begin by taking the simple fact of his existence and by combining that fact with the subsequent consequences of his volition and with the antecedent peculiarities of his character. We then proceed to consider the effect of these natural circumstances when combined with the fact, whether considered as natural or artificial, of his allegiance to a political community. And we may possibly hereafter conclude by further combining the results of natural and civil with those of conventional society. I say with the utmost confidence that the human imagination may safely be defied to conceive any possible opposition of interests between two human beings whose causes and consequences may not, according to these principles of analysis, be classified with mathematical precision. —*Jurisprudence. By C. Spencer.*

**COMPOUND OR MATERIAL FOR COATING OR COVERING METALLIC AND VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES TO PRESERVE THEM FROM CORROSION OR DECAY.**—The patentee, Mr. C. S. Duncan, proposes to use marine glue, gutta-percha, india-rubber, shellac, copal, mastic, vegetable or mineral pitch, tar, resin, iodine, sulphur, creosote, or asphalt, bitumen, and coal tar, in combination with one or more of the following substances:—Alumina, schist, quartz, slate, silex, or flint, marble, or porzellan, sand, sandstone, cement (natural or artificial), chalk, glass, emery, tripoli, white oxide of zinc or of lead, or the litharge or red oxide of lead, in every case reduced to a fine and nearly impalpable powder, in proportions varying from one-fourth part to five parts of these powdered materials to one part or more of the before-mentioned plastic substances. The materials are then to be heated, so as to reduce them to a plastic or semi-liquid state, and he also heats the metal or metals to be coated with the compound to a moderate temperature; and while in this heated state he lays on the coating with brushes or by any convenient method. Immediately after the coating has been laid on the metal, wood, or other body to be preserved, and before it is allowed to cool, the compound is to be covered with a layer of one or more of these mineral powders before mentioned in a warm state, in order to entirely remove all small or tack. When the compound has become cool, the surface may be brought to a smooth or polished exterior by rubbing it with any ordinary substance used for rubbing down or polishing mineral or metallic surfaces.

#### CHAIN CABLE.

It has been stated, at different times, that chain cables are injured by the tests applied. In order to prove that no injury is brought on cables by testing, Mr. William Willcocks, the master-smith at Woolwich, gave the following interesting account of an experiment made by Government, to ascertain the truth of the case. A length of 2½ in. cable, the proof of which is 91½ tons, was tested in the usual way. The chain was made by Hawks and Co., in 1843. "It was subsequently tested to the proof-strain twice, and then broke at 119½ tons; after which, being shackled together, it was tested to proof-strain twice; then to 119½ tons; then to 120½ tons; then to 223½ tons; then to 126½ tons; then broke at 123½ tons. It was then shackled together, and proved up to 127½ tons; then to 131½ tons; men exhausted; then broke or crushed a stay-pin, and broke the link thus unprotected at 133 tons. I beg also to state, that a length of 2½ in. the proof strain for which is 81½ tons, was afterwards broken at 100½ tons; then to 109½ tons; broke at 109½ tons; again shackled together, and broke at 108 tons; then at 110 tons. The second piece ultimately bore, at the thirteenth trial, 122½ tons."

In answer to a question by Admiral Duncombe, Mr. Willcocks stated that he had never known an instance of a chain cable, often being tested, breaking at a much lower strain than that it had undergone during the test. The experiments we have referred to were con-

tinued, and a length of 1½ in. was tried, the proof strain for which is 55½ tons. At the sixth trial, this broke at 83½ tons. The second piece of the same size was also tested, and it broke at the eighth experiment also at 83½ tons. "A length of 1 in. cable was also tested, the proof for which is 18 tons; ultimately it reached a breaking strain, at the ninth trial, at 26¾ tons. The second piece of the same size broke first at 15½ tons, at a very weak part of the swivel, being a quarter of an inch under the required size. The pieces were, as before, shackled together up to seven times, when it broke at 26¾ tons."

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**CHALK EN BURNS.**—Take chalk and linseed or common olive-oil, and mix them in such proportions as will produce a compound as thick as thin honey; then add vinegar, so as to reduce it to the thickness of treacle; apply with a soft brush or feather, and renew the application from time to time. Each renewal brings fresh relief, and a most grateful coolness. If the injury is severe, especially if it involves the chest, give ten drops of laudanum to an adult, and repeat it in an hour, and again a third time. To a child of ten years, give in like manner only three drops; and beware of giving any to an infant. This plan, with an internal stimulant according to age, as brandy, or sal-volatile, or both, should be at once adopted, and there need be no impatience for the arrival of the often distant doctor; neither is submission advisable to any change in the plan, as regards the chalk paint, when he may arrive, for it is quite certain that the College of Surgeons cannot improve it.

#### WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG.

DR. JAMES BLAKE advises the consumptive to join with several friends, procure horses and waggons, and set off upon a long journey, sleeping in the open air, no matter what the weather. He seems to think this the only way in which it is possible to induce the consumptive to sleep in the fresh air. Dr. Jackson gives the case of a consumptive young man (he does not state the condition of his lungs) who was cured by sleeping in the open air on a hay-stack. This advice and experience do not quite harmonize with the common terror of night-air. But while I believe that breathing the pure out-door air all night is an important curative means in this disease, I do not believe that sleeping in the open fields of a stormy night is the best means for securing pure night-air, in the case of a feeble woman; on the contrary, I think it might be more pleasantly, and quite as effectually, secured in a comfortable house, with open windows and an open fire.

No doubt the lives of thousands would be saved by destroying their houses, and compelling them to sleep in the open air;—not because houses are inevitable evils, but because they are so badly used. Windows are barred and closed, as if to keep out assassins; draughts defended against, as if they were bomb-shells; and the furnace-heat still more corrupts the air, which has done duty already—to how many lungs, for how many hours? Let the consumptive thank God for the blessing of a house, but let him use it wisely. How my heart has ached, to see the consumptive patient put away in a bed, behind curtains, in an unventilated room, the doors and windows carefully closed, to shut out the very food for which his lungs and system were famishing! I do not wonder that Blake, Jackson, and many others have advised an out-door life of the wildest and most exposed sort, to invalids of this class—but I do wonder that they have not equally insisted upon abundance of air for them, as pure as that of the fields and mountains, in their own homes, and in the midst of friends and comforts.

#### SKELETONIZING OAK-LEAVES.

It yet remains to notice in connection with oak-leaves, what cannot fail to excite the liveliest pleasure in every naturalist who delights to seek the woods and streams on chill autumn days, though all the fragrant epigeas, the delicate bloodroots, the pale spring beauties, the "modest Quaker ladies," and all their lovely spring companions have so long departed as to diffuse almost a feeling of sadness in visiting the now desolate slopes they rendered so inviting. Let our amateur note what becomes of the leaves that, having performed their allotted part in the growth of the forest, and ceased to be fermented by the life-sustaining sap, have yielded to the blast and now thickly strew the ground, awakening, as stirred by the wind or the foot of the pedestrian, the familiar rustle of the autumnal woods. These are all destined to pass into the earth from which they sprang by a slow but sure decay.

The oak-leaves, as would be supposed, longest resist this destiny. Even those that have fallen into yonder stream have not matted themselves into the slimy mass, except by mixing with other and less hardy leaves; and here, if the explorer will search closely, he may occasionally find almost perfectly skeletonized oak-leaves. How came they so? Look, provident Nature

has found a way to make them, intractable as they are, to subserve a purpose in her wise economy.

Thousands of curious little animals called caddice bugs [*sic*], who envelope themselves in a tubular little cocoon [*sic*] of pebbles and sand, are daintily masticating the soft parts of these, leaving all the veinings as perfect as the most capacious skeletonizer could desire. It is true that after the rough usage of the running stream upon its pebbled bottom and the thick matrix of twigs, chestnut-burs, acorns, and the like, very few perfect specimens remain, but then, my friend, here is a hint for us. Change these adverse conditions; colonize, by the aid of an exploring kettle, a few hundred caddices with their moveable tents [*sic*] to your own sheltered verandah; give them a shallow dish with a bed of sand in the bottom, and a constant trickle of fresh water to resemble their native stream; then supply them with their favourite leaf, and they will clean it for you to perfection. This has been done successfully, and it can be done again.—*The Phantom Bouquet; A Treatise on the Art of Skeletonizing Leaves, &c., &c. By Edward Varriach.*

#### THE WONDERS OF THE SKIN.

THE skin of our bodies is a wonderfully complex structure, and in the animal economy its functions are of the most important character. The stomach, the liver, and even the brain itself are not so necessary to life as the skin. Persons may live for several days without food, and the liver may wholly cease to act for several days before death results, but death will ensue in a few hours if the functions of the skin are destroyed. Experiments have been made with the lower animals, and the results show that the skin is the most important auxiliary to the lungs in the process of the aëration of the blood. By varnishing the fur of a rabbit or coating the skin of a pig with an air-tight substance, the animal dies in about two hours, with all the symptoms which are produced by cutting off the supply of air from the lungs. On the accession of Leo X. to the papal chair of Rome, there was a grand procession in Florence and a little girl was coated all over with gold leaf, to represent "The Golden Age." The child died in a few hours in convulsions, to the horror of the spectators, who were ignorant of the cause. From such facts we may infer how important it is for health to keep the skin in an efficient state, so as to discharge its functions; and this part of the human body has been placed within the control of man, while most of the other organs of the body are beyond his visible control.

In insects the entire respiration is conducted by means of pores in the skin called *spiracles*. These are guarded by minute hairs, but if a feather dipped in oil is applied to the abdominal portions of an insect's body, such as that of a wasp, it dies almost instantly from suffocation.

Aëration of the blood is not, however, the only function which the skin has to discharge. Absorption is also carried on by the lymphatic vessels which permeate the skin everywhere over the whole surface of the body. Persons in whom disease of the throat closed up the natural entrance to the stomach have been kept alive for days and weeks by being frequently immersed in baths of warm milk; the celebrated Duc de Pasquano, who died in France not long ago at the age of ninety years, had been kept alive for several weeks before his death by such means. Various salts have been detected in the secretions of persons who have used baths containing those salts in solution. The skin may also be said to be the special organ of the sense of touch. It forms a beautiful covering for the body, preserves the delicate structures underneath, regulates the intensity of sensations from without, and by excretion it removes from the body materials which are no longer of use to it, and which, if retained longer, would become injurious.

The structure of the skin shows how beautifully it is adapted to the discharge of its important offices. It is composed of two layers—the outer layer is called the *cuticle* or *scarf skin* and sometimes the *epidermis*, and the inner one is called *cutis* or true skin and sometimes the *dermis*. This latter rests upon an interlaced netted structure called the *areolar tissue*, out of which the granules and fibres of the skin are formed. At one time it was held that there was a third layer called the *reticular* or pigment-layer, between the true and scarf skins, but from later researches it is ascertained that there is no such layer, and that the pigment cells, which the colour of the skin in different races is due to, are but a development of the scarf skin. In general the scarf skin is thin, but the true skin is of variable thickness, and it is so thick in the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, elephant, &c., as to have acquired for them the name of pachydermatous animals. The cuticle consists of several layers of laminated scales which are formed by the flattening of the granules in the deeper layers. These granules, in man, are at first nucleated cells, and the colouring matter of the skin resides in these. They are very minute, being about one three-thousandth of an inch in diameter, then as they approach the surface

and assume the scaly form, their diameter increases to about one six-hundredth of an inch. In many animals and fish the scales are very large, still they are only a modified form of the epidermal scales in human beings.

### FACETIE.

A WIDOW once said to her daughter, "When you are at my age, it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless girl; "for a second time." The mother fainted.

ALBERT GUNN was recently discharged for false entries in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. His dismissal reads thus:—A Gunn discharged for making a false report."

"NIGGAR, who am de fuss man dat interduced salt pervishars into de navy?" "Dar, now, yeh's too hard for dis colored individual." "It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham board his ark."

NEVER did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my life, I do not yet know whether I am uncle or aunt."

A CERTAIN old lady, whenever she hires a servant man, always asks, "can you whistle?" On being asked the reason of this curious question she says she always makes him whistle when he goes to draw the ale until he returns, thus securing him from tasting.

DURING a late concert at the Manchester hall, several of the seats having been spoken for, were labelled "engaged." Upon the audience leaving, it was ascertained that one of the ladies walked home with the word "engaged," in large letters, upon her back, much to the amusement of a large crowd of bystanders.

AN old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady, who was present, declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam!" cried Coles in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady. Coles evaporated.

A FEW years ago a little fellow was taken by his father to a carpenter, to be bound apprentice to him, after the fashion of old times. In settling the business the master who was one of the dignified kind, observed: "Well, my boy, I suppose you can eat almost anything, can't you?" "I always make my boys live on what they don't like."—"I love everything but beef and apple pie," lisped the boy.

A CREDULOUS clown went to the clergyman of his parish, and told him, with great symptoms of consternation, that he had seen a ghost. "Where did you see it?" was the question. "Why," said Diggorry, "as I was going, and please your reverence, by the church, right up against the wall, I sees the ghost." "In what shape did it appear?" "For all the world like a great donkey." "Go home, and hold your tongue," said the clergyman, "for you are a timid creature, and have only been frightened by your own shadow."

ONLY A DREAM.—A bashful yokel was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. Yokel called one day when she alone was at home. After settling the merits of the weather, miss said, looking slyly into his face: "I dreamed of you last night." "Did you? Why, now." "Yes, I dreamed you kissed me." "Why, now, what did you dream your mother said?" "Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home!" A light dawned on yokel's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps yokel's whip, and perhaps not, but about a month more they were married.

AN old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession. "My son," said the counsellor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be clearly against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If on the other hand you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded on justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case," replied the lawyer, "talk round it!"

MRS. GREEN'S SOLILOQUY.—"How I'd like to go over to Mrs. Brown's, and give her a piece of my mind. I declare, it is too bad for that husband of hers to make such a fool of her. May be if I was his wife I'd believe all he said, and pity him, and pet him, and wait on him, just as she does, but I don't believe I should. She wouldn't if she knew as much about him as I do. It isn't but a short time since he came home with his face covered with bruises that he got in a drunken fight, and he told her that while he was out riding the horses ran away, and threw him out of the carriage, but he held on, and they dragged him along the road on his face. And yesterday, when Mrs. Brown had company, and wished him to come home to tea early, he promised her he would, of course. Well, tea-time came, but Mr

Brown did not; but he did come at twelve o'clock, and in such a condition! He was covered with mud, and had lost his hat and his gloves. He said he went into the country on business, and would have been home soon enough, but he had a balky horse, and he had to get out a number of times, and turn the horse round to make him go at all. If he had said that the horse had a balky driver it would have been much nearer the truth, in my way of thinking."

NAOMI, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

"There never was a goose so grey,  
But some day, soon or late,  
An honest gander came that way,  
And took her for his mate."

We got one darkey on the way out. He had never seen a cannon, and of course did not know what it was. He stood beside one when they fired it off, and I assure you Farry the clown never dropped so quick as he did. His eyes rolled wildly, and he alarmingly called out:—"Oh Lord! hab mercy on dis poor chile. He am for de Union every time, sah." The artillerymen might have been tied with straws. When they had got over their laugh, they told him it was one of old Abe's guns. The nigger said—"He had a — loud voice."

### STUCCO-STRICKEN.

(A Chant for Kelt and Lucas.)

BOTHER that Pam, what did he mean  
By talking about stucco?  
The word is dinned in people's ears,  
And rings like note of cuckoo.

Had he gone in, the building praised,  
With his accustomed pluck, oh  
The House had voted "Buy, buy, buy,"—  
But to fall back on stucco!

Of terra-cotta had he talked,  
Or to mosaic stuck, oh,  
The purchase plan had ne'er been balked,  
As 'tis by talk of stucco.

The vision rose of brick first spread  
With garb of sable muck, oh,  
Soon to be shabbily arrayed  
With short-lived coat of stucco.

One long half-mile of villa-front  
The House with horror struck, oh,  
Not even Patience in a punt  
Could swallow so much stucco.

"In summer suns 'twill peel and go,  
The winter rains 'twill suck, oh,  
From Madame Rachel's bills we know  
The cost of mending stucco.

So round the House the whisper's dropped,  
Reiterate as the cuckoo—  
And our defender's mouths are stopped  
With stucco, stucco, stucco! —Punch.

"HONESTY," says Archbishop Whately, "is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man."

SOME poet says the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose, is the celebrated "kiss for a blow," about which we have heard so much.

AN attorney about to furnish a bill of costs was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

A FRENCHMAN TAKING AN ENGLISH BATH.—"I go; it is not a very nice place; small, and I think, not very clean: but I go in, I say to a man there 'I want a bath.' 'Yes sir, what eat, sir?' I look at him. Mon Dieu, I think how foolish is this man. I say 'No, thank you; he say again, what eat sir; what eat?' 'I begin to get rather angry. I did not think the English so barbaric people to eat, just before the bath. In France we eat after the bath; it is bad, it deranges the stomach to go in hot water after one has eaten. The man turned red, angry, I think; he say some rude word. Then he came back with a thermometer in his hand; he call out loud enough to make me deaf. 'What eat for your bath, sir? Show with your finger.'"

A GOOD SHOT.—I never pass the old toll-gate at Newcastle Bridge, without thinking of the story of George Schaffer, who many years ago lived in Portsmouth. I must tell it as a tribute to his funny memory. Once he had been in Newcastle, gunning, and was coming home with his game-bag empty, and very weary, when he stopped at the toll-house for a moment's rest. Says he to the toll-taker, "There's a fine flock of ducks back here in a pond; what will you let me fire into them for?" "Can't do it," replied the tollman; "I don't want to have my ducks killed." George put his gun into the toll-house, and walked back to take another look at the ducks. While he was gone the tollman, who was a wag, drew the shot from the barrel, and then replaced the gun. George returned and

renewed the question. "Well," said the tollman, "though you are called a good shot, I don't believe you could hurt them much. Give me five shillings and you may fire. The five shillings was paid, and quite a party who had gathered round, went back to witness George's discomfiture. He raised the gun, fired, and killed nine of them. "The devil!" cried the tollman, in consternation, "how did you do that? I took the charge out of your gun." "Yes," said George, "I supposed you would. I always go double-charged."

RIFLE PRACTICE.—At the annual prize meeting of the Sussex Volunteer Association at Littlehampton, an officer of the 1st Sussex unconsciously made the following pun. He was in deedy conversation with one of the lady visitors of Littlehampton, who had strolled to the ranges to kill idle time, on the powers of the rifle, and she asked, "And pray what rifle will carry the maximum distance!" to which he replied, "The minimum." (Minimum.)

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.—Mr. Smith always said that his son John would break his heart, and he came pretty near it once, as the old gentleman was mourning over a disappointment in a matter of trade, where he received a less return than he expected. "Where are my profits now, John?" "But, father," responded the son, "you should be prepared for these things, for you know there are to be 'false prophets' in the latter days, according to Scripture." The old man threw the book at him, and felt somewhat relieved by so doing.

AN ECCENTRIC LADY.—A lady named Wilton, alias Hyde, residing at Raglan House, Lambeth, has been summoned before the magistrates, charged with having given a number of persons tarts, which, on being opened, were found to contain black-beetles and some shockingly inodorous mixture. In another tart was a painted toy pear full of black beetles. She was also charged with having kept a German band playing until a late hour of the night, to the great disturbance of the neighbourhood. On one occasion she had a party of black men playing there, and on their leaving she presented them with a large pie, which they carried off with them. On reaching the first public-house, they stopped to have what they expected to be a good feed, but on cutting the pie they found the stuffing to be a pair of ladies' drawers. One of them put the drawers on, and, returning to the house, danced about for nearly an hour.

AN ELEPHANT'S SAGACITY.—An elephant was sent to Nagercoil for the purpose of piling timber by the Dewan, who requested the wife of a missionary residing there to be good enough to see the animal fed, and thus prevent its keeper from abstracting its food. It was therefore brought to the house for this purpose, and at first all went on correctly, but after a time it was suspected that the amount of rice was getting smaller and smaller; so one day the keeper was remonstrated with, and, of course, protested against the imputation of having taken it, adding, in true native phraseology, "Madam, do you think I could rob my child?" The elephant looked on most sagaciously, and at this stage of the proceedings quietly threw his trunk around his keeper, and untied his bulky waist-cloth, when the missing rice fell to the ground.

MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCES.—When Bishop Blomfield was incumbent of Chesterford, he once asked a school-girl, "What do you mean by succouring father and mother?" "Giving on 'em milk!" was the answer. Dr. Buchel, the clergyman of a small German village, says:—"A heavy countryman was accustomed to enter the church with regularity, compose himself in a comfortable seat, and go to sleep for the whole of the service. In order to break the countryman of the ill-mannered habit, our author gave a lad a groshen to sit beside the slumberer, and, by continually twitching at his garments, keep him awake. The plan for the first Sunday answered so admirably, that on the next the doctor offered a similar bribe for a like service. The conscientious lad refused the offer, saying that the man had already given him twice the sum to allow him a quiet rest." A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied and chose the following in the Psalms as his text:—"And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

AN ORIGINAL DUEL.—Old Colonel Stubbins was an odd genius, a queer compound of comic-seriousness. Replete with jokes, both original and selected, he was not slow in hatching them up and dealing them out in small doses on different occasions. One evening, at a party, a young gentleman, upon whom the colonel had told some cutting jokes, feeling himself insulted, challenged the colonel to a mortal combat. The challenge was accepted. Having the choice of weapons and the appointment of the place of meeting, the colonel told the young man to repair the following morning, at six o'clock, to a certain spot, and added "that he would see the weapons were there." The following morning, at the appointed time the young man repaired to the indicated spot, near which was a stone quarry. "Well,



younger," said the colonel, sticking his hands in his pockets, "are you ready?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued, "Here's where we are to fight," pointing to the quarry; "and there are our weapons," pointing to a heap of boulders at the bottom of the quarry. "You're to go down there and throw those stones up, and I'm to stay up here and throw them down." It is needless to add that the challenge was withdrawn.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD who, though ungovernable, calls his father Governor, asks his older sister: "Is the Governor up-stairs, Maria?" "If you mean father—yes." "Well, then, tell him if he wants to speak to me about staying out late of a night, he had better come down and do so now, as I have got an appointment at ten o'clock, to take the two Miss Sparkles! Be lively, there's a good girl!"

## A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

The following certificate of a marriage was found among an old lady's writings:—

"This is to certify whom it may concern, that Arthur Waters and Amy Yurtley were lawfully married by me, John Higginson, on the first day of August, anno 1703.

"I Arthur, on Monday,  
Take thee, Amy, till Tuesday,  
To have and to hold till Wednesday,  
For better for worse till Thursday,  
I'll kiss thee on Friday,  
If we don't agree on Saturday,  
We'll part again on Sunday."

Of the stories preserved of Garth's social humours, some are exquisitely droll. Writing a letter at the coffee-house, he had found himself overlooked by a curious fellow, who was impudently reading every word of the epistle. Garth took no notice of the impertinence until he had finished and signed the body of his letter, when he added a postscript of unquestionable legibility: "I would write you more this post, but there's a tall, impudent man looking over my shoulder all the time." "What do you mean, sir?" roared the fellow, in a fury; "do you think I looked over your letter?" "Sir," replied the physician, "I never once opened my lips to you." "Aye, but you put it down for all that." "This impossible, sir, that you should know that, for you have never once looked over my letter."

A FAIR RACE.—The Saxon race.—Fun.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—We hear on good authority that as his numerous "friends and backers" are, of course, anxious to have his portrait, Chambers is about to sit for his boat-ograph!—Fun.

## AN IDEA OF FAITH.

A FEMALE teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream, once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she was trying to explain to her pupils the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed:

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is faith," said the schoolmistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired:

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school-room.

A DISMAL CASE.—SCENE.—A Lawyer's Office, 2 p.m. Nogs No. 1 (dolefully).—"I say, Eb, I wish there would be another Russian War!" Nogs No. 2 (ditto).—"So do I. Why though?" Nogs No. 1.—"Why, you see in four or six years' time there might be peace rejoicings, and then we should, perhaps, stand a chance for another holiday!"—Fun.

A JOKE BY A GERMAN.—A German friend of ours has made a little joke in English, and as an encouragement to other foreign students of our language, we spare our friend an inch of our immortal print. Some one was talking of a brewer who had married a young lady related to a peer, when our friend remarked, "Ah, yes, a very proper match. Of course a brewer ought to be connected with the Boerage."—Punch.

## GEMS.

THERE is more beauty in the works of a great genius, who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.

WORKING AND THINKING.—It is no less a fatal error to despise labour when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and call one a gentleman, and the other an

operative—whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we may be both ungente, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. All professions should be liberal, there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.

ACUR said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our incomes should be like our shoes: if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but, if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip.

## A LESSON.

A LESSON in itself sublime,

A lesson worth enshrining,

Is this—"I take no note of time,

Save when the sun is shining."

These motto words a dial bore,

And wisdom never preaches

To human hearts a better lore

Than this short sentence teaches.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,

And sometimes dark and lonely,

Let us forget its pain and care,

And note its bright hours only!

There is no grove on earth's broad chart

But has some bird to cheer it;

So Hope sings on in every heart,

Although we may not hear it.

And if to-day the heavy wing

Of sorrow is oppressing,

Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring

The weary heart a blessing;

For life is sometimes bright and fair,

And sometimes dark and lonely,

Then let's forget its toil and care,

And note its bright hours only!

We bid the joyous moments haste,

And then forget their glitter—

We take the cup of life, and taste

No portion but the bitter;

But we should teach our hearts to deem

Its sweetest drops the strongest—

And pleasant hours should ever seem

To linger round us longest.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,

And sometimes dark and lonely,

Let us forget its toil and care,

And note its bright hours only!

A. D.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE new street from Blackfriars Bridge to the Mansion House is called Southwark Street.

THE Empress Eugénie has dyed her hair perfectly dark; but the change is anything but becoming.

THE Queen has become an annual subscriber of £25 to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution.

FOR the last two years a large whale has disported itself about the rocks at Rhoscolyn, near Holyhead, and people visit the shore to see it.

DURING the ensuing year it is fully expected that the Prince and Princess of Wales will be guests at the Imperial Palace of St. Cloud, Versailles, or the Tuileries.

AN airtight box, in which two years ago a live frog was imprisoned by a Sunderland gentleman, was opened a few days ago, and the frog was found to be quite lively.

THE Czar is not particularly kindly disposed towards France, since he has ordered all the French employés on railways, and other public enterprises, to be dismissed and turned out of Russia.

THIS year there were fifty-four poets who wrote for the prize that the Belgian Government presents annually to the author of the best words for the song, that has been the prize composition of the Conservatoire. The successful author is a lad of sixteen, from the Gymnase at Arlon.

THE young wife of Captain Stoddard, of the Rifles, was saved from the wreck of the Anglo-Saxon, where her husband perished, heroically rendering assistance to others. No portion of her effects were saved; and she, a widow of 19 years of age, is here alone and destitute. Under these circumstances Mrs. Stoddard applied to Messrs. Allans, as we are distinctly informed, for a passage back to Britain, and was refused.

A NOVEL exhibition, one that most interest if not amuse every spectator, is being performed at the Hippodrome. A German, M. Tolmaque, presents himself to the public, and appears like any other ordinary man;

he then sits down on a chair, to which he permits himself to be attached by cords or ropes in every possible manner, round the arms, legs, body, and even round his neck, till any other person would be suffocated. Any one may tie them that has the strength to do it, and any amount of untieable knots may be made. Then a sheet is thrown over his head, and at the expiration of three minutes the sheet is removed and the man gets up free. All the ropes are loosened, but none of them cut. Of course, some spirit is the "medium," for the dénouement of this marvellous exhibition.

## THE DUNMOW PRIZE

THE interest awakened by the proposed revival of this singular reward for connubial happiness will doubtless render the following extracts from the "Monasticon" and "Antiquarian Repertory" attractive to our readers:

From a MS. in the Coll. of Arms, marked L 14, p. 226. Printed in "Dugdale's Monasticon."

Robert Fitzwalter lived long beloved of King Henry, the some of King John, as also of all the realm. He betook himself, in his latter days, to prayer and deeds of charity, gave great and bountiful alms to the poor, kept great hospitalities, and rectified the decayed priory of Dunmow, which one Juga, a most devout and religious woman, being in her kind his ancestor, had builded, in which priory arose a custome begun and instituted either by him or some other of his successors, which is verified by a common proverb or saying, viz.—yt he who repens him not of his marriage, either sleeping or waking, in a year and a day, may lawfully go to Dunmow and fetch a gammon of bacon. It is most assured that such a custome there was, and that this bacon was divided with such solemnity and triumph as they of the priory and the townsmen could make. I have enquired of the manner of it, and can learn no more but that it continued until the dissolution of that house, as also the abbey. That the plie or pilgrim for bacon was to take his oath before the Prior, the Convent, and the whole towne, humbly kneeling in the churchyard upon two hard, pointed stones, which stones, some say, are there yet to be seen in the priory churchyard. His oath was ministered with such long process, such solemn singing on him, which, doubtless, must make his pilgrimage (as I term it) painful. After he was taken up upon men's shoulders, and carried first about the priory churchyard, and after through the towne, with all the friars, and all the brethren, and all the townsfolk, young and old, following him with shouts and acclamations, with his bacon borne before him, and in such manner (as I have said) he was sent home with his bacon—of which, I find, that some had a gammon, and others a fleake or a flitch, for proof whereof I have, from the records of the house, found the names of three several persons that at several times had it.

"Anno 7 Edw. IV. M. that one Steven Samuel, of Little Ayrton, in ye C. of Essex, husbandman, came to the Priory of Dunmowe on Our Ladye Day in Lent, in the 7th yere of King Edward ye 4th, and required a Gamon of Bacon, and was sworn before Roger Bulcote, then prior, and the Convent of this place, as also before a multitude of other neighbours, and there was delivered unto him a Gamon of Bacon.

"Anno 23 Hen. VI. M. a similar entry in favour of Richard Wright, of Badborough, near the city of Norwich, yeoman, who was, on the 27th April, in the 23rd year of King Henry VI., sworn according to the form of the Charter, by John Cannon, prior, and had delivered to him one Flitch of Bacon.

"Anno 2 Hen. VIII. A similar entry, in favour of Thomas Lefuller, of Cogshall, in Essex, who, on the 8th day of September, 1510, came to the Priory of Dunmow, and required to have some of the bacon, of Dunmow, and being sworn before John Tils, then prior, there was delivered unto the said Thomas, a Gamon of Bacon.

The Fitzwalters were descended from Gislebert, Earl of Eu, in Normandy. They had large possessions in Essex, and were great benefactors to this monastery.

Some of the foundations of the priory were to be seen a few years since on the south-west side of the church, and the site of the offices of the priory is occupied by the present manor-house.

The church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was a large and stately edifice, the roof being supported by pillars of the Tuscan order, some of which remain.

What now forms the parish church is only the east end of the choir, with the north aisle.

The Priory of Dunmow was for canons of the Augustine order, founded in 1104 by Juga, sister of Rupert Baynard, to whom the manor of Little Dunmow belonged at the time of the Survey, temp. Wm. I., forfeited by treason to Hen. I., and given to Robert son of Richard FitzGislebert, progenitor of the ancient Earls of Clare, and from whom the noble family of Fitzwalter descended.

## NOTICE.

## THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.

The public are respectfully informed that every purchaser of No. 7 of THE LONDON READER was entitled to receive (Gratis) No. 1 of a Series of Engravings illustrative of Scenes in the most popular Plays of Shakespeare.

The issue of No. 2 of THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY will be duly announced in THE LONDON READER.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. R.—It is a doubtful point whether a parent who deserts his children is liable to strangers for necessities provided for them.

G. F.—No. 1 of THE LONDON READER has been reprinted. Order of your newsvendor.

J. T. H.—1. The clinders. 2. No. 3. The South.

MANIFRED.—Very passable for a child six or seven years old.

LA FRANCE.—An alien may be naturalized by Act of Parliament, on the certificate of a secretary of state.

P. P. (BUNFIER HILL).—Your request should have been made to a schoolmaster or to a teacher of writing.

W. E. (CORK).—Estate, when limited to a man and his descendants, are known as entailed estates.

H. C. R.—In Portland Place. You can get the number from any policeman on the beat.

AARON.—Rinse the mouth with a solution of alum.

JANE SIMMONS.—Place them on a piece of smooth, hard-grained wood, and operate between the fibres with a sharp and pointed knife.

SIMPLE SIMON.—The parish in which an illegitimate child is born is its place of settlement; legitimate children leaving that of the father wherein to seek relief upon occasion.

T. W. R.—It might have been evident to you that eight half-quarters were meant, not half-quarters. It was obviously a mere typographical error.

WILLIAM.—Yes; any natural-born person may take an apprenticeship, but aliens and denizens cannot; and, generally speaking, not more than two apprentices may be bound to the same individual.

K. R. J.—Rosa, of the Burlington Arcade and of High Holborn, can, doubtless, give you the required information as to the growth of hair. To your second question—the writing is very fair.

UGLY-MUG (BRISTOL).—Yes; in addition to his right of distress, the landlord may recover his debt by action at law in the superior or county courts, according to the sum sought to be recovered.

MAGNUS HARCADISTE.—To your first question: consult a London Directory. To the second: the arrangement as to numbers and volumes is not yet decided upon, but due notice will be given of it.

H. R.—Yes; it is a fundamental maxim of the constitution of this kingdom, that the freedom of speech and debate or proceedings in Parliament are not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament.

Y. D.—The enlistment of a man servant in the army puts an end to the contract between him and his master, and, under the Mutiny Act, a justice of the peace may award to the servant a proportion of his wages.

SALLY STRETCH.—It has been declared upon appeal at the House of Lords, and by previous decisions of the law courts, that such marriages are illegal, and, consequently, that the issue of them is illegitimate.

E. T. R.—The marriage of servants of either sex, does not put an end to the contract of hiring and service. If they can arrange so as to be able to complete the term for which they are engaged, their masters must retain them.

CREDITOR.—Gold is always a legal tender, so is a Bank of England note, if offered for a payment above five pounds. Silver may be tendered up to forty shillings, and copper money for a debt less than twelvence.

BASIC.—Estate, for years, or at will, are, in the estimation of the law, mere chattels. If I give a man an estate until a person aged 100 years shall die, he has all the rights of a freeholder; but if I devise it to him to 9,999 years he can claim none of those rights.

J. D. F.—When partners differ among themselves, they must have recourse to a court of equity, as in law they are one person, and all the property is the property of each of them. They must file a bill in Chancery for a dissolution of the partnership, and an account.

D. A. T.—Persons under age cannot incur debts except for necessities. What are necessities is a relative fact to be gathered from the fortune and circumstances of the infant. Articles may be necessities, although they are not absolutely requisite for the bare subsistence of the minor.

CARADOC (NEW YORK).—Any natural-born subject of the Queen, or person whose right to be deemed such depends upon the validity of the marriage of his parents or grandparents, may petition the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes for a decree declaratory of his right as a British subject.

J. T. G.—We believe the law is, as you say, powerless in such a case as that referred to; but the practice of ticketing a superior article at a price below its value merely to entice a purchaser, and then refusing to sell it at such price is a species of trickery that no honest trader would adopt. The idea of so "catching the flats" may be amusing for a time, but it soon wears out, and public opinion is not very delicate about the reputation of those who act upon it while it serves a purpose.

CONSTANCE.—There are to be found carlists of both sexes—men and women who, for lack of discrimination, rail against the love of dress, and decry all adornment of the person as a superfluous expenditure of time and talent. To all such short-sighted people we emphatically reply, that the love of ornament, the instinctive relish for personal decoration, was not only the first step taken towards a higher civilization, but is always the principal stay of every new and improved condition which instructed society accumulates within its boundaries.

A well-dressed woman is a model of beauty and grace.

E. L.—We cannot attend to your request. We trust Rose before the 1st of March will have been "wooded and married."

VALE.—Serenity of the mind is worth nothing unless it has been earned. A man should be at once susceptible of passions and able to subdue them.

ALICE.—You are like the lady who, upon being separated from her husband, changed her religion, being determined, as she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

A WIFE.—The following is a safe remedy for that distressing disease, the gout:—One pennyworth of carbonate of soda, dissolved in hot water, and poured over sufficient bran to make a poultice. Apply hot every two hours. Aperient medicine is also necessary.

W. W.—The mind is not to be cultivated at the expense of the body; that is, we are not to injure our health for the sake of reading and study. We must endeavour to be bodily as well as mentally active.

PLATO.—We have a very decided opinion on the subject. The young men of the present day are superior to those of every previous age; superior in mind and morals—indeed, in all the social virtues.

A. R.—The accepted explanation of the origin of the word *solicitor* is the following:—Soli or Pompeopolis was a colony of the Athenians, the inhabitants of which in time forgetting their native tongue, spoke a barbarous language; hence, anything rude or uncivilized is termed a *solicitor*.

AGNES.—The partition between vanity and pride is very thin. What is pride in one is vanity in another; so that no positive rule can be established. As all nations do not speak the same language, all people do not think or feel alike, and of course are incapable of a uniform style of expression.

T. D.—Truths come but slowly on man, and long it is before these angel visits are acknowledged by humanity. The world clings to its errors and avoids the truth, lest its light should betray their miserable follies. So that, in your case, it would be wise not to fret over your disappointment. Bear in mind the Scriptural maxim, "That a prophet is never honoured in his own country."

HELEN.—Children who have been improperly trained are naturally mischievous, and their parents or guardians are more to blame for their pranks than they are. Girls, when brought up in a family where there are a number of boys, can hardly help copying their manners; and, therefore, become what is called "boydenish." The gentle direction of the mother should be brought into active play, and the child transferred to the influence of more favourable circumstances.

H. E.—Up and be doing. Why waste the fragrance of your generous disposition on the desert air? What does one of the wisest of the ancient Greeks say? "As the sun doth not wait for prayers and incantations to be prevailed upon to rise, and is received with universal salutation;" so neither do you wait for applause and shouts and praises, in order to do good, but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.

FOSTER.—In the science of astronomy, or, to speak more correctly, geography, altimeters are circles supposed to be drawn on the sphere, parallel to the horizon, and to grow less and less as they approach the vertical points, where they entirely vanish. The apparent distances between any two celestial bodies are measured by supposing arches of great circles drawn through them, and then finding how many degrees, minutes, &c., of these circles are included between. But you had better supply yourself with the approved works on these subjects.

MALD.—Queen Victoria's crown is composed of hoops of gold, including a cap of deep purple, or rather blue velvet, the hoops being completely covered with precious stones, surmounted with a ball covered with small diamonds, and having a Maltese cross of brilliant on the top of it. This cross has in its centre a splendid sapphire; the rim of the crown is clustered with brilliant (ornamented with *feu-de-lis* and Maltese crosses, equally rich). In the front of the Maltese cross, which is in the front of the crown, is the celebrated heart-shaped ruby, traditionally said to have been worn by the Black Prince at the Battle of Cressy, and by Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt. Beneath, in the circular rim, is an immense long sapphire. There are many other precious gems, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and several small clusters of drop pearls.

DAISY.—Who will take compassion on her? She tells her story in this wise:—She, in the simplicity of her guileless nature, asks us whether we think it likely she will ever be married? Her friends tell her no, perhaps, because she seldom goes into company, and most of her friends are elderly persons. She lives with an aunt, an old maid, and has no mother, brother, or sister. She is turned twenty, has a dark complexion, is short, fond of dancing, and can play the piano. In addition, she is a good housewife; for she can make pastry and attend to household affairs, and is sure she would endeavour to be a good wife, if she could meet with any gentleman whose character would bear investigation, and who, not being too gay, would have friends highly respectable. Daisy is neither particular nor exacting.

P. H. O.—Chlorine is an admirable disinfectant. It may be readily obtained by placing in a Florence oil-flask about one ounce of finely-powdered black oxide of manganese, and two ounces of the hydrochloric acid of commerce—muriatic acid. Adapt to the neck of the flask a good cork, to which a bent glass tube is attached. By a moderate heat the gas is evolved, and being heavier than the atmosphere, by bringing the tube from the flask in which it is generated to the bottom of a bottle, the common air is displaced, which may be distinctly seen by the yellowish green colour of the gas. If the chlorine is not required for immediate use, it should be preserved in a well-stoppered bottle, whose stopper has been greased prior to its being fitted to the bottle. It is indispensably necessary to remember that this gas cannot, even when much diluted, be received into the lungs without producing very considerable irritation; it is, therefore, best at all times to carry on its manufacture in the open air, taking care to stand on the opposite side to that on which the escaping gas is drifted.

MARY ANN.—You say you cannot make your husband a cup of tea to please him. Attend to the following instructions, and you will soon get over the difficulty.—See that the kettle is actually boiling at the moment of making tea, and not before. If the water is kept boiling some minutes before tea is made, or if it has ceased boiling and has to be made to boil up again, the tea is never well-flavoured. The tea-pot may be filled up

at once, or "brewed;" that is, put only a small quantity of water at first, just enough to wet the leaves, and let it stand two or three minutes before filling up. The latter mode draws all the goodness in the first filling; the former preserves a uniform goodness throughout, and a more delicate flavour. Tea should not stand more than from five to ten minutes before pouring out. The tea-pot, when on the tray, should always stand on a woollen mat or rag, by which the heat is kept from passing off; and if the pot be entirely covered with a green baize or cloth bag, the effect will be still more improving to the tea. Finally, to have a good cup of tea, it is necessary to have good sugar and cream (for those who can afford it), if those articles are used at all; and they mingle much more smoothly and pleasantly if put first in the cup, and the tea poured upon them.

BERTHA.—It ought to be generally known that coffee has the property of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia harmless, and indeed of actually destroying them.

HANNAH.—You are correct. If a nasturtium is plucked during sunshine, and carried into a dark room, the eye, after it has rested for a short time, will discover the flower by the light emitted from its leaves.

E. H. D.—Canada is now practically an independent province, and all grants of lands are made by the local authorities. None can be had without money. In the remote districts we believe the price per acre is 1*l*.

HARCOURT.—You should consider for whom and what you intend to live. Industry may be considered as the purse, and frugality as its string, which should rather be tied with a bow than a double knot, that the contents may not be too difficult of access for reasonable purposes.

C. B.—Some silkworms lay from 1,000 to 2,000 eggs; the wasp deposits 3,000; the ant from 4,000 to 5,000. The queen bee lays between 5,000 and 6,000 eggs, according to Burmeister; but Kirby and Spence state that in one season the number may amount to 40,000 or 50,000. But, above all the white ant (*termites fatidus*) produces 66,400 eggs each day; which, continuing for a lunar month, gives the astonishing number of 2,419,000, a number far exceeding that produced by any known animal.

EMMA.—Fashion makes people sit up at night, when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when are not thirsty. She invades their pleasures and interrupts their business; she compels them to dress gaily, either upon their own property or that of others; she makes them through life look rest on a couch of anxiety, and leaves them in the hour of desolation on a bed of thorns.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—Your anxiety is very natural under the circumstances, and, in reply to your question, we cannot do better than refer to the "Report on the Sanitary State of the West-end Workrooms," presented to the vestry of St. James' by Dr. Lankester on the 25th ult. In this document he says:—"I visited the premises quite unexpectedly, and went into the kitchen, the dining-room, the work-room, and several of the bedrooms. The whole of the rooms, as well as the passages, water-closets and stair windows, were in good order. In all the bedrooms provision was made for ventilation, by the sashes of the windows coming down from the top. There were single-bedded, double-bedded, and three-bedded rooms. I understood that two young women slept in each bed. I visited especially the bedroom in which the young woman died. It was a room which, according to the measurements of the sanitary inspector, contained 1,360 cubic feet of air. It was a double-bedded room, and four young persons slept in it, thus giving 340 cubic feet of air to each individual. There were two windows in the room which could be let down by sashes, so as to secure the ventilation of the room. I visited the work-rooms and found 60 ladies working in two rooms, which I found afterwards contained 3,630 cubic feet of air, which gives but little more than 60 feet of air to each individual. Since my own inspection I have had measurements made of all the upper rooms in each of the houses occupied by Madame Elise, and I have calculated their cubical contents, and present them in the tables annexed. From these tables it will be seen that there are 19 bed-rooms, in all containing accommodation for 74 persons. The average cubic feet for each person is 310. This quantity is not, however, equally distributed, as there are eight rooms in which the occupants have less than 310 feet, and eleven where they have more than this quantity. In one room the quantity of air for each individual is but 120 feet. The room in which the young woman died contained above the average cubical contents for each person in the bed-room of the establishment. With regard to establishments like those of Madame Elise it is almost impossible, without professional oversight, that overcrowding in some instances should not occur. Neither the heads of houses nor young persons in houses have sufficient intelligence to know how to ventilate rooms and apply the necessary means which science has suggested for rendering houses employed as warehouses and workshops more healthy. This, I think, a question worthy the consideration of the legislature, whether some systematic inspection under educated officers might not take place of all establishments where large numbers of persons are domiciled, as in schools, shops, work-shops, and work-rooms. There can be no doubt that the confinement of young persons in close work-rooms for 10, 12, 14, and 16 hours a day must be destructive of health, and no amount of sleeping space can make up for the destructive effect of such confinement. When we add to this that in the winter many of these rooms are lighted with gas, and that each gas-burner destroys as much air as five persons, it is not to be wondered at that occasionally a young person dies, but that the human system resists in so many cases the destructive influences that are brought to bear upon it."

NOS. 1 AND 2 OF "THE LONDON READER" HAVE BEEN REPRINTED, AND MAY BE HAD TO ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER."

\* \* \* We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietor, at 354, Strand, by J. E. Uxley.